

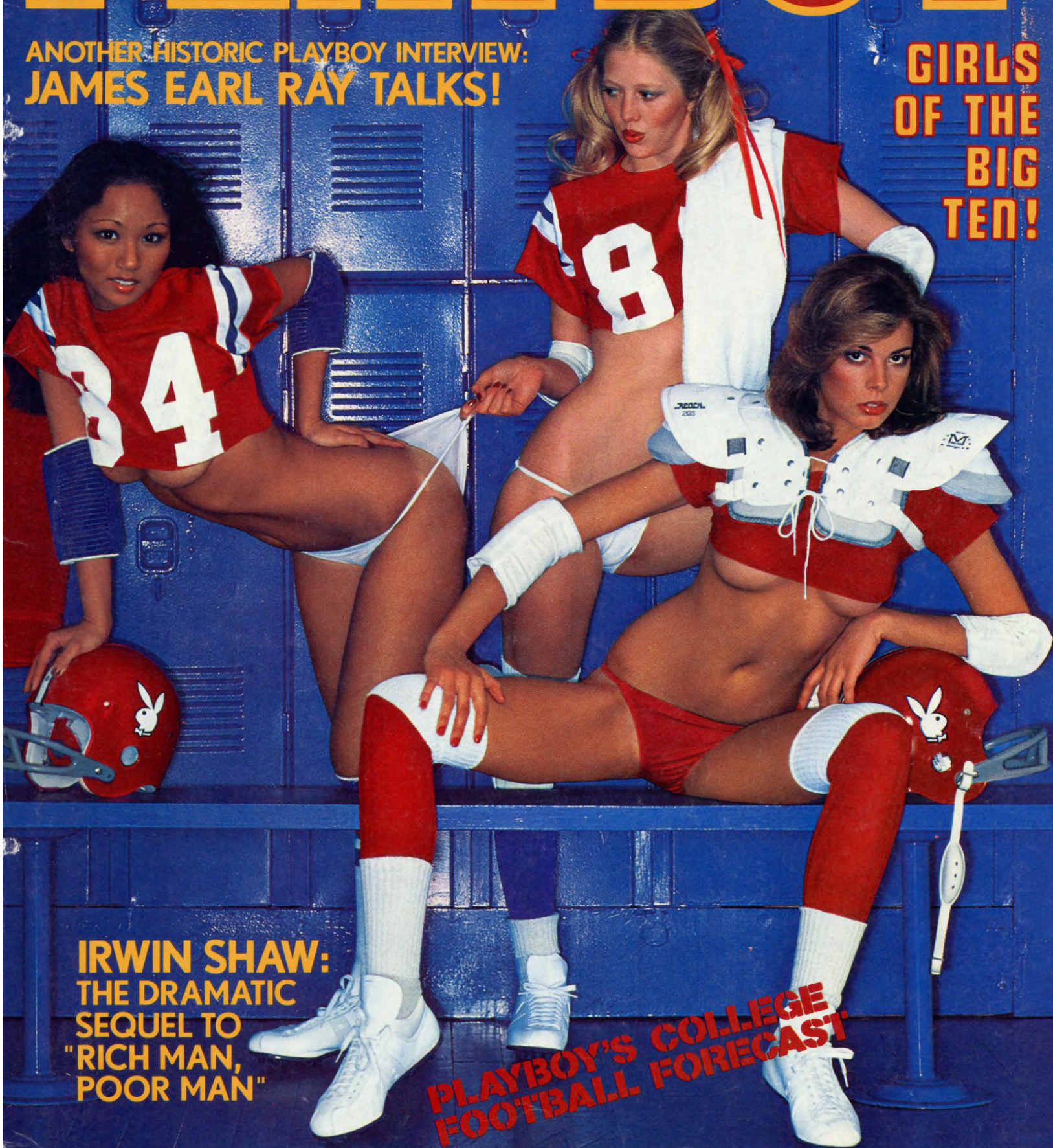
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1977 • \$1.50

PLAYBOY

ANOTHER HISTORIC PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:
JAMES EARL RAY TALKS!

**GIRLS
OF THE
BIG
TEN!**



**IRWIN SHAW:
THE DRAMATIC
SEQUEL TO
"RICH MAN,
POOR MAN"**

**PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE
FOOTBALL FORECAST**

Finally...a low 'tar' menthol that satisfies.

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So low in "tar." Yet so remarkably satisfying. KOOL's refreshing coolness delivers a taste you can't get in any other low "tar" menthol. Only 9 mg. "tar" in both sizes.



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LONGS

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in both sizes.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©B&W T CO.

9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Which sounds better? Technics Direct Drive. Or \$149.95*.

Introducing Technics SL-2000. The same type of Technics direct-drive system FM stations use and discos abuse, but with one big difference. A price tag smaller than any other direct-drive turntable. And that price tag even includes the dust cover and integral base.

It also includes the kind of performance most high-priced turntables can't beat. Like wow and flutter at an incredible 0.045% WRMS and undetectable rumble at -70dB DIN B. And instead of 78 separate elements to control the motor, now there's a one-chip IC. That means more accuracy with fewer parts.

And the tonearm: The Technics computer-analyzed universal S-shaped, low mass, static-balanced type with negligible tracking error and sub-

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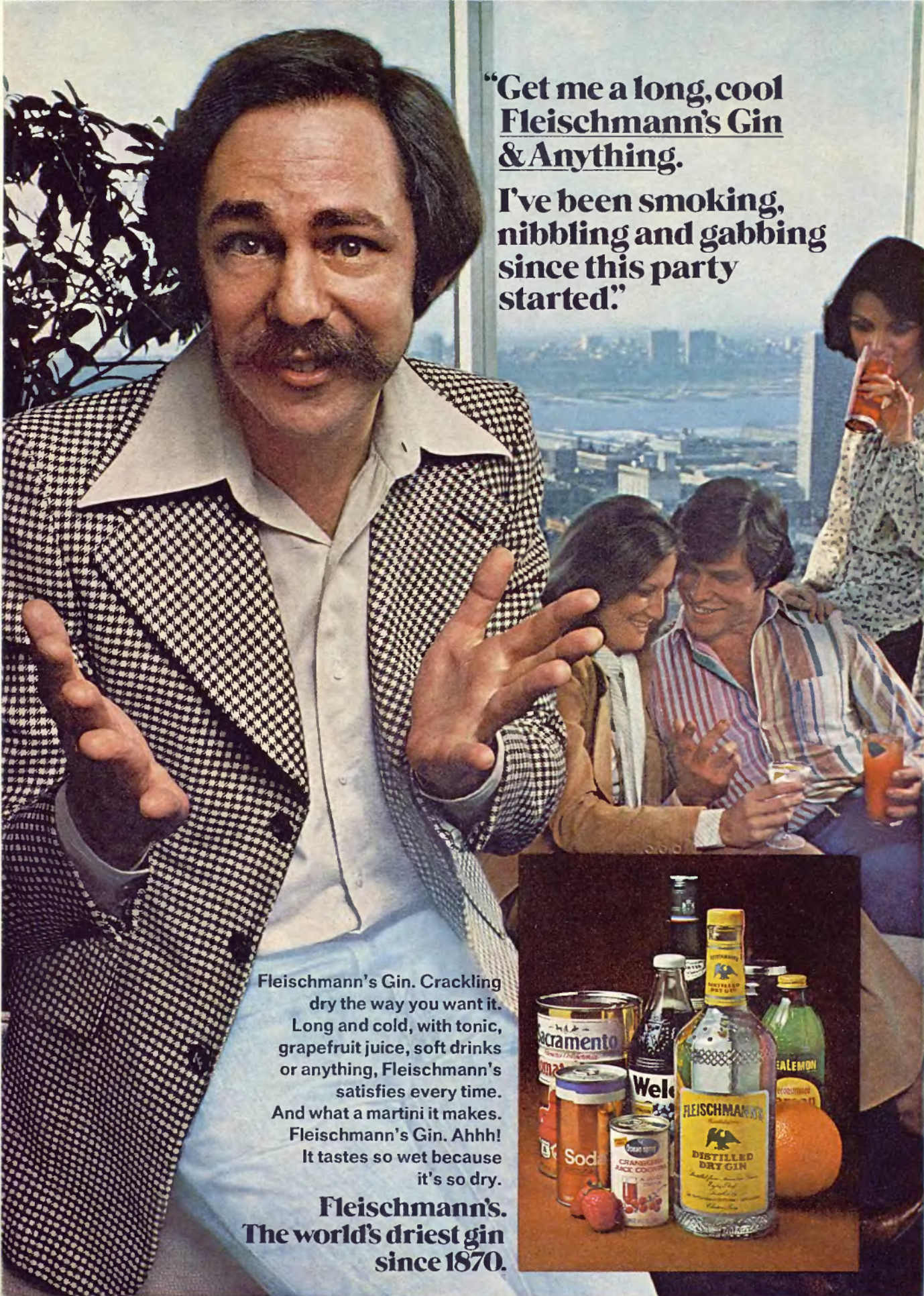
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*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

Technics

by Panasonic





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& Anything."**

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started."**

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or anything, Fleischmann's
satisfies every time.
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Fleischmann's Gin. Ahhh!
It tastes so wet because
it's so dry.

**Fleischmann's.
The world's driest gin
since 1870.**



PLAYBILL

AFTER NINE YEARS in prison for killing Martin Luther King, Jr. (five of them in solitary), **James Earl Ray** made a daring leap for freedom last June 10. Coincidentally, he was right in the middle of an exclusive interview with **PLAYBOY**. **James McKinley**, author of *Playboy's History of Assassination in America*, and Senior Editor **Laurence Gonzales** had been probing the mysteries of this brutal killing for some months when Ray went over the wall. In early sessions, Ray's brother Jerry dropped in at the prison and became a bonus interviewee. Then, immediately after Ray was captured, McKinley and Gonzales completed the interview inside Brushy Mountain State Penitentiary. It includes the exclusive story of his escape and the most complete firsthand version of his story to date.

Beggarmen, Thief, **Irwin Shaw's** eagerly awaited sequel to his 6,000,000-copy blockbuster, *Rich Man, Poor Man*, is sure to hit the top of the best-seller lists as soon as it's published in October by Delacorte. You can get a jump on the rest of Shaw's fans by reading the thrilling chunk of his new work that leads our fiction this month. Shaw, who's now deep into a novel, points out that *Beggarmen, Thief* has nothing whatsoever to do with the TV sequel to *Rich Man, Poor Man*.

Our segment of Shaw's novel deals with political terrorism; **Lloyd Little** unearths another sort of menace in his humorous short-short, *A Moon in June*: giant butterflies that could easily destroy the earth. And butterflies aren't the only flying villains, it seems. **Jay Cronley's** *Camping Out* (illustrated by **Gordon Kibbee**) tells you what it's like to spend time with thousands of hungry mosquitoes. Since returning from his stint in the wilds, Cronley says that he's reappreciating civilization's simple niceties: plumbing, central air and toilet paper.

In *Down the Seine and Up the Potomac*, **Art Buchwald**, columnist, lecturer and Washington's number-one sex symbol (a title he bestowed upon himself after Kissinger's departure), immodestly admits to having had a hand in all of the major decisions since World War Two. Things like the Marshall Plan and the Great Society. Part of his new book of the same title to be published by Putnam, this excerpt reveals classified information never before published, which, says Buchwald, may very well change the course of history.

One man who made history by being the only Vice-President forced to resign from office is Spiro Agnew (remember him?). In **Aaron Latham's** eye-opening piece, *Spiro Agnew Looks for a Good Time*, you'll find out what the ex-Veeep wanted to see while he was in Rome. One clue: It wasn't the Colosseum.

Speaking of politicians, ex and otherwise, how many Americans can identify Nelson Rockefeller, Leonid Brezhnev, Bella Abzug? The answers to that question and others, such as "Would you divorce your spouse?" are in *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About American Public Opinion*.

We've also researched pyramids for you in *Pyramid Power*. You know, those Egyptian structures that supposedly will sharpen razor blades and cure impotence and fallen arches? Associate Art Director **Bob Post** has designed a do-it-yourself model so you, too, can discover the secrets of the ancients.

We never miss a chance to turn collegiate in September. As always, we present **Anson Mount** and his *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*; and as a very special back-to-school treat, we sent photographer **David Chan** to all the Big Ten campuses—not to take pictures of footballs, but to find the prettiest Gophers, Badgers, Wildcats, Wolverines, Spartans, Buckeyes, Boilermakers, Hoosiers, Illini and Hawkeyes he could find. As you will see, in *Girls of the Big Ten!*, he made his goal. And finally, there's our September Playmate, **Debra Jo Fondren**, a long-haired miss who could easily double for Lady Godiva, captured at her bare best by photographer **Bob Hooper**. Welcome to our very nonacademic September issue—a veritable autumnal cornucopia of riches. Dig in and enjoy immediately.



MC KINLEY



SHAW



CHAN



BUCHWALD



MOUNT



KIBBEE



LATHAM



CRONLEY



POST



HOOPER

PLAYBOY®

vol. 24, no. 9—september, 1977

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COVER STORY

This month's cover, designed by Senior Art Director Tom Staebler and photographed by Paul Gremmler, features three Playmates who really didn't need the extra padding: Denise Michele, Hope Olson and Lisa Sohm. Readers who remember our Playmates-on-baseball-cards cover and pictorial last October will recognize the touch of Staebler, who is an ardent campaigner for equal opportunity in sports.

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In which our former Vice-President, while searching for night life in Rome, provides conclusive evidence that he, at least, is no effete intellectual snob.

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DERICK J. DANIELS president

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A man and a woman are posing closely together, almost kissing. The man is on the left, wearing a light-colored jacket with dark trim and dark pants with a keychain. The woman is on the right, wearing a red jacket. They are standing in front of a yellow wall with a white door frame.

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and our
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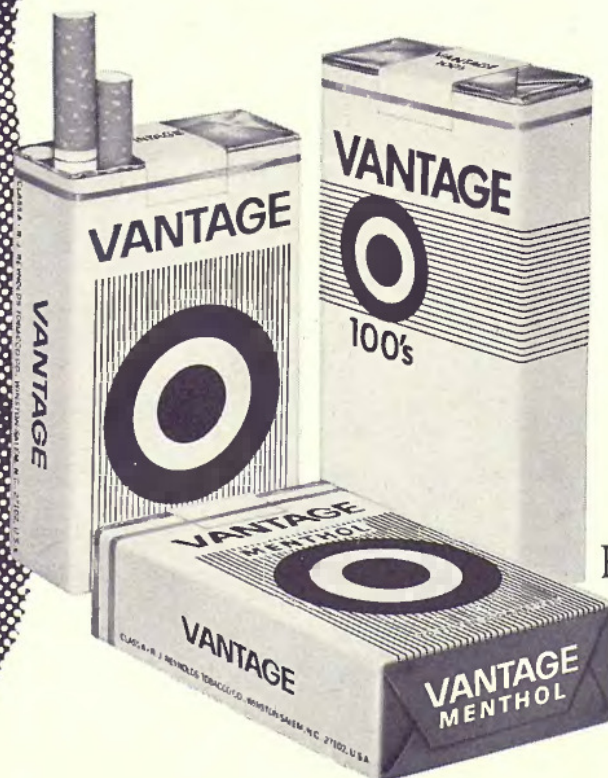


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Bernard Schoenfeld

Bernard Schoenfeld
Westchester, New York



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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



LET THEM EAT CAKE

Senior foreign edition is the German one, which celebrated its fifth birthday last month. Editor Andreas Milles cuts cake as Art Director Rainer Wörtmann watches.



CHECKING OUT THE "OTHER" PLAYBOYS

PLAYBOY now boasts six foreign editions (above), with a total circulation of some 1,600,000. In France, Italy, Germany and Japan, the magazine carries the PLAYBOY logo; in Mexico, it's *Caballero*, and in Brazil the title is *Homem*. Different censorship rules determine what foreign readers find in their centerfolds. Below, from left: Brazilian Playmate may show only one nipple; French gatefold is identical to the U.S.'s; the Japanese one nixes pubic hair.



DOWN MEXICO WAY

Familiar Rabbit symbol dominates Mexico City newsstand (left). *Caballero*, distributed mainly in Mexico, plans to expand soon.

ITALIAN CHEESECAKE

A specialty of PLAYBOY Italy, which made its debut in November 1972, is the movie-star pictorial, often shot by the well-known Italian photographer Angelo Frontoni. Below left, Frontoni focuses his attention on Barbara Bouchet, German-born actress who has made a number of American and Italian films. Her next movie will be *Horizons*.



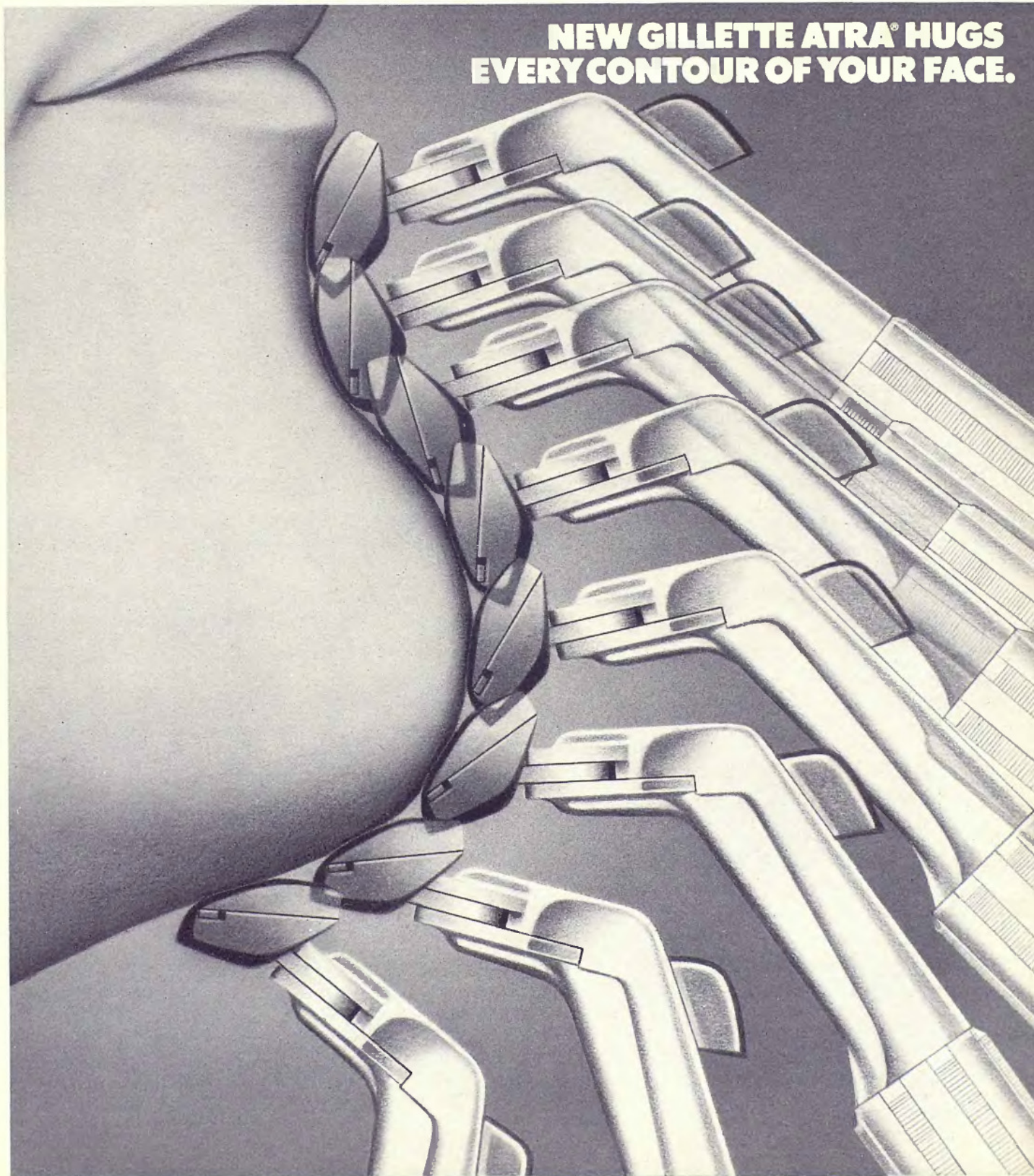
PLAYMATE GOOD WILL IN JAPAN

On a good-will tour to promote PLAYBOY's Japanese edition, 11 Playmates were invited by a student organization at Tokyo University to visit the campus during its May Festival celebration.



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through every kind of test. When they were finally satisfied — the amateurs soon found out. Some of them, really amateurs, discovered they could get wonderful pictures immediately and a new Symbol was born. Even today we've barely caught up with the world-wide demand for OM-1's.

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THUS SPAKE BLAKE

Your interview with Robert Blake (PLAYBOY, June) has increased my admiration for the man tenfold, not only as an actor but as an individual who is not afraid to say what's on his mind. Bravo! The man has balls!

Charles P. Steinell
San Diego, California

I can't get over the feeling that Blake was trying to relate to us factory rats by seeing how many times he could say fuck. Well, he sure in the fuck didn't relate to me.

Jim Stanko
Dearborn Heights, Michigan

It's nice to know that there is one person in the tinsel-town world of Hollywood who admits to being imperfect and human.

Robert T. Richlan
Millburn, New Jersey

A bore, a dreary bore and a member in good standing of that growing group of phonics whose punch-first-ask-questions-later ethic and nonstop, street-idiom grammar are made to substitute for their postponed maturity and the security that being really good at one's work brings.

James Savage
Lawrenceville, Georgia

Your interview with Robert Blake proves that Blake is as tasteless as the medium in which he works.

Larry Williams
Silver Spring, Maryland

The bastard's one dedicated actor and one human who really does care. I like the guy's rage.

Harry Engel
New Hope, Minnesota

INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT BLAKE: TERRIFIC. ROBERT BLAKE: TERRIFIC. HIS FUTURE, WHATEVER HIS COURSE, SHOULD BE TERRIFIC.

RICHARD BROOKS
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Brooks has a host of screen credits as writer-producer-director.

The stud-fearless-good-will-win-out-in-the-end character of Baretta is the true con perpetrated upon the American

viewing public. However, the message I receive from Blake is that *Baretta* is truth and honesty, whereas *The Donny & Marie Show* is designedly dishonest. Blake would do more justice to the integrity of his beliefs if he were to put his own house in order.

Art Fisher, Producer-Director
The Donny & Marie Show
Hollywood, California

I have never heard anyone speak so truthfully about the entertainment industry.

L. H. Nimkoff
Westport, Connecticut

Robert Blake should stick with commercials: They only bore the public for 60 seconds, not 60 minutes.

Mitchell Craig Paris
Tamarac, Florida

Blake need have no fears when he faces those lonely nights; he has someone with him who loves him dearly, namely, Robert Blake.

Dick Yergens
Fort Wayne, Indiana

CHERCHEZ LA SINGLE

With regard to the article on *The Singles Business* (PLAYBOY, June), it should be noted that our organization, exclusively using the videotape (TV) method, has been able to successfully expedite the single person's quest for suitable relationships. We fill the voids that other singles organizations create.

Michael A. Jacobs, President
Videoview, Inc.
Irvine, California

Sure, sure, but what are you doing about improving reception, eliminating ambient signals or explaining the horizontal hold.

ADMIRING MCGUIRE

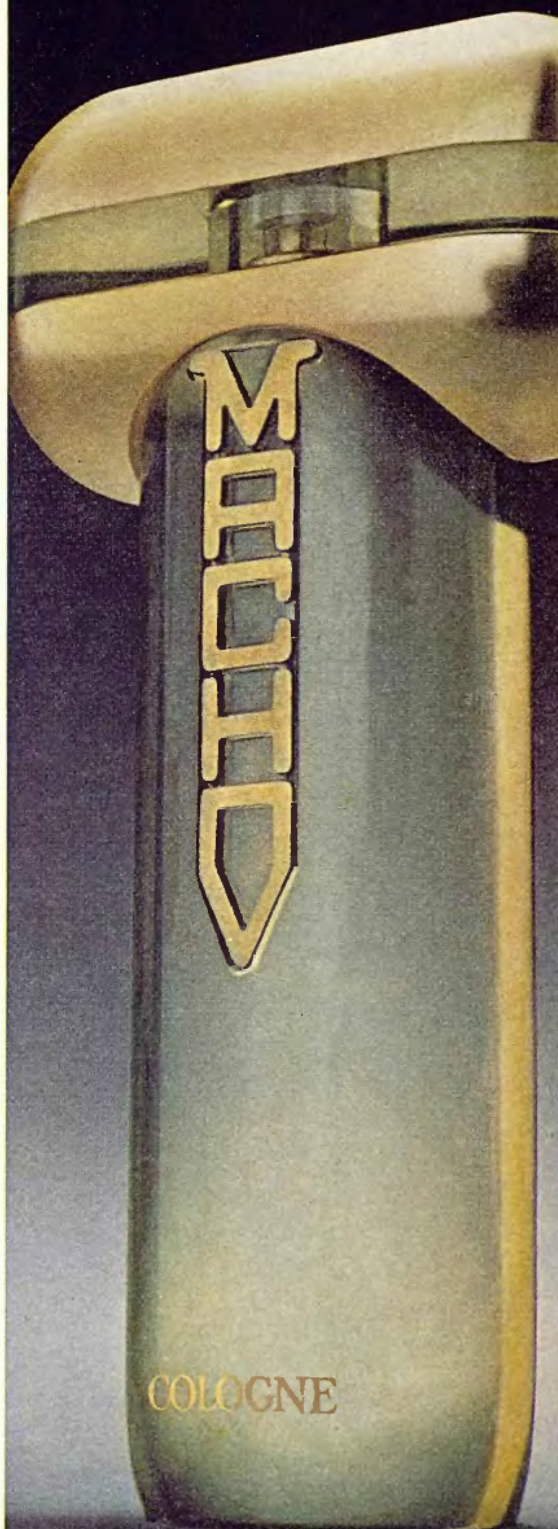
I would like to congratulate you on your choice for Playmate of the Year, Patti McGuire (PLAYBOY, June). Wouldn't you know it, just before I'm to go to St. Louis, she goes to California. Just my luck.

Thomas Du Bay
Milton, Massachusetts

Thank you, PLAYBOY, for bringing us Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire. Thank you, Pompeo Posar, for your great

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for men by Fabergé.
Macho is b-a-a-a-d.
And that's good.



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Macho soap. At fine stores.

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photography of Patti McGuire. Thank you, Patti McGuire, for *being* Patti McGuire.

Steve Vescovi
Ashland, Oregon

Patti McGuire is without a doubt the most seductive-looking woman I have had the pleasure of looking at in some time. She has an unbelievable body and a look in her eyes that could turn any normal man to jelly.

Jim Gragg, U.S.M.C.
Norfolk, Virginia

Funny, we didn't notice that about the



look in Patti's eyes. But pass the peanut butter, anyway.

I was incensed by the exclusion of that beautiful picture of her torso shown in *Next Month* (PLAYBOY, May) from your June pictorial. If you could come up with a similar picture, it would be greatly appreciated. The belly fanciers of America thank you.

James T. Garvin
Sherman Oaks, California



Tummy time, Jim.

In my opinion, the Roman goddess of love is Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire. She is the essence of true, pure beauty.

Mike Gonzalez
Tucson, Arizona

We also had taken a poll and the brothers selected her after hours of discussion. It was a tough choice, as we know, but nice going, PLAYBOY.

The Men of Pi Kappa Alpha
University of Texas
Arlington, Texas

It was Patti's seductive gleam and fantastically wonderful body in PLAYBOY (November 1976) that has made me an avid reader.

Norman W. Larson
Great Lakes, Illinois

If God is a woman, Patti is a god! Excellent choice.

Jim Smith
Eugene, Oregon

She makes a man wish that C.B.s were video as well as audio.

Mark Welch
Juno, Florida

McGuire is incredibly McGreat! Our envy rests upon Pompeo Posar.

Brian Morris, Bob Volpe
Southeastern Oklahoma State University
Durant, Oklahoma

With someone as beautiful as Patti McGuire as the posee, sure wish I could have been the Posar.

Harold Glaspey
Spokane, Washington

Even my girlfriend agrees: Patti McGuire is the most beautiful chick in the whole world.

Neil Valiton
Klamath Falls, Oregon

Each time I pick up the June issue, Miss McGuire's hypnotically seductive gaze warms me to the bone.

Storm Hurwin
North Hollywood, California

WHO'S STRANGE?

It is not often that articles such as Thomas Gordon Plate's *The Many Dr. Strangeloves* (PLAYBOY, June) slip through the editors of PLAYBOY. Unfortunately, some do. In this case, the article, while pretending to be a liberal exposé of a doomsday scientific conspiracy, really only exposes the author's rare collection of ethnic prejudices, fear of scientific research, dislike of naturalized citizens and just plain ignorance. Perhaps Mr. Plate, a self-proclaimed "Dr. Strangelove addict" who ignores Terry Southern and who tries to poke fun at Dr. Wolfgang H. Panofsky by calling the Stanford Linear Accelerator "a long vacuum pipe . . . with no practical use whatsoever," should have presented his infantile satire to the *National Lampoon*.

Enrique Berreau
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Just so your readers do not get the idea that all foreign-born academicians are hard-nosed, cold-war hawks, you might also consider people on the other side of the fence—Marcuse, Szilard, Hans Bethe, Franz Schürmann and others. On both sides of the fence, the list of important contributors to the debate could be enlarged at will.

Andrew Bielopolski
Mount Desert, Maine

As to which of us is one of us, I would like to tell Mr. Plate that he is no more American than any naturalized citizen—perhaps less, since he didn't have to study for his citizenship to demonstrate loyalty to the country or take an oath of allegiance. Furthermore, his American

English and his accent might sound funnier to a native American (Indian) than a naturalized citizen's to him.

Nikolaos G. Kondylis, Ph.D.
Watertown, Massachusetts

RABBITOLOGY

While leafing through a library book about Egypt this past week, I was astonished to find this example of Egyptian art, photographed at the temple of Amun, near Karnak. I immediately thought that the ubiquitous hare might make a fine



cover for your magazine, as a photograph of a temple pillar is a motif I haven't yet seen in my years of finding the Rabbit on your covers. As I am a photographer, I would certainly like to apply for the assignment of traveling to Karnak for the cover shot.

Richard W. Beban
Sacramento, California

Tut, tut, Richard. We think you might have motives other than photographing tombs. In any case, you're likely to have



your choice of Egyptian rabbit heads. This one is from the Temple of Luxor, in the part built by Tutankhamun.

A PRINZE AMONG MEN

Your article *Good Night, Sweet Prinze* (PLAYBOY, June), by Peter Greenberg, convinces me that Freddie Prinze was

Fine Entertaining.



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indeed a very troubled, immature young man who was not emotionally prepared to handle his rapid rise to stardom. Rather than immortalize the dead, however, let us all be thankful for the hilarity, common sense and wisdom of David Brenner.

Howard E. Wooden, Ph.D.
Clinical Psychologist
Terre Haute, Indiana

All of us owe Freddie Prinze a lot, not for how he died but for how he lived, making everyone's life he touched a little easier and a little bit funnier. This is how I'll always remember him, and I know this is how he'd like to be remembered.

David Brenner
Los Angeles, California

Thank you for the insight into Freddie Prinze's life. How sad that the people close to him couldn't have helped ease his pain.

Rochelle Gaul
Fayette City, Pennsylvania

It's unfortunate that Prinze's amazing talent and rise blinded many people to the fact that he wasn't a school-of-hard-knocks seasoned performer but a talent scarcely out of adolescence.

S. K. Brand
Muncie, Indiana

Although I'm just a member of the audience, I always knew that David Brenner was a good shit offstage. After reading the Freddie Prinze article, I found out I was right.

Bill Fletcher
Toronto, Ontario

I've been to Hollywood and around some small stars just starting out, and I can see very clearly why Freddie went through what he did. I'm really surprised it doesn't happen to a lot more of them. They all go through the same thing; it's just too bad that Freddie wasn't strong enough.

Dina Jordan
Houston, Texas

Greenberg's article on Freddie Prinze had me in tears by the last page. He successfully captured the roller-coaster life of Prinze, who unfortunately succumbed to his irrational needs and desires.

Marla Baum
Ithaca, New York

I don't think the doctor's assessment of Freddie as an "immature boy with masochistic tendencies" adequately describes the phenomenon of a suicide. The lack of any apparent reason to "justify" the suicide is as puzzling as the act itself. Perhaps society's taboo has prevented a thorough study of this phenomenon.

Jim Mayer
St. Louis, Missouri

CORRECTION

In its July issue, PLAYBOY published an article entitled, *The Commodities Market: You've Really Got to Be an Animal*, which contained a passage that Reuters considers defamatory. The paragraph, which appeared on page 169, could have been taken to mean some kind of relationship existed between Reuters and the CIA.

This besmirches Reuters' reputation for independence and integrity built up over 126 years. Gratuitous comment linking us with the CIA cannot be accepted. It is supported by no evidence and has been denied in statements which are a matter of public record.

In early 1976, a House of Representatives committee and a Senate subcommittee concluded hearings on intelligence activities. Leaks from the House committee investigations contained references to alleged links between the CIA and individual journalists and news organizations. According to the leaks, Reuters was mentioned as one news organization whose reports had allegedly been manipulated.

In response, Gerald Long, Reuters' Managing Director, commented: "We know the difference between truth and lies. I want proof that any Reuter service has been manipulated. Until I see it, I tend to think the [CIA] agents have been manipulating their employers." Since that time, no evidence has been produced to show that Reuters was manipulated by the CIA in any way.

William Colby, who was then the Director of the CIA, testified at the House committee hearings. On Monday, January 26, 1976, following completion of those hearings, he held a press conference at which he denied that his agency had manipulated Reuter news reports.

The Washington Post and *The New York Times* both carried reports of Colby's denial. *The New York Times* also reported Colby as saying that the report of the House committee was not an accurate account of his remarks at the hearings.

Any hint of a relationship between the CIA and Reuters defames our long-standing reputation as an independent news organization entirely free from influence or bias of any kind.

Glen Renfrew
Joint Deputy Managing Director
and Manager, North America
Reuters Limited
New York, New York

PLAYBOY apologizes for any misunderstanding this passage may have caused. We did not intend to imply that any relationship exists between Reuters and the CIA.



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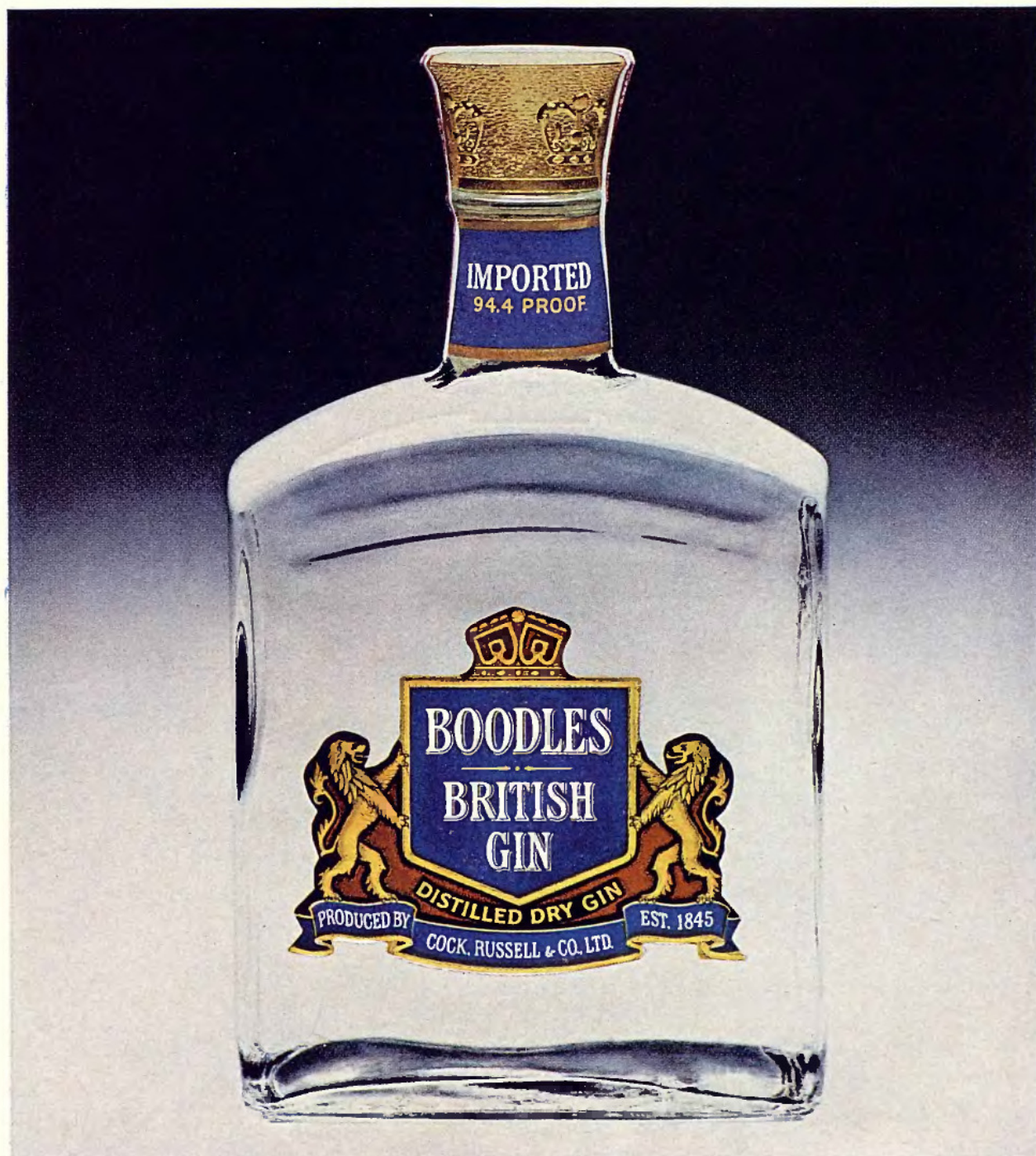
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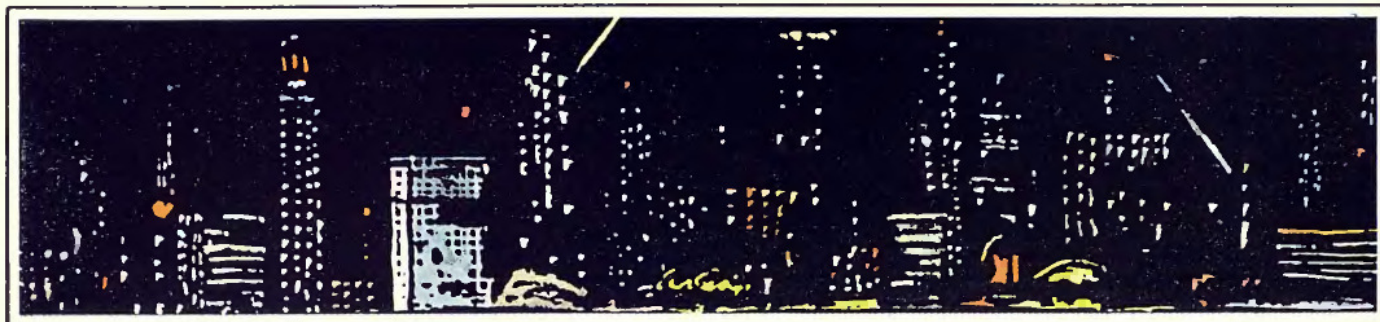
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In Illinois, *The Champaign-Urbana News Gazette* headlined a story about Vice President Mondale's visit with French president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing: "MONDALE GETS 'WARM RESPONSE' FROM FRENCH HEAD."

After a West German choir group, on a visit to the Vatican, had performed a song for the Pope's weekly audience, the pontiff asked who they were. An aide's reply, inadvertently transmitted over the loud-speaker: "They're Germans. Generally, they sing better than this."

Classified ad in the Monterey, California, *Peninsula Herald*: "My number 2 pleasure (1970 Triumph Spitfire) must go. My number 1 pleasure (censored) is making me a father."

The first book published by the Michigan chapter of American Atheists, Inc., is John Pauli's *What God Has Revealed to Man*. It contains four blank pages.

In a rather cheeky advertising campaign, a Texas newspaper placed billboards around town reading: DID YOU GET IT THIS MORNING AND DO YOU WANT IT? AGAIN TONIGHT?

Great expecorations: An unemployed taxi driver from Belfort, France, broke both legs and wrists and fractured his skull in a spitting contest. Boasting of his salivary savvy, 38-year-old Claude Antoine was getting a running start from a second-floor bedroom to the balcony from which he intended to spit when he stumbled and fell to the street.

Imprisoned in Sydney, Australia, 28-year-old Charles Sewell discovered he could pass time

quite pleasantly by swimming and surfing in—of all places—his cell. Sewell used bread and toilet paper to stuff the cracks around the cell, then pulled the toilet off the floor to let the water rise and *voilà!*—an instant pool. When someone eventually opened the door, the buoyant Aussie glided out onto the prison yard atop a stream of water.

Ouch! Colorado's *Canyon Courier* offers this advice on tick removal: "Make a loop of strong thread, drop it over the dick close to the skin and pull the loop tight."

And if at first you don't succeed. . . . At Pennsylvania's West Chester State College, the Law Club Moot Court—which holds practice sessions for law students to debate fictitious cases—invited future attorneys to meet at the county courthouse. The notice in the student newspaper, *The Quad*, stated, "Love, hate, sex and malicious libel will be tried."

Dead Trees Department: A cypress tree planted in honor of former President Richard Nixon after the 1968 election died of frostbite—coincidentally—the same day as Nixon's second televised interview with David Frost.

Above a feature about a rubber worker who married while out on strike, New York's *Ithaca Journal* carried this headline: "NEWLYWEDS TRY TO GET ALONG AS RUBBER STRIKE LINGERS ON."

Pathetic Crime of the Month: A recent robbery attempt at a bar in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, fizzled because the customers and the bartender wouldn't stop watching television long enough to be robbed. The armed would-be robber entered Harry's 420 Club at seven one morning, demanding, "Don't anybody move!" Nobody moved—the patrons were too engrossed in watching the *CBS Morning News*. Finally, after several unsuccessful attempts to distract his intended victims, the robber gave up. "You aren't taking this seriously," he complained as the customers continued watching TV. One final note: When the police captured the suspect, one of the patrons was unable to identify him because he had never looked away from the TV during the robbery attempt.

According to Jury Verdict Research, Inc., \$25,000 was awarded to the wife of a 27-year-old plaintiff who, after his car was rear-ended by another vehicle, claimed that because of the accident, he began to feel "inadequate as a husband and father and started frequenting gay bars, engaging in homosexual relationships."

The Olympics may be a few years off, but the Soviets are



already claiming a new world's record for what can best be described as "decathlon death." Sofia Misilevich, a Moscow shop assistant, kicked the proverbial bucket 24 times in a row. After suffering a heart attack, Misilevich was rushed to a Moscow hospital, pronounced dead by doctors, only to revive and die again an hour later. This happened a total of 24 times. A Soviet doctor said it was an example of a rare medical phenomenon.

That's nothing—you should see his cure for heartburn. To end the excruciating pain of a toothache, a Uruguayan farmer took out a pistol and shot out the offending tooth. Unfortunately, the gunshot demolished not only the offending tooth but also his lower lip, jaw and gums.

This odd ad appeared in the *Northern Wyoming Daily News*: "WANTED: homes for six cute puppies. Mother: Norwegian elkhound. Father: decent-looking traveling man."

In a speech to an ecumenical gathering in the Philippines, Jaime Cardinal Sin of Manila commented about the relationship between the Roman Catholic Church and the Philippine government. The *Manila Times Journal* account was headlined: "CHURCH AND STATE HAVE SAME GOAL—SIN."

Debating a proposed law that would make homosexuality and bestiality felonies punishable by prison terms, Arkansas legislators stumbled upon a legal snafu—the state had decriminalized private sex acts between consenting adults a year earlier. When one representative asked how officials could determine whether or not an animal consents to a sex act, a colleague replied, "If it doesn't move away."

In an advertisement in the *Sheffield Star*, the British Association for the Advancement of Science announced "an illustrated lecture for children and adult audiences: 'Suck, Squeeze, Bang, Blow.'" It was about early machines and power sources.

Cruising along a highway near Verin, Spain, a hearse collided with another car, the impact of the crash spilling the driver—and the corpse—from the hearse. An ambulance arrived on the scene and the attending crew thereupon placed the corpse in the ambulance and filled the empty coffin with the unconscious driver. Fortunately, someone discovered the mistake en route to the hospital.

So that was his secret! This TV listing appeared in Ohio's *Dayton Daily News*: "Meeting of the Minds: Steve Allen moderates discussion by Charles Darwin, Emily Dickinson, Galileo and Attila the Hung on their roles in history."

EAT, DRINK & MAKE MARY

Sometime contributor Charlotte Chandler, who conducted our March 1974 "Playboy Interview" with Groucho Marx, got into a conversation with actor Michael Caine not long ago. The discussion centered on two of Caine's favorite topics: sex and cuisine. Herewith, some advice, as reported by Chandler, from Caine to his fellow man:

In my considered opinion, there's an intimate relationship between nutrition and sex; the role of food and drink in romance and seduction cannot be overestimated. Most effective, often, is the seduction supper you prepare for a lady at your place. When you cook a meal for a woman, you are immediately doing something for her that, in the normal course of things, she ought to be doing for you. No matter how good or how bad the meal is, the fact that you have bothered at all is a good start. Also, you have put her at ease; on a first occasion of seduction, a woman is nervous, and one of the things that make her nervous is that she's in a masculine world. So if you do something that to her mind is slightly feminine, she feels more at home.

What should you feed your lady to get the best results? I might serve fresh tomato soup, the best cut of beef (with the bone marrow, of course) and chips. Omar Sharif makes great chips—French fries, you call them in America—and he's also a great seducer. For dessert, there's nothing better than homemade ice cream made from fresh raspberries and that wonderful English cream.

In America, I think, the seduction process is sometimes simplified with brownies containing marijuana or hashish, so you not only think that the

girl you're with is marvelous but you also think you are marvelous.

Personally, I prefer brandy. Brandy tastes good; it also increases the heartbeat, the metabolism rate and everything else. I would recommend it for the man, but never give it to the woman. Because she'll keep up with you, if you know what I mean.

I recall some Spanish waiters at a hotel in Majorca frequented by Swedish girls. They worked out a drink called the Lamumba, which is brandy mixed with hot chocolate. The basic



Michael Caine advises would-be seducers: Ply her with homemade ice cream.

idea was that you kept going on the brandy until the hot chocolate took over. Then you would fall asleep after having been a fantastic lover.

Of course, you can take the girl out to eat. If I were in Paris, I'd take her to the Brasserie Lipp. I should think more women have been seduced from the Brasserie Lipp, which is the most brightly lit restaurant in the world, than from any dimly lit restaurant.

New York has lovely places for seduction, too. I like Elaine's. Going there gives you the opportunity the next day of saying, "I was at Elaine's last night." Then everybody knows that you know what's going on. This is the whole thing. When a woman belongs in New York, it's terribly important to her that she know what's going on, or thinks she does, anyway.

I grew up in an era in which it was necessary to be a seducer. Now I'm happily married, but even if I weren't, that's not necessary anymore. Recently, a woman ran up to me on Fifth Avenue and grabbed me by the cock. I should mention that it was during a protest. But nowadays, if a woman really likes you, you should be able to seduce her first, then sit down and dine with no ulterior motives.

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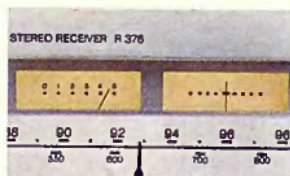
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In publishing, self-help is big these days. Very big. And what do we all want most for our little selves—more even than good teeth, inner peace and a great sex life? We want *dinero, de l'argent, pieniądze, dyengi, gelt*. That's money. And there's no shortage of books that promise to help you find your rightful share . . . or, preferably, more.

In the stores, the get-rich titles tend to be sober and Protestant: *How to Start Your Own Small Business*, *How to Make Your Money Do More*, *How to Make a Habit of Success*, *The Common Sense Way to Stock Market Profits*. There are a few spicier types: *How to Sell Your House for More than It's Worth*, *How I Made \$2 Million in the Stock Market* (inflated up a mil from the old \$1,000,000 version), or *How to WIN! Sweepstakes, Contests, Lotteries and Bingo*. Still, the cover copy and text are usually lawyer-filtered, so that there are few dramatic promises, little to excite the blood.

One of the few zippy get-rich books you'll find in bookstores is Napoleon Hill's *The Think and Grow Rich Action Pack!* (exclamation points are very big in the get-rich field), which the publisher calls "One of the World's Most Powerful Books. . . . It gives you a tested plan that makes men rich. . . ." The TAGRAP (my acronym, though I'm surprised the publisher didn't think of it first) gives various steps "toward riches," leading off with "Fix in your mind the *exact* amount of money you desire." There are valuable philosophical tips such as "The longer you work in the right direction, the closer you are to success," and several blank pages at the back of the manual, in case you want to jot down similar profundities of your own. There's a whole chapter to clue you in to why a lot of men miss the money boat: too much sex. All great men, you see, are highly sexed (though the *vice*, sad to say, is not necessarily *versa*). The successful ones, says Hill, are those who learn to transmute their sexual urges into making money. No thanks.

Americans are supposed to approve of guys who try to get ahead. There's nothing embarrassing about looking to better yourself, right? But when I paid for a stack of get-rich books at my local bookstore—strictly research for this piece, of course—the cashier gave me a condescending smirk and the woman behind me gave me a look that couldn't have been more askance if I'd bought a copy of *How to Cure Your V. D.*

That's why so many get-rich books



Curious about those
get-rich-quick books?

Save your money;
here's the lowdown.

are sold through mail-order ads. You'll find big display ads—full pages sometimes—in publications like the *National Enquirer*, *Money* and even *Esquire*. In mail-order get-rich ads, understatement is nonexistent. Oh, no: You'll be *filthy rich*, cross our heart and hope to die, for working an hour a week or a month. My kind of stuff.

"Order a bunch," my editor said.

I liked Mark Oliver Haroldsen's ad slogan: "Millionaires Are Not 100 Times Smarter Than You, They Just Know the Wealth Formula." He was once a struggling chap in a cramped house, borrowing from his father and father-in-law; now, thanks to a secret learned from "an old fellow in Denver," he is a crew-cut, 33-year-old millionaire. For \$10 he'll send his 170-page paperback, *How to Wake Up the Financial Genius Inside You*. It's a neat but slightly tedious book suggesting that you buy apartment houses, using heavy mortgages. Mark is a Pollyanna: too little about the headaches, too little about the possible bombs. And too much

work. Push on to greener pastures.

"How to Legally Steal Yourself Rich and Pay No Income Taxes Without Going to Jail." *There's* a promising ad. ". . . Explosive nature . . ." it says. Another \$10. Three magazine-size books arrive. A tax book and a civilian's law-book aren't bad primers; the get-rich book *How to Legally Steal Yourself Rich* recommends that I apply for a foundation grant, buy vacant land for resale, put savings accounts in a child's name to avoid tax on the interest, set up a business in a tax haven like Liechtenstein and make a deposit in a Korean bank at 22.8 percent.

"Retire tomorrow." Mike Warren speaking, the guy who'll tell you how in "The Most Amazing Book Ever Published!": *4 for a Fortune*. He promises "four systems—all legal, all legitimate—for making tons of money!" Ten dollars again. Turns out to be a booklet of 24 pages (counting the covers and some blanks) giving Mike's system for beating the horses.

Alan Shawn Feinstein's *How to Get the Money You Want!* pledges to reveal a great way to make money: "Absolutely brand new . . . completely new . . . not like anything you've ever heard of before." Feinstein himself made \$50,000 in three months for just a few hours' work a week. The book is regularly \$14.95, but for *you*—"absolutely free," except for \$1 for mailing. Sure enough, in an envelope marked "This Is the Book You Have Been Waiting For . . ." comes a skinny baby-blue booklet marked \$14.95. Inside, a pitch for you to become a stamp dealer.

Move down to the chintzier come-ons—in the classifieds—and you get back mimeographed leaflets instead of printed books. "Would you like to make \$406,900 in 90 days?" brings a convoluted description of a pyramid plan, much like a chain letter. "New Luxury Car Without Cost!" brings a pitch for Robert Joseph's Results Kit (a course on how to snow your way into jobs and deals; \$35—send \$17 now, the balance "as soon as you make your first \$10,000").

All this wisdom for sale! All the riches that beckon! In the tabloid *Star*, I saw another ad exhorting me to "be among the first Americans to own the exotic Toltec Bead, the legendary bead of wealth, power and luck." Only \$4.99 each, plus 75 cents postage and handling.

And if all else fails, I'm going back to the bookstore to pick up a copy of one book I didn't buy first time around: *How I Feed My Family on \$16 a Week*.

—DAN CARLINSKY

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT RENTING A CAR IF YOU'RE UNDER 24.

The first thing you should know about renting a car if you're under 24 is to come to National Car Rental.

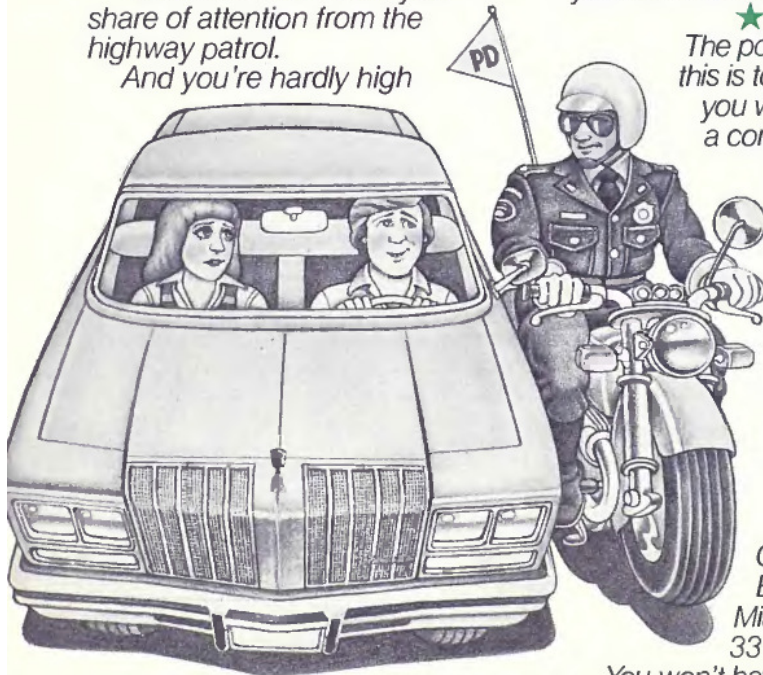
Because face it:

When it comes to renting a car at most places you've got problems before you even start.

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You attract more than your share of attention from the highway patrol.

And you're hardly high



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Uncle Louie has the world's smallest fleet of GM cars.

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MUSIC

By the time you read this, *The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl* (Capitol) will have gone gold again and again, a record-industry multiple orgasm. So you probably know already that it scores the coveted Big O. If you were there the first time around, these live tracks from 1964 and 1965 will send you zooming into the Way-back Machine, on a magical mystery tour of Where Was I When I First Heard? . . . and all at once they'll cheer you up and make you ache for yesterday, even when you know better. The changing backdrop of the screaming teenybopper crowd is also therapeutic, since the album is a slice from some days in the life before the Beatles had become legendary and turned to stone; they were huge, certainly, but they still had records to sell—and much of the between-songs patter is devoted to promotion of a charming sort. And better yet, at least given the current mania for roots, this is the Beatles before they'd discovered acid, India or 24-track studios. They weren't so far along that they had dropped their early repertoire, which was mainly imitations of American rock 'n' roll from the Fifties, warped inevitably in novel ways by passing through Liverpool brains and hands in smoky Hamburg clubs. Over a third of the tracks here are their early nonoriginal stand-bys, classics to a backbeat—*Twist and Shout*, *Roll Over, Beethoven*, *Dizzy Miss Lizzie*, *Boys* and *Long Tall Sally*. And the rest would fill anybody's jukebox—*She's a Woman*, *Ticket to Ride*, *A Hard Day's Night*, *Help*, *Can't Buy Me Love* and a resurrected minor classic called *Things We Said Today*. It's such a good album that not only old poor leftover hippies from the Sixties (no names, please) are buying it: A reliable eighth-grade source who was still in diapers when these concerts were recorded reports that some of the hipper kids are bringing Beatles cassettes to school these days—instead of the standard metal pantheon of Kiss, Aerosmith, Led Zeppelin and Peter Dinklage. And the Beatles are nothing but *history* to these kids. Or, rather, must be much more than that—which is the surprise. But then, among people who care about such things, which is most of us, there seems to be a national hunger for the Beatles; their music continues to soothe and amuse, simple as much of the early stuff is, and make us feel better—which is what *The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl* will do for you, if it hasn't happened already.

James Galway is a 5'4" bearded Irishman who, in two years: quit his job as first-chair flutist with the Berlin Philharmonic, went out as a soloist to play to packed houses and critical accolades



The Beatles, recycled.

The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl: your ticket to a magical mystery tour.



Galway: magic flutist.

throughout Britain, doubled the sales of flutes in London and, last summer, instituted a James Galway T-shirt fad. Beyond that, he may be the finest flute player in the world—even including Jean-Pierre Rampal, with whom he studied in Paris. RCA has begun to release his European recordings here and their evidence is clear, particularly on *Mozart—The Two Flute Concertos and Andante K. 315*. Rudolf Baumgartner conducts the Lucerne Festival Strings in polished, assured performances of these two familiar concertos, over which Galway's flute just soars with a purity of tone and effortless technique. He obviously brings passion and affection to this music, but at the

same time, he loves young audiences, for whom he plays things like *Flight of the Bumblebee* and *Hora Staccato*. *The New York Times* quoted him from an interview: "I could play Nicholas de Somethingville's 13th flute sonata all the time, but who needs it? You play *Perpetual Motion* for the kids, then—boom into Bach and Mozart, and you have them." The flashy pieces are available on *Man with the Golden Flute* (RCA), but Mozart is clearly Galway's meat. He has been making a U. S. concert tour, but if you see him, don't call him a flautist. We don't think he'd dig the term.

The best pop music is lovingly frothy without being ingratiating or inconsequential. Since the Beatles, the British have always been the most adept at putting pop sensibilities into a hard-rock context, and it's this same spirit of semi-serious, finely polished craftsmanship that informs 10cc's *Deceptive Bends* (Mercury) and Charlie's *No Second Chance* (Janus). It's the two bands' different relationship to their music—10cc's comic view and calculated precision and Charlie's organic grin-popping combustion—that defines the boundaries of the best British pop of the Seventies, and it's Charlie's more cogent, less self-conscious performance that makes it the band 10cc could never be.

10cc is such a technician's band that even the loss of half of its four members hardly put a dent in its glossy presentation. The primary characteristics of all of 10cc's music have been the steely clarity of its recordings and its purposefully witty (and often hopelessly sophomoric) lyrics. The music incorporates tricks from all of the British masters, with hefty debts to the Beatles and the Hollies, glossed into Seventies techno-sheen with the passion of NASA scientists. Not surprisingly, 10cc records have grown progressively more predictable, a trend that cannot be blamed on a reliance on ballads for hit singles, as McCartney-like romantic tunes are usually album high-lights. Rather, the professionally cool manner in which the music is presented denies its historically happy-go-lucky roots; 10cc's music is still fun, but the joy seems labored, as if it were something to be achieved after painstaking work rather than the germ that makes such exhausting creation a pleasure.

By contrast, Charlie feeds upon many of the same primary roots and has constructed a hard-punching Seventies style that sounds as fresh as the originals. Spearheaded by writer, singer and guitarist Terry Thomas and Steve Gadd, who shows himself here to be one of rock's finest drummers, Charlie sprints through a variety of pop styles with a freshness derived from the sort of original joy that

made the British Invasion such a light-hearted and pleasurable occupation. Charlie has an occasional tendency toward overstatement, but more often possesses an ease of execution that allows it to move from tough, guitar-rocking tunes like *Johnny Hold Back* to narcotic pop charmers like *Turning to You*. Where 10cc too often sounds like a bunch of academics studying a form called rock 'n' roll, Charlie comes across with an enthusiasm that mirrors that of rock's finest bands. And in these days of calculated images, such a stance makes all the difference in the world.

The progressive country phenomenon isn't so much a revolution in sound as it is in audience recognition. Take Waylon Jennings. We can remember his earliest days in Nashville—an uncommon voice, Pennzoil 30-weight hair and a penchant for erratic albums. In ten years, little has changed; his records don't document the rebellion that supposedly took place. His much-publicized outlaw mystique is a symbol that relates to the thematics of his music, and his continuously growing audience supports this romanticism. As truth often imitates fiction, his newest LP, *Ol' Waylon* (RCA), confirms that Jennings is riding the high tide of his legend for all it's worth. *Luckenbach, Texas* displays this romantic sentimentality on an all-new plateau: "Let's go to Luckenbach, Texas, with Waylon and Willie and the boys." And as you might expect, Willie Nelson's right there crooning on the final chorus. Fishing for even greater cross-over acceptance, Jennings dies a three-minute death on Neil Diamond's *Sweet Caroline*. But Waylon is able to overcome his uneven choice of material, and with the strength of his voice and the consistency of his arrangements, *Ol' Waylon* surfaces as a satisfying, albeit slightly pretentious, testimony to his outlaw aura. At least we don't have to go to Luckenbach to share its pleasures.

A friend of ours went to Yosemite last summer. He saw rocks, trees, sky and crowds. On a scale he wasn't quite able to handle. He returned to check out his local pocket park. He saw rocks, trees, sky. No crowds. He felt at home. We mention this episode as a way of introducing *Karla Bonoff* (Columbia). If you are one of those people who look up the songwriter credits on pop albums, then you are already familiar with the name. Her fingerprints were all over Linda Ronstadt's *Hasten Down the Wind*. Ronstadt mined the Bonoff vein with *If He's Ever Near*, *Lose Again* and the incredible *Someone to Lay Down Beside Me* to produce a platinum album, and those three songs reappear on this record. Although we can't take away from the grandeur of Ronstadt's versions, we are more at home

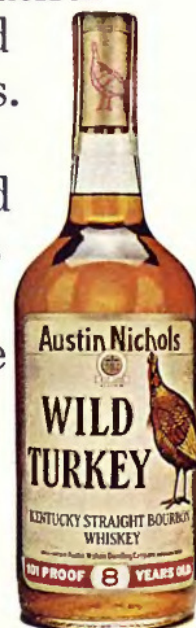


For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21", send \$2 to Box 929-PB, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey's beautiful plumage was highly prized by early American Indians. The feathers were used to make arrows, blankets and the elaborate headdresses worn by great chiefs.

A truly native bird, the Wild Turkey is a most fitting symbol for the finest native American Whiskey—Wild Turkey.



WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

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with Bonoff's own delivery. The tunes are elegant, sensitive, moving. Bonoff's voice is the instrument the songs were written for. A class act.

The rock primitivists of the New York underground circuit have come in for some decidedly mixed notices of late, but it would be a shame if the ritual dance of hypers and hypees drew attention from those bands more adept at making music than headlines. Groups like Mink DeVille, whose debut album, imaginatively titled *Mink DeVille* (Capitol), gives the lie to the minimalist Mongoloids who conceive of three-chord rock 'n' roll as a species of blunt instrument. Lead singer/songwriter Willie DeVille is a singing and writing compendium of mid-Fifties to mid-Sixties rock and R&B, and the tightly produced (by former Phil Spector arranger Jack Nitzsche) tunes evoke, in turn, The Drifters, early Van Morrison, late Lou Reed and the eternal black vocal groups of the past two decades. With so many influences, the music is at times derivative, but only seldom: These lads have arrived with style.

Steve Miller first cracked the singles market in a big way with *The Joker* a few years ago. He followed that with a genuine platinum album, *Fly like an Eagle*, that included no less than three

strong singles. He's done it again on *Book of Dreams* (Capitol). This is a collection of singles with at least one tune, *Jet Airliner*, that started getting air play as soon as rock stations got their hands on advance copies of the album. Miller has been recording for ten years, and he says he never really thought about the singles market before *The Joker*. It's too bad, because the evidence is plain that he knows how to put together quick-opening, three-minute songs with enough musical and lyrical hooks to catch a radio listener. This is not a contemptible gift. Most of the 27-minute jams that entered rock 'n' roll in the Sixties are really dull, and about 98.4% of the best rock music of the past 20 years has been written short enough to fit between pimple-cream commercials. You will hear things on this record that you have heard before. Miller has listened to a lot of rock 'n' roll and he is not reluctant to take a good lick or two from somebody else. He puts the pieces together very well, however, and the resulting style is his own. It's great for dancing, you can hum the tunes and sing the words, and we give it a 95.

Even if you hate all music, we suggest you buy Johnny "Guitar" Watson's *A Real Mother for Ya* (DJM) simply because anything Watson does will be valuable in time. He is a legend in the making—a

20-year studio veteran who's come out on his own the last couple of years with a series of albums on which he has achieved a remarkably original and effective synthesis of superfly R&B with traditional big-band jazz. He's been mostly represented on radio by funky hard-times ditties like the title tune, but it's on his love songs and ballads that he proves himself a master of musical shapes and spaces. His arrangements are classically spare, his guitar says a lot with a little, and he has one of the great non-singing voices to come along in some time.

SHORT CUTS

Bohannon / Phase II (Mercury): Electric booty-busters—and a few Martin Denny-ish sounds—from one of the kings of *disco*.

Shirley Brown (Arista): Solid Memphis soul, by survivors of Stax Records.

Benny Golson / Killer Joe (Columbia): A veteran jazz composer/arranger, with all-star assistance, joins the saxophonists trying to divvy up the *disco* dollar.

Lew London / Swingtime in Springtime (Philo): Country swing for the rock generation; joyously unfettered.

Edwin Starr (20th Century): A great screamer shows he's a sensitive songwriter, too. Not that he forgets to scream.

William Bell / Coming Back for More (Mercury): Pleasant ballads from a Sixties soul survivor.

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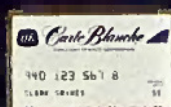
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MOVIES

When Liza Minnelli belts out the title song just before the beautiful, bitter-sweet climax of *New York, New York*, the good old days of the big movie musical seem to be instantly back in fashion—sort of. Director Martin Scorsese, a film maker best known for the gut-level realism of *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver*, has audaciously teamed Liza with Robert De Niro in a grit-versus-glitter combo that sounds dead wrong but turns out to be a stroke of smart chemistry. Letting himself go, Scorsese opens with credits in splashy neon against a Manhattan-by-night skyline, segues into a scene of hectic celebration on V-J Day in 1945, set to a reasonable facsimile of Tommy Dorsey's orchestra swinging *Opus No. 1*. Thereafter, every night club, train station and city street has the slick studio look of a vintage Betty Grable musical. The Minnelli-De Niro love story is tenuously linked to the evolution of pop music between 1945, the postwar twilight of the big-band era, and the beginnings of Birdland-style bebop somewhere in the Fifties. She's a band singer who becomes a movie musical queen not unlike Judy Garland. He's a wild saxophone player who is several beats ahead of his time. Together they improvise a few frantic years of close harmony, then start to grow in different directions.

De Niro, who is becoming the hottest movie actor in sight, sails through the picture with a rich, subtle and often hilarious performance as the hip, arrogant sax man, a *macho* misfit who cannot really relate to man, woman or child—or to himself, except when he picks up a horn. Complex, flamboyant, he is almost compulsively boyish when he drags his befuddled, half-dressed bride-to-be through snowdrifts to a justice of the peace and invites a taxi to run over him if she dares to say no. Of course, nobody steals a scene from Liza when she's within arm's length of a showstopping tune. As an actress, she shrewdly underplays to De Niro's virtuosity, relating to him with the wry, bemused indulgence of a girl smart enough to know that this kind of merry-go-round romance is not made to last. In the new Now movies typified by *Annie Hall* and *New York, New York*, even true love is fleeting—grand while you've got it, baby, but nothing you can count on for walking hand in hand into the sunset. Scorsese lets us wallow in nostalgia just long enough to realize that those happy days gone by also used to hurt a hell of a lot.

A giant moray eel, blood-crazed sharks, a vicious thug in voodoo costume, plus Robert Shaw and a tale of sunken treasure freely adapted from the novel by Peter (Jaws) Benchley all combine to



Minnelli + De Niro = smart combo.

With *New York, New York*, Scorsese brings back the vintage musical.



The Deep: underwater thriller.

make *The Deep* an irresistible romantic adventure. What more do you want in the way of escapist summer entertainment? If you insist on more, the movie has Jacqueline Bisset diving into the blue Caribbean in a very thin, wet T-shirt—a sight to remember through many a long winter night. Accompanying Bisset as her paramour and shipmate is blond, blue-eyed Nick Nolte, already hailed by giddy drum-beaters of the press as a *macho* superstar destined to put guys like Redford and Newman into total eclipse. The predictions seem a bit premature. Though they are both Beautiful People with impressive screen presence, Nolte and Bisset don't have terribly demanding assignments once *The Deep* puts them ashore. On land, Shaw takes over the film with one of his authoritative, primary-colored performances as a seagoing scholar and

adventurer who helps the young couple salvage a priceless 18th Century treasure-trove (especially designed by Van Cleef & Arpels), while Lou Gossett threatens everyone's life and limb to gain possession of thousands of capsules of marketable morphine that just happen to be down there in the same pile of wreckage. Director Peter (Bullitt) Yates, more prone to action than to structured scripts and subtleties, stretches the law of probability to the breaking point at times, yet *The Deep* moves along swimmingly, with Shaw as anchor man for the film's crew of underwater photographers and special-effects experts, whose work is impeccable from beginning to end. *Jaws* it isn't. But get your feet wet, anyway, with 1001 vicarious thrills, quite a few of them filmed at 15 fathoms.

In Marseilles, in 1939, a French father sends his daughter away from home with the sage advice: "You have beauty; use it. Let the hand under your dress wear gold." After an American with the Canadian Air Force betrays her and leaves her pregnant in Paris, Noelle remembers what Papa said, aborts herself with a coat hanger, then starts bed-hopping to become a top model, a movie star and the mistress of a Greek supertycoon, in roughly that order. She nevair, howevair, stops thenking about her flier—a louse who marries an American career girl, emerges from World War Two as an unemployed air ace and is finally manipulated into a job as pilot of the private plane owned by the tycoon's vengeful lady. The romance between the fly boy and the *jolie jeune fille* resumes in earnest, which leads to misery, adultery and a murder trial, followed by a trick ending that will come as no surprise to readers of Sidney Sheldon's best seller, *The Other Side of Midnight*. Adapted for the screen by Herman Raucher and Daniel Taradash, produced with grade-A trappings by Frank Yablans, *Midnight* plays like a parody of the collected schlock of the late Jacqueline Susann. Charles Jarrott somehow directed it without cracking a smile, though he has managed to make a couple of pretty good actresses look silly by taking it seriously. Marie-France Pisier, who proved herself a deliciously droll comedienne in *Cousin, Cousine*, plays the French femme fatale, frequently shedding a series of costumes designed by Irene Sharaff while tracking down her long-lost lover, as if to prove irrevocably that the elegant never forget. The straightforward American girl ("If you don't love me, don't lay me" is typical of her style) in this askew triangle is portrayed by Susan Sarandon, who turns to drink and dark eye shadow as the plot

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progresses. The object of both women's unswerving devotion is John Beck, whose future as a male sex symbol looks rather shaky so far, though the dialog handed him doesn't help much—his "Here's the bed . . . I'm the boy, you're the girl" routine might persuade the most ardent seducer to put down his sword and take pen in hand, maybe as a writer of greeting-card verse. *The Other Side of Midnight*, though clearly framed in moonlight and roses as a return to glossy old-fashioned screen romance, is empty of feeling and afflicted with a bad case of the blahs.

Peter Fonda sings and strums the guitar passably in *Outlaw Blues*, playing a fugitive from injustice who starts out as a jailbird. One of his songs is stolen by a big cowboy singing star (James Callahan) during a concert at Huntsville prison. After his release, Bobby Ogden (Fonda) heads for Austin, Texas, for a showdown, accidentally shoots the country-and-western king during a scuffle and becomes a folk hero of sorts—with the cops on his tail and his songs on the charts, thanks to a feisty, calculating backup singer (played by Susan Saint James of TV's *McMillan & Wife*) who masterminds every move he makes. The trouble with *Outlaw Blues* is that it seems at first to be a sensitive, realistic drama, then abruptly changes direction to become a discordant comedy full of crazy car chases and random stabs of satire, none of them on target. Shot on location in and around Austin, considered a country-and-western music capital second only to Nashville, *Blues* at least manages to look authentic. But Fonda would have to outsing Streisand to bring this feeble script and seso title song into the money, and he still sounds like a semipro.

Seat-shaking Sensurround multiplies the vibes of a rattling good ride on *Rollercoaster*, a crowd pleaser that is exactly as headlong and uncerebral as its title implies. Audiences lining up for this one ought to know what to expect. They expect to be manipulated, and director James Goldstone gives them their money's worth of cheap thrills in a carefully wrought cliff-hanger. *Rollercoaster* pits George Segal, Richard Widmark and the milling throngs at several amusement parks against Timothy Bottoms, as a diabolical demolition expert who blows up one or two big 'coasters just to prove he's serious, then demands \$1,000,000 for calling it quits. Segal plays a dogged insurance investigator who would like to stop smoking if he weren't so goddamn tense; Widmark is the Government man who presses George into service to deliver the loot, play decoy and handle all the dodgy little details that make a guy feel he's got more important things to worry



Outlaw Blues needs tuning.

An offbeat visit to Austin, a rattling good joyride and a French tickler.



Fasten your seat belts.

about than whether he inhales deeply or switches to filter tips. Although Susan Strasberg checks in as Segal's worried girlfriend, *Rollercoaster* wastes very little time on romance or character development, except for the running gag about the insurance man and his beloved cigarette habit. The rest is literate but purely mechanical, technically first-rate movie-making. If you're ready for it and have no temporary fillings that might be jarred loose, just fasten your seat belts and go.

Four Frenchmen, all 40ish and feeling their oats, are studied with care and great comic sensitivity by director Yves Robert in *Pardon Mon Affaire* (a makeshift French title for Stateside use of the un-

translatable *Un Eléphant Ça Trompe Enormément*, a big hit in Paris). It's the traditional men-will-be-boys number, sparkingly written by Jean-Loup Dabadie and Robert and deftly played by Claude Brasseur, Guy Bedos, Victor Lanoux (of *Cousin, Cousine*) and Jean Rochefort. As the only faithful husband in the foursome, Rochefort takes time out from bull sessions and handball to pursue a beautiful brunette whose legs are revealed to him by a reckless breeze in a parking garage. Rochefort's bungled efforts at infidelity bring him, at last, to a precarious perch on the ledge of an apartment building—wearing a bathrobe, with a fire-department rescue squad and half the population of Paris gathered below, his family at home watching the play-by-play on television. Robert's light directorial touch, last seen here in the farcical *Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe*, produces froth with more substance than you might expect—particularly in a delicately handled episode about one of the quartet (Brasseur), who is forced to come out of the closet and admit to his pals that he's a homosexual. The ladies on the scene are portrayed with equal finesse by Daniele Delorme, as Rochefort's understanding wife, and Anny Duperey, as the object of his defection. Already recognized by the French as a stage and screen actress not easily overlooked, Duperey will make her American movie debut in the upcoming *Bobby Deerfield* with Al Pacino.

Man's innate desire to soar as high as a kite above the humdrum of daily existence is saluted with sly good humor and congeniality in *Gizmo!*, a collage of vintage newsreel and documentary clips that creamed all competition as an entry in the Directors' Fortnight series at the 1977 Cannes Film Festival. Producer-director Howard Smith, a *Village Voice* ("Scenes") and PLAYBOY (*Sexcetera*) contributor whose first movie was *Marjoe*, ransacked dusty film archives and private collections from here to obscurity to assemble *Gizmo!*, which exposes the inherent human comedy in many a dubious achievement. A high-wire walker crossing Times Square and amateur birdmen hopelessly leaping from rooftops and craggy precipices on homemade wings are matched with such wacky novelty acts as that of a man who plays *Yankee Doodle* by merely squeezing the palms of his hands together. Daredevils and crackpot inventors explain their impossible missions (with voices re-recorded by performers, in some instances, when damaged sound tracks made the originals inaudible) to the accompaniment of minimal but pithy narration and a jaunty musical score by Dick Lavsky. All for real, all seemingly laughable, Smith's priceless collection of madcaps is balanced by footage

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One of the 14 entries in *The Great Balloon Race* is a propane-heated glob of airborne beauty emblazoned with the Playboy Rabbit insignia and further



Balloon Race: Happy landings, Laura.

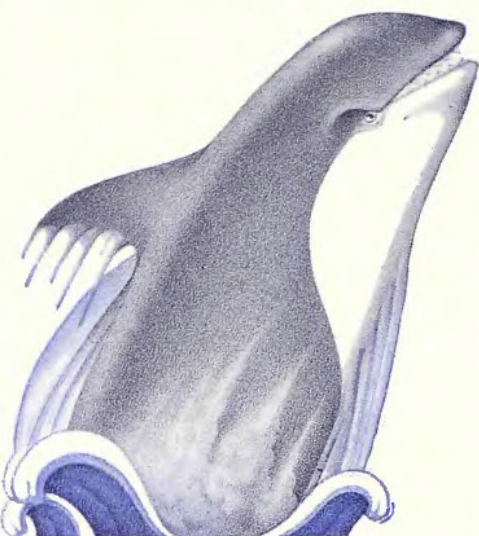
embellished, all too briefly, by the climbing aboard of our February 1975 Playmate, Laura Misch. In fact, we can boast that the Playboy balloon—among the runners-up in an actual 1975 race across the Bermuda Triangle, from the island of Bimini to Florida's southern coast—stages a near-perfect landing in the Florida surf. The movie, like the event itself, is likely to appeal mainly to sports enthusiasts. Producer Paul Holm, a sportsman-balloonist-entrepreneur from Le Club International—a Fort Lauderdale haven for affluent yachting and tennis types—hired actor Chris Robinson to write, direct and perform in a lightly fictionalized minidrama that may be ignored without much difficulty. Cab Calloway, onetime starlet Terry Moore, sportscaster Frank Gifford and a slew of semicelebrities dress up the motley cast, most of whom have little or nothing of importance to do. Watching those huge billowy balloons rise and sail away and descend again is the whole show. Even the staged mishaps are fairly spectacular, and the warm-up—filmed all around the world, with balloonists blowin' in the wind from Rio de Janeiro to the Swiss-French Alps—is for real, and may well convert thousands of landlubbers into dedicated hot-aironauts.

Robert Forster, proving again that he's the natural heir to those virile blue-collar roles once played by John Garfield, joins Fiona Lewis, Candice Rialson and an agile company in *Stunts*,

director Mark Lester's behind-the-scenes drama about a movie crew on location in California. The mysterious killer starts to sabotage the film within the film, and while you try to figure out the whodunit, Lester exposes some fascinating tricks of the stunt man's trade. Here's a tidy sleeper with action, suspense, sex appeal and no snob appeal whatever—worth attention as one of the livelier attempts to bring back B movies.

Orca is the name for a breed of killer whale. It was also the name of the ship that went to do battle at sea with a great white shark in *Jaws*. Take a talisman from *Jaws*, add a dash of mysticism from *Moby Dick* and you have the key to a whale-sized tale presented by superproducer Dino De Laurentiis in connivance with director Michael Anderson and writer-producer Luciano Vincenzoni. Everything anyone ever wanted to know about the orca whale is neatly encapsulated here, with amazing underwater photography to complement rhapsodies about the natural beauty and intelligence of an ocean-bred mammal quite unlike any other creature on the planet. Richard Harris, Will Sampson and Charlotte Rampling provide the human element in a farfetched plot about an overzealous sailor (Harris) who kills the mate of a giant male orca. From then

on, it's a duel to the death between man and beast—with Sampson aboard as an Indian steeped in the ancient wisdom of his people, Rampling at hand as a cool marine biologist who hopes that her intelligence may save the situation. Though she's a damned good actress, Rampling—albeit sans make-up and swathed in arctic-weight woollens—has an



Whale of a tale.

air of indestructible chic that cannot be disguised, even when she's up to her elegant cheekbones in melodrama on an ice floe somewhere north of Newfound-

land. *Orca's* special effects are splendid and often exciting, but insufficient to carry its anthropomorphic message as far as its makers apparently wish to go. It's a good try, but they are not quite able to convince us that a lovelorn, vengeful denizen of the deep will smash small boats, storm ocean-front cottages and, finally, provoke single combat with a fisherman who has run out of luck.

Let's hear it for Robby Benson, 20-year-old star and co-author (with his father, Jerry Segal, a seasoned professional writer) of *One on One*—an adroit little sleeper that exposes the crassness of college athletic recruiting and simultaneously challenges *Rocky* as a portrayal of a lovable underdog. Benson, last seen with the odds stacked against him in *Ode to Billie Joe*, plays a hick basketball star from Colorado who is seduced with a four-year athletic scholarship by a jock school in California identified as Western U. He doesn't quite make it on the team, but in the process of being humiliated and harassed by a fascist coach (G. D. Spradlin) who wants to dump him, the jock learns that he has a brain as well as a body. He is nudged along in this direction by lissome Annette O'Toole, gently underplaying the role of a cerebral student-tutor who reconsiders her contempt for athletes when she discovers that

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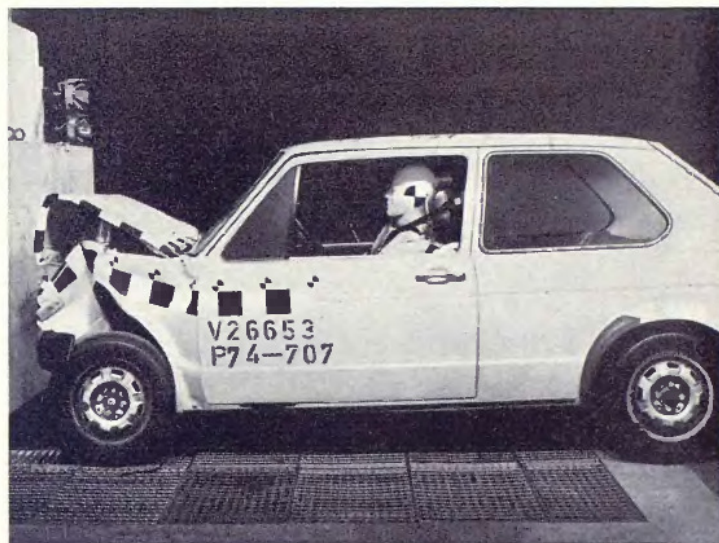
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cause all three Volkswagens get 24 MPG in the city. Rabbit and Scirocco get 37 MPG on the highway, Dasher gets 36. (EPA estimates with standard transmission. Actual mileage depends on how and where you drive, optional equipment and the car's condition.)

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Dasher



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supercilious bookworms are not always the best in bed. There's much more to *One on One* than such a swift summary implies. Having helped himself along with a sensitive, personalized script, Benson projects the kind of boyish innocence and vulnerability that makes most clean-cut Hollywood newcomers look as depraved as Dorian Gray. Director Lamont Johnson, an unsung and perennially underrated film maker, whose *The Last American Hero* (with Jeff Bridges) was another challenging essay on the fierceness of competition, may parlay *One on One's* unassuming virtues into his own shot at the big time.

As a student of militarist egomania, producer Frank McCarthy did a much better job with *Patton* than he does with *MacArthur*, starring Gregory Peck. Part of the difference can be traced to the fact that George C. Scott's abrasive style made *Patton* a definitive essay on power madness and incipient paranoia, whereas Peck emerges as a heroic Mr. Nice Guy, no matter how many references are dutifully made to his view of himself as the equal of—if not superior to—Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon and Jesus Christ. In director Joseph Sargent's stolid film bio, written by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins, General Douglas MacArthur (1880–1964) seldom makes a

move until a corps of photographers is set up to record it for posterity. Yet the movie lacks a real point of view and never gets under the skin of a very complicated military genius whose life begins, by this account, at the age of 62, when he was ordered to retreat from Corregidor. The subsequent highs and lows of his career are fastidiously capsulized:



Seen any good newsreels lately?

his "I shall return" speech, followed by the U.S. invasion of the Philippines, the Japanese surrender, his dismissal by President Truman during the Korean War and the famous "old soldiers never die" swan song before a joint session of Congress. Looking at old newsreel footage would tell the story just as

well—and perhaps reveal more of the man behind the legend. *MacArthur* as a feature film re-creates history as if we had nothing to learn from it beyond bare facts, with the facts carefully selected so that audiences can love him or hate him with equal conviction. Such middle-of-the-road moviemaking is fair to a fault, but hardly spellbinding.

Catherine Deneuve has seldom been so vibrant, gorgeous and downright funny as she is, teamed with Yves Montand, in *Lovers Like Us* (titled *Le Sauvage* in France, where her madcap performance won the Gallic equivalent of a Best Actress nomination). Deneuve could hardly miss in writer-director Jean-Paul Rappeneau's knockabout romantic comedy, one of those two-on-an-island star treks that succeed on sheer charisma. Lush musical backgrounds by Michel Legrand add some aural sexiness to the story of a conglomerate tycoon, a big name in perfume, on the run from his wealthy American wife (Dana Wynter)—a man who has seemingly managed to get away from it all on an idyllic Caribbean isle. All's well until he sails into Caracas and becomes involved, against his better judgment, with an unpredictable blonde who has just decided to jilt her passionate Latin fiancé, and has also stolen a valuable Toulouse-Lautrec from another



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former lover (Tony Roberts) because she believes he owes her *something*. Like so many fashionable French imports, *Lovers* makes very little sense except as a luxury item, tailored with high style and an ultrachic air that overwhelm resistance. Our only complaint is that such well-established superstars as Deneuve and Montand deserve to be *heard* as well as seen—and, despite the presence of a multilingual supporting cast, a soso job of dubbing into English with voices other than their own abuses the two principals as if they had been aesthetically bound and gagged.

Talk about crummy sequels: *Exorcist II: The Heretic* has Linda Blair tap dancing to *Lullaby of Broadway* and suddenly collapsing in pain because Richard Burton, halfway around the world, is being stoned by primitive tribesmen who call him a devil worshiper. Burton plays, or intones, the role of Father Lamont, a troubled churchman assigned to find out what really happened to Max von Sydow at the end of *The Exorcist*. We didn't know anyone had been wondering. Von Sydow reappears in flashbacks as Father Merrin. Louise Fletcher portrays the doctor who practices "synchronized hypnosis" on Burton and Blair to find out what's been going on in Linda's dreams since the bad old days, when she was "possessed by a demon," as she says, cheerfully describing the nature of her ailment to another young patient as if it were something like German measles. Author William Goodhart and director John Boorman try everything from a plague of locusts to black magic, a couple of fiery immolation scenes and other excesses, all to no avail. This devilish turkey is D.O.A.

German writer-director Rainer Werner Fassbinder, an overpraised and remarkably prolific film maker whose movies are ground out like sausages, seems to have stuffed his sausages with catnip for a growing number of critics. *Jail Bait* (not to be confused with a porno flick bearing the same title) is more interesting than most recent Fassbinder works, though still archly mannered and heavy as lead in depicting the utter drabness of lower-middle-class life. If that's his message, Fassbinder has found the dullards to deliver it in a not-very-bright, sexually precocious 14-year-old *Fräulein* (Eva Mattes) and her 19-year-old lover (Harry Baer), whose pretty-boy sulkiness occasionally makes him a ringer for the late James Dean. While they avow an insatiable passion for each other, the couple's stolen hours together look about as romantic as a lube job set to music for young lovers. She sullenly pulls off her clothes, lies down and tells him to get at it. Then *he* disrobes, usually with a tired sigh, and climbs on top of her—



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by John Weitz

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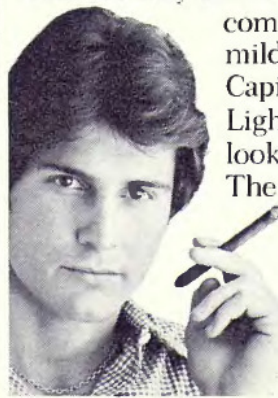
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which could be either a meaningful statement or a simple indication of the fact that Fassbinder, an unabashed homosexual, takes a dim view of boy-girl balling. Even a short stretch in jail doesn't deter the boy from this joyless routine, however, nor do the vehement objections of the girl's poppa, a sour Kraut who appears to equate sex and anti-Semitism: "Better 100,000 gassed Jews than that pig mucking up my daughter." When she finds herself pregnant, the wayward Hanni buys a gun and persuades her Franz to pump eight slugs into Poppa. Her father's death makes her deliriously happy at first, until she reaps the wages of sin by giving birth to a stillborn monster in jail. "You couldn't make head or tail of it," she says with a shrug, as her disconsolate beau is led off to stand trial. Maybe *Jail Bait's* subtitles suffer in translation. Anyway, Fassbinder's monochromatic portrait of alienated, amoral youth looks lumpish compared with Terence Malick's brilliant, badly neglected *Badlands*, which explored similar antisocial impulses (played to the hilt by Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek) with chilling insight.

FILM CLIPS

Criat: A child believes she has poisoned her widowed father, who succumbs while abed with his best friend's wife in the opening sequence of Spanish writer-director Carlos Saura's remarkably delicate tale of patricide and adultery. More poetic than suspenseful, flowing effortlessly backward and forward through time, this artful collage boasts two fabulous performances—by Ana Torrent, as the quiet little murderess, and by Geraldine Chaplin (Saura's lady offscreen) in a dual role as the grownup, unrepentant Ana and the long-suffering mother whose death she avenged.

Viva Knievel! Lauren Hutton, as a girl photographer, and Gene Kelly, as a veteran daredevil who has taken to drink, add some largely irrelevant class to a semibiographical stunt show built around Evel Knievel. Evel preaches against dope, defeats a ring of drug smugglers fronted by Marjoe Gortner (of all people) and flings himself on his bike over a bed of burning coals and a pit of snarling lions. All a critic can say is that Knievel plays the title role more convincingly than George Hamilton did in an earlier film about the forces of Evel.

Volcano: Nominated for a 1977 Academy Award, Canadian writer-director Donald Brittain's documentary "inquiry into the life and death of Malcolm Lowry" qualifies as a must for devout readers of *Under the Volcano*. Lowry's own words are spoken by Richard Burton in a searing, literate, vivid account of a brilliant writer's tortured existence prior to his suicide in 1957, aptly described as "death by misadventure."

TELEVISION

You've heard of Joseph Wambaugh: the ex-Los Angeles cop who turned his years on the beat into a series of best-selling novels (*"The New Centurions," "The Onion Field," "The Blue Knight," "The Choirboys"*) that have all been destined for movies or TV; the guy who was credited with making *"Police Story"* an Emmy-winning television series. One of Hollywood's golden boys, right? Wrong.

Last April Fools' Day, Wambaugh bought a whole page in *Daily Variety* to lambaste Hollywood over what had happened to his first screenplay, adapted from his last novel, *"The Choirboys,"* at the hands of Lorimar Productions, which had bought it—and had it rewritten.

"I had no idea I was selling my rights to people who would try to act like cocker spaniels," wrote Wambaugh, who then proceeded to apologize to *The American Kennel Club*. "And to all in Hollywood who are made to grovel, and growl, and bark like dogs, I offer a Gainesburger. And a prayer that one day you turn on your masters. And bite their legs. And give them rabies."

Wambaugh is not new to Hollywood ways. So how could he have been surprised by what happened to him with Lorimar? To find out, free-lance writer P. S. Quinn went down to Newport Beach, where Wambaugh recently bought a home.

PLAYBOY: Joe, you're not exactly a new-comer to Hollywood. What surprised you about the treatment you got this time?

WAMBAUGH: This was my first screenplay. I didn't just sell them the rights to the book and run. But this whole thing got me to thinking about this incestuous little group. You go to a Hollywood party and the conversation will stray from show business no more than 60 seconds at a time. I'm sure they talk about deals while they're screwing.

PLAYBOY: Were you better treated by television when you were story editor for *Police Story*?

WAMBAUGH: I had all kinds of say for a



Police Story's
Joseph Wambaugh
blasts Hollywood.

while. I knew whether a show was going to be good when I read the script. Writers would come in and say, "Gee, I've never written about cops before." And I'd always say, "Write a people story and we'll worry about whether it's a cop story." I was a story editor with balls, brass balls.

PLAYBOY: How did you acquire so much authority?

WAMBAUGH: They had an anthology show about cops, no star, only some crazy bastard named Wambaugh, who's an L.A. cop and comes out on his

lunch break with his guns and a bunch of bad-looking dudes with him and says how it's going to be. Everybody there was scared shitless. I almost always took two great big *chicano* cops with me to story consultations. In the first place, a *chicano* can intimidate all these Hollywood gringos. These two weighed about 500 pounds together, with big mustaches. They'd have their shoulder ho'sters sticking out and these TV executives would be spilling coffee all over their desks.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any feedback from Lorimar on your letter in *Variety*?

WAMBAUGH: Their attorneys told me I'm going to kill myself in Hollywood, that no one's going to touch anything I ever write with a ten-foot pole. Bullshit! Hollywood moguls are like hookers. Virtually every hooker I ever arrested or knew had a pimp, some guy who would kick the shit out of her, whether she needed it or not. If he didn't, she'd find one who would. These Hollywood types are like that. The more scorn you heap on them, the more they pursue you. I've dealt with every kind of bum and criminal there is and they all have more integrity than some of the people in Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: You think you can win your \$2,500,000 suit against Lorimar?

WAMBAUGH: I can afford to proceed with it and I have the clout to do it. Since my ad came out, I've gotten a lot of wonderful letters from screenwriters who have been screwed by Hollywood for years. You know, in the real world, your enemies try to fuck you. In the cool world of Hollywood, your friends try to fuck you.

Babette



Kathy



Jill



Marcia



Heavenor



Kris



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DINING & DRINKING

In Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *A Study in Scarlet*, young Stamford, a dresser at Barts Hospital, introduces two Victorian gentlemen with five immortal little words: "Dr. Watson, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," and the world of detective fiction has never been the same. Neither has the world of restaurants and bars, we might add, for the current resurgence of interest in Sherlock Holmes has spawned a rising number of clubby, Victorian-style dining/drinking establishments that do an excellent job of ensuring that somewhere it's still the London of 1895.

Fortunately for us, one of the most charming of these places, *Sherlock's Home*, is right across the street from PLAYBOY's central headquarters, at 900 North Michigan Avenue. It's a nice place to visit for a few rounds of drinks, an informal lunch in front of the paneled fireplace or a late-evening snack, but we wouldn't want to have dinner there, as the limited menu (it's printed on play Bank of England five-pound notes) is primarily sandwiches. Half the fun is to settle back in one of Sherlock's Home's high-backed leather dining chairs, order a half-and-half and call for your own clay pipe that's kept in a numbered rack over the bar. The tobacco is gratis. Sherlock's Home is open from 11:30 A.M. to 12 midnight Monday through Saturday. Most major credit cards are accepted. No reservations necessary.

Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, also seems to be having an affair with Holmes. A gentleman named Barry Sandrow has opened three *Dr. Watson's Pubs*: one at 216 South 11th Street (right across from Jefferson Medical College), another in the downtown section at 1614 Chancellor Street and a third just off the University of Pennsylvania's campus at 39th and Sanson Street. Of the three, the one on 11th Street is clearly the labor of love; not only can you slosh down a pint or two of Whitbread's ale at the first-floor bar (there's also an extensive sandwich menu that spills over into omelets, crepes and even hunks of sausage and cheese on a board) but, upstairs, there are rooms for electronic games and pocket billiards. By now you've probably made the most elementary deduction and concluded that Dr. Watson's Pubs are actually three singles bars cloaked in a literary disguise. And jolly good pickup spots they are. Dr. Watson's Pubs are open from 11 A.M. to 2 A.M. Monday through Friday; Saturday and Sunday from 12 noon to 2 A.M. No credit cards accepted. No reservations necessary.

Just 15 or so miles north of Philadelphia on the Montgomery Mall in Montgomeryville, Pennsylvania, is *The*



Quick, Watson, the menu!
Sherlock Holmes
establishments proliferate.

Sherlock Holmes. It's an elegant fast-food place featuring tasty sandwiches, hot platters of such hearty staples as beef stew and a full bar. A series of engraved brass plaques depicting Holmes, Watson and other Doyle characters hang about the walls. (The plaques, manufactured by The Master Group, are worth the trip.) The *Sherlock Holmes* is open from 11 A.M. to 2 A.M., seven days a week. Most major credit cards are accepted. No reservations necessary.

Laszlo Petho, a Hungarian who came here during the 1956 revolution, runs *The Sherlock Holmes Pub* on Job's Lane in Southampton, Long Island. Like many places in the Hamptons, The *Sherlock Holmes Pub* has an easygoing ambience that's conducive to casual dining and drinking; there are checkered cloths and well-dripped romantic-looking candles on the tables and some framed posters of old Holmes movies starring Basil Rathbone hung on the walls. The menu is ambitious for such a small place; aside from the hoof, fin and feather entrees, you can also order—during the winter months—two delicious Hungarian specialties: *Gujas*, a shepherd's beef dish, and *Szekely Kaposzta*, or Transylvanian Sauerkraut. Both go well with foggy Long Island nights. The *Sherlock Holmes Pub* is open for lunch from 12 noon to 4 P.M. and dinner from 6 to 11 P.M. every day except Wednesday. Most major credit cards are

accepted. Reservations: 516-283-3311.

When the Hy's of Canada restaurant chain invests in something, it invests big, and that's exactly what it has done with *Sherlock's on Sheppard*, 12 Sheppard Street, Toronto. The paneled walls of the multilevel rooms are crowded with books and Victorian bric-a-brac; there are Oriental rugs on the parquet floors, beams on the ceilings and prime rib of beef—the specialty of the house—waiting on the sideboard. It all makes for a singular dining experience. *Sherlock's on Sheppard* is open for lunch from 12 noon to 2:30 P.M. Monday through Friday; dinner is from 5:30 to 11 P.M. Monday through Saturday. Most major credit cards are accepted. Reservations: 416-366-8661.

For the next Sherlock Holmes place you must go West, young man, to Greeley, Colorado. There, you'll find *The Baker Street Restaurant & Pub*, at 2726 11th Street Road. It features three distinctly different rooms—the Great Hall, where you can dine before a blazing log fire, the Hunt Room and the Garden Room—plus a menu that emphasizes beef and seafood. (The Beef Wellington for two is excellent.) Concept Restaurants, a Colorado chain, put it all together. Bravo, chaps. Well done. The *Baker Street Restaurant & Pub* is open for lunch from 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. Monday through Friday, and there's a Sunday brunch from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. Dinner is from 5 to 10 P.M. Monday through Thursday; Friday and Saturday from 5 to 11 P.M. and Sunday from 3 to 9 P.M. Only Master Charge and Visa accepted. Reservations: 303-356-4500.

Last, there's *S. Holmes, Esq.*, a bar located in the Grosvenor Towers, 1177 California Street, San Francisco. Anyone even remotely interested in Holmes or Victorian England who visits San Francisco and doesn't stop by S. Holmes, Esq. should be beaten with a lead-filled cane. The bar's ace card—aside from an incredibly handsome leather-and-brass decor, on-loan chess and backgammon boards and great drinks (six of which are named after Holmes stories)—is an entire glass-enclosed re-creation of the sitting room at 221-B Baker Street. (The sound of hansom cabs and Big Ben striking is piped in.) If you decide to hang out at S. Holmes, Esq.—and who wouldn't?—you can for \$40 join its Persian Slipper Club, which entitles you to a personally engraved meerschaum calabash pipe, kept locked up, ready for you to smoke, and a daily copy of the *London Times*. Who could ask for anything more? S. Holmes, Esq. is open from 11 A.M. to 2 A.M. seven days a week. Most major credit cards are accepted. No reservations necessary.



SELECTED SHORTS

insights and outcries on matters large and small

STUDENT RIGHTS TO A FREE PRESS

By Nat Hentoff

HE THINKS HIMSELF part of the New South, this high school editor in Sumter, South Carolina, and when the principal censors half of the next edition of the school paper, the kid stands up for his rights. "Sir, that's unconstitutional. The First Amendment says—"

The icily imperious principal interrupts the rebel: "The constitution of this school takes precedence over the United States Constitution. Students here have no First Amendment rights."

The Supreme Court decided differently in a 1969 case, *Tinker vs. Des Moines Independent School District*. By a seven-to-two vote, the Court made students into full citizens, proclaiming that they do *not* "shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate."

A landmark decision; but throughout the land, the vast majority of principals and school boards keep on acting as if the Court has never emancipated students. Continuing to censor school papers and to fire dissident student editors, these feudal lords of the public schools are acting outside the law. Kids, they figure, have no pressure groups; and the Supreme Court, like the Pope, has no army. Furthermore, no politician, of any color or gender, ever runs on a platform assuring kids their First Amendment rights. That's guaranteed to offend all other constituencies.

In 1974, five years after *Tinker* trumpeted student freedom, the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial in Washington dispatched a Commission of Inquiry into High School Journalism across the country. Its members came back with the first comprehensive report ever made on the state of the First Amendment in the public schools. Their report sounded as if they had been in Czechoslovakia. Practically everywhere, the commission found rampant censorship and "the systematic lack of freedom to engage in open, responsible journalism."

Among the members of the commission were such professional journalists as Charlayne Hunter of *The New York Times* and Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times*. They excoriated not only school principals but also their brethren and sisters in the grown-up media because most of the latter habitually ignore

the mugging of the Constitution in the schools—neither reporting school censorship nor helping in any way protect that minority of Jeffersonian kids who keep squawking that they, too, have the right to free speech.

This abandonment of the libertarian young has been a dumb move by professional journalists, because it's against their own self-interest. For the press successfully to resist Government harassment—remember, until Watergate, Nixon was two touchdowns ahead—requires a lot of support from roaring citizens who really feel they have a stake in the First Amendment. Huge numbers of such citizens do not now exist. Consider the odds if there were a national plebiscite on whether to keep the First Amendment intact or to add on some restrictions in the interest of preserving "national

instead, that the way to get along was to keep their mouths shut when they disagreed with teachers or principals. Great training for citizenship in Iran.

Yet, from time to time, certain brave souls within the student body do seize the First Amendment, as if it were their very own, and they advance on faculty advisors, principals and even school boards. Often they pay some rather heavy dues for their valor. In one California town, a high school editor hooked on free speech was recently told by his authoritarian principal that, despite his high grades, he had lost all chance of getting any of the college scholarships awarded by various local businesses and women's clubs. (The principal has veto power over all such choices.)

Other principals have inserted venomous comments in their recommendations



security" or destroying "smut." Freedom of expression might take a few precincts in some big cities but would not win a single state.

Why are most Americans indifferent to or ignorant of the First Amendment? Because, during all those years of compulsory schooling, they never learned that free speech and free press had anything to do with them. They learned,

to colleges applied to by students in the lineage of John Peter Zenger and Daniel Schorr. And in one Midwestern city, a principal, after being hauled into court by a student claiming that his First Amendment rights had been violated, lifted up the young man and threw him against the wall of his office. Back to basics.

Despite the perils involved in confronting feral educators with the Bill of Rights,

an increasing number of student litigators—their cases handled without charge by an affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union or some other public-interest group—have been marching into court during the past few years. Most of the time, they win. A characteristic case is that of Daniel St. Ledger, 17, a member of the National Honor Society and by no means a radical. He had been deposed as editorial editor of the Lynwood, California, high school paper for having printed a student's attack on, of all things, the school's censorship policies, as well as another student's review of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* that described the title character as a "sex-starved housewife." St. Ledger went to court to get his editorship back. The judge restored him to his post for the rest of the school year and sternly informed school officials that this 17-year-old does, indeed, have the First Amendment right to publish ideas and opinions that differ from theirs.

Through all these student press wars, many of the young First Amendment paladins have wished they could form alliances with other sons and daughters of liberty throughout the country. But there has been no central clearinghouse of information. Now there is. Supported by the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press and the Kennedy Memorial, the Student Press Law Center keeps itself informed on all such cases and provides direct legal assistance to students for whom A.C.L.U. or other help is not available. (Its address is Room 1112, 1750 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. Phone: 202-347-6888.)

For all the growth in student instruction of slow-learning principals on the nature of true Americanism, the First Amendment is still barred from most schoolhouse gates. Tens of thousands of school officials remain in smug contempt of the Supreme Court. And wherever press gags are routinely placed on student publications, most professional editors, reporters and broadcasters in that town or city still see no connection between themselves and the kids.

Accordingly, this continues to be both a courageous and a somewhat poignant children's crusade for the Constitution—unprecedented in American history because always before, constitutional battles have been waged only among adults. And these youngsters often find not only their own parents opposing them ("You're going to ruin your chances for college") but also discover that their fellow students have no interest at all in the warfare. Janice Fuhrman of Novato, California, having defeated her principal

in a fierce First Amendment clash, returned to the editorship of her school paper to realize that "the majority of the kids in our school don't care that much about individuals expressing themselves. I think a lot of the problem is that they are very poorly educated on constitutional rights."

Indeed, they are. And some of those kids are already voters. If many more schools, however, had lively, contentious, authentically free newspapers, there might be many more students who care about expressing themselves. They'll have had some practice in it. After all, that's the way it's supposed to be.

Said the Supreme Court in *Tinker*: "State-operated schools may not be enclaves of totalitarianism. School officials do not possess absolute authority over their students. . . . Students may not be regarded as closed-circuit recipients of only that which the state chooses to communicate. They may not be confined to the expression of those sentiments that are officially approved." Free at last.

No ambiguity in that Supreme Court decision. No reality in it, either—in most American schools. But the odds keep changing, because some kids just won't go gently into the bland, silent middle. May their tribe increase.

Nat Hentoff is a PLAYBOY Contributing Editor whose work appears in many publications.

A MAN'S GOTTA CHEW...

By D. Keith Mano

I CHEW TOBACCO. Wait—don't barf all over the page—it could be worse. Before that, I used Saran Wrap for a contraceptive—on my tongue. See, pipe smoke left it raw as steak tartare. So, what I'd do, I'd galosh the tip of my tongue in a little handmade Baggie. That worked well enough, but my conversation went to heck. The damn membrane would vibrate—brrrp. Only German words came out half-normal, and I don't speak German half at all.

To write, I need a nicotine blast: it hikes my pulse up around 110, 120. Below that, I'm as alert as frogs in January. It has to be chewing tobacco, what else? A fat wad revs your blood. The Surgeon General hasn't determined anything. And chaw tobacco is cheaper (one carton of Havana Blossom, good for a fortnight, will cost less than five bucks).

Sure, there are more modish personal habits: nose picking, say. When the wind is head on, I don't wear white. Spittoons might be decorative; they aren't practical. Even if you score nine times in ten, that tenth time will strip wood floors, unnap a rug. I use old cups. My wife, understand, doesn't exactly appreciate six ounces of Nazi-brown juice right next to the gravy boat. Marriage is compromise. In return, I agree not to chew while driving; I haven't the oral p.s.i. for it. A neighbor does and, believe me, nobody sits behind him twice at 55 mph. The only guy I know with brown racing stripes. Nonetheless, tobacco can be chewed in polite company. Equipment: a tall glass, a slice of lemon, three or four ice cubes. Tobacco spit will impersonate strong iced tea and, from my experience, you don't have one friend who'll notice that your glass is being filled, not emptied, at each sip. As for the Sparky Lyle cheek lump, just say, "Mmmm. Abscess." Aviso: Do remember to tongue across your bridgework now and then. A giant shag of cigar wrapper between the front teeth is not, um, cosmetic.

There are many sorts of chewing tobacco: sugared and no-cal, plug and shag, apple, molasses, plain. I alternate: it depends on the s.p.m. (spit per minute) I want. Spitting is crucial (if you don't spit, you die—which seems pretty damn crucial to me). Moreover, expectoration will provide your nervous body with a flywheel. Each cup-to-lip motion distracts my impatient, bored hand: the equivalent of one drag on a Herbert Tareyton, except that it won't turn your lungs into Dresden circa 1945.

Rule of cheek: Sweet tobacco will generate more—and more turgid—saliva. Figure about one full cup every hour. And just try to spit past your orange chin; you need an oboist's wind. It's rather like pulling cheese from sausage pizza, but in reverse. On occasion, I've had to pinch my drool off. Cough, that, a real conversation stopper. Beechnut and Red Man are the most popular sweet shags. They taste of ground-up raisins. Frankly, I find sweet shag cloying. Sweet plug, though, has a marvelous feature: Steep squares of Apple or Days Work in fine bourbon and you can stone your gums. With experience, you can even swallow some, which beats Dentyne by a country-and-western mile. In plain shag, choose broad leaf. I recommend Penn Cigar Clippings: mild, soft as Kristine De Bell's inner thigh (and easier to come by). The thin-leaf brands—Liberty for one—are so arid, so powerful, you're better off eating chopped match heads. Only an Alabama state trooper

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 **TDK**

could chew thin-leaf shag.

Put your hand down, I know what the question is: But won't it make my teeth go brown? No. Off-white, perhaps; not brown. And, listen, you'll never get another cavity—repeat, never. All right, I'll hedge: if you use sugarless tobacco. I had one cavity after chewing Apple for 18 months. None, for five years, with Havana Blossom and Penn Cigar. Tobacco chewing laves food detritus out; it flosses you. An 18th Century European traveler noted that American pioneers, otherwise decrepit and shoulder-shotten, had remarkably sound teeth. Chewing tobacco, of course. Moreover, tobacco chewing can be dietetic; the cud stands in for a snack. Even better, swallow one good dollop and, friend, you won't want to eat for days.

Beginner advice: *Spit*. Spit again. Once in, oh, ten seconds, whether you want to or not. Learn an expectorator rhythm. And use plain shag. It tastes like chewing tobacco, bitter as outboard-motor fuel. The mouth won't quickly become absent-minded. Sweet tobacco may cause a suicidal overconfidence. Not bad, you'll say, and five minutes later they'll be giving you cardiopulmonary resuscitation. My advice: Start with a large wad. You can keep it in quarantine, almost dry, behind the shut teeth. Saliva glands (they live under your tongue) won't have room to get at it easily. Find out whether you're left or right checked. Few chewers are ambi-what's-the-word? (I'm a southjaw.) And don't chew. One sort of nurses on a chew. It is felt; gravid, wise, sensuous, splendidly restful. In no time, you'll be able to eat or drink without first sticking it on the bedpost. I promise: Effort will be rewarded. Chaws intimidate. I've never lost an argument when loaded up. There's something about swollen cheeks, about dung-brown liquid suddenly spat, that prevents people from putting two consecutive thoughts together.

It's done. A lot. From 1962 through 1971, sales of scrap chewing tobacco went up 32.4 percent; and not only in places where the shoe hasn't been invented. The northeastern United States can now constitute a fair market. I can recall as a kid in Eisenhower Age New York seeing tiny spit oysters all over my block. Bounce your Spalden five times and it came up wet twice. Spitting, brown or white, is primeval; an expression of male insouciance. *Macho* Cro-Magnon men probably spat on one another's feet. And the cheek, I suspect, is a secondary sexual characteristic. I feel mean, full of testosterone, while I chew. Bigger, somehow. Next century—who knows?—when women hear that a man is well hung, they may not look down.

D. Keith Mano is a free-lance writer, the movie critic for Oui and a chewer of some renown.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

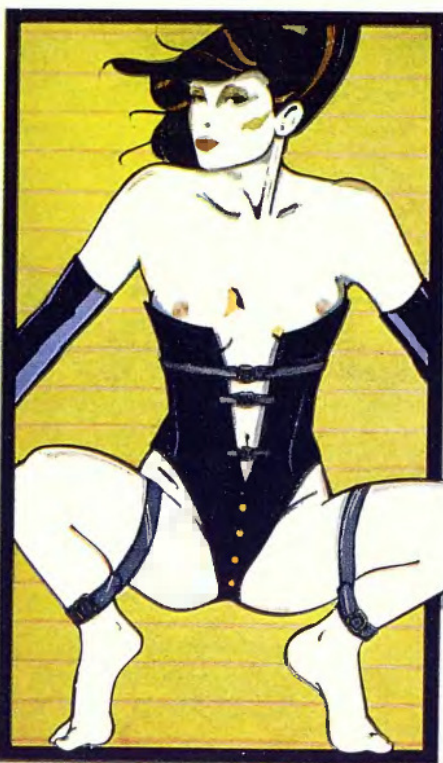
For the past few months, I've been dating a girl who must have been raised in a time capsule—right out of the Fifties. At least, that's the only way I can explain her rather capricious conservative streak. She enjoys garden-variety fucking, but she's still into basics—i.e., having fun with the fundamentals. At her rate, we'll be getting to fellatio around the turn of the century. I'd like to speed up her progress and have considered taking her to a porn movie. Do you think she would be turned off by seeing X-rated exercises?—H. H., Kansas City, Kansas.

First of all, we thought fellatio was one of the fundamentals. Oh, well. We can't say for sure what your girl's reaction to a porn movie would be, but based on recent research, we suspect you would be pleasantly surprised. Two scientists at Purdue University showed a ten-minute X-rated film to a group of students. They found that the females were more likely than the males to indicate a belief that the actors in the film were enjoying themselves. The group's physical responses were strikingly similar—the females were no less aroused than the males. So buy some popcorn and take your date to the flicks. A good erotic film may open her eyes, if not other parts of her anatomy.

My collection of smoking paraphernalia is starting to gather dust, as well as unsightly resins. My bong and water pipe not only smell to high heaven, they also taste terrible. It's taking the joy out of smoking pot. Is there any way to salvage those items?—K. T., Atlanta, Georgia.

The most effective way to clean smoking paraphernalia is to soak your pipes in ethyl alcohol for 24 hours. The alcohol acts as a solvent, breaking up the resin coating to such an extent that you'll be able to wash your gear clean with water. (Be sure to rinse thoroughly or you'll be trading one offensive odor for another.) Periodic alcohol baths should prevent a recurrence of the unsavory build-up known as Bong Breath to smoke fiends around the world, if not around the bend.

I recently went off the pill and got a diaphragm with which I use a spermocidal cream or jelly. Since then, I have had sex with a friend who greatly enjoys the oral approach. (He's not the only one!) But, "Alas," he cried, "you taste awful!" I was, needless to say, greatly dismayed by this comment. I tasted some of this evil jelly and he was right, it was pretty bad. So the question is: Is there any flavored jelly/cream on the market



that tastes good and prevents one plus one from equaling more than two?—Miss A. H., Seattle, Washington.

Unfortunately, most of the companies that make jellies, foams and creams consider them contraceptive substances, not condiments or party dips. Hence, they have done very little to improve the palatability of their products. The companies are, however, gradually becoming aware of the need for such a product and enough consumer pressure could see results soon. By the way, there are no harmful side effects (other than the taste) when these products are ingested in small quantities, so you can feel free to sample them to your heart's content. It might help to have a carafe of good tequila nearby when you do your tasting, though. It makes a most pleasant chaser.

I was interested in the letter in the May Playboy Advisor that asked the musical question: Which of the sexes enjoys sex the most? My vote goes to the female. Perhaps I can best prove my point by rephrasing the question: If the inside of your ear itches, which feels the best when you scratch it—your finger or your ear?—R. L. F., Springfield, Missouri.

Now you know what a woman means when she says, "Stick it in your ear."

Some friends and I got into a heated argument the other day about the effective life of cassette tapes as opposed to that of records. I have been under the impression that tapes last far longer and

can be replayed constantly without noticeable wear. Records, obviously, are always being worn away by the stylus—and, of course, can be scratched, etc. But I am now told that tapes break up after repeated playings, also that rewinding and fast-forwarding destroy high-frequency reproduction. What's the skinny?—A. K., Chicago, Illinois.

One rule of thumb: Any record or tape that you like is certain to be destroyed on first playing, whereas anything by the Grand Funk Railroad will survive another Great Flood. But should that flood come, you'd be better off equipping your ark with a tape player. Why?

Tape itself can last forever under optimum conditions. Records begin to deteriorate the first time you play them. The major variable in both cases is your equipment. On a standard-quality turntable, you can expect 50–100 plays from a record before there is any audible difference in music quality. With every play, the record will be picking up clicks and pops. Dust and other foreign particles will cause uneven wear in the grooves. Your stylus will be gradually gouging away at the vinyl. We will not go into the problems of dogs and children. Now tape: Cassette tapes, first of all, are fragile. They are thin strips of plastic and need to be handled by a machine that is gentle. (Keep your paws off the surface of the tape. Also keep your tapes away from electrical appliances.) As with records, the big enemy of tape is friction. The best way to play a tape is to start at the beginning and don't stop. Fast-forwarding, rewinding, stops and starts can cause stretching, uneven winding, variations in tape tension on the reels and gouts. Not to mention the dreaded wow and flutter. Friction against the sides of the tape case can cause breakage, wear and loss of sound on the edges of the tape. When deterioration does begin, the highs are the first to go. But with all that, you can get a good 200-plus plays from a commercial cassette before you notice a difference. Keep tapes cool and dry and they should last as long as your hearing.

The first time I make love with my girlfriend, everything is fantastic. But when we want a second round, I'm a dud. I can get it up, but I've pumped for at least ten minutes sometimes with no orgasm. She, meanwhile, gets off a couple of times, begging me to do the same. The second attempt is usually within five to ten minutes of the first one. What the hell is wrong with me? Should I leave

10 years ago your hair didn't need the protein it needs today to look its best.

Chances are, your hair looked healthier ten years ago. It was thicker, fuller, and it had more protein. And that's what hair is made of. But as time goes by, your hair loses protein—continuously. Which is why you need Protein 29 Hair Groom. Because Protein 29 actually adds protein to individual hair shafts. It helps your hair look thicker, fuller, healthier. More like it used to look.

Your hair is irreplaceable. Wouldn't it be a good idea to get some Protein 29 now and do something about the next ten years?



**Protein 29
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Liquid, gel and sprays

Do something about the next 10 years.



more time between attempts? Or am I expecting too much from my system? Any enlightenment would be very helpful.—S. H., Raleigh, North Carolina.

Since when is ten minutes too long? As a man approaches an orgasm, he becomes aware of various physical signals. One of these is a feeling of fullness that develops as the seminal fluid collects in the prostatic urethra. With each succeeding orgasm, the amount of ejaculate diminishes, and so, to a certain extent, does the feeling of fullness. The signal of impending ecstasy is faint, and you're liable to miss it altogether if you're looking for the same thing you experienced the first time. If you don't feel yourself coming, you may think you're not going to come, and this can become a self-fulfilling prophecy. To compound the problem, the penis is usually less sensitive the second time around and the lubrication left over from openers cuts down on the friction. It might help to give your body time to recharge, but there are other solutions. When you've satisfied your taste for apples, switch to oranges. Instead of repeating the same-old-same-old, try a radically different position or approach, be it oral, anal or manual. Finally: What are you worried about? There is no law that says you have to have an orgasm. Indeed, such an obsession can lead to more serious problems. See the following letter.

Can you perhaps explain the mechanics of impotence? Several times in the past year, I have failed to get it up. The sessions have left me embarrassed and anxious. Can you tell me what I did wrong?—N. L., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Well, for one thing, it's not a mechanical problem. In most cases, impotence is the result of a psychological pattern. Dr. Leo Jacobs of the Forest Hospital Sexual Dysfunction Clinic has formulated the following ten rules that, if strictly adhered to, will guarantee impotence:

(1) Reduce sex to genital activities, stimulation of genitals and copulation. Carefully exclude from your relationship with your partner the following: Discussion and expression of feelings of tenderness, joy in holding and being held, unhurried mutual total body caresses. Be sure to carry out sexual activity in complete silence. (2) Assume that the erect penis is the only important thing you can give to your partner, and assume that her upset following an occasional sexual failure is due to her concern about not being able to copulate and not to her anger about your withdrawal into a sullen sulk. (3) Include sex in your work ethic as a test, which you flunk if you don't ejaculate at least 20

minutes following penetration—at exactly the moment your partner has an orgasm. (4) Pick a partner who believes that all men have instant erections and that a woman should not have to give you an erection by touching you on the genitals. (5) Have exclusively good feelings about your partner and deny the possibility that you could be angry at her. (6) Believe that a woman's sexual arousal is the direct and sole result of your touching her on the breasts or genitals. Believe that her arousal is completely under your control and is in no way related to how she feels about you and herself. (7) Always assume that when you find your partner unhappy or sad, it must relate to something you did wrong in the relationship or in bed. Do not ever think that she could be unhappy for her own reasons. Everything she feels must involve you. (8) Believe that your erections will continue to be steel-hard and will in no way change as you get older. (9) When you fail sexually, assume that your partner is not interested in being pleased by your hands or mouth. (10) Be demanding, aggressive and self-assertive in your business enterprises and passive and dependent with your sexual partner.

There you have it: Break even one of those commandments and you may be on your way to healthy sex.

At night, while gazing out of my living-room window, I can discern what I imagine to be a scrumptious young thing undressing in front of her draperyless window. Needless to say, I want to see if what I imagine is true. Her building is about 200 feet away from mine. What do you recommend—binoculars or a telescope?—J. T., New York, New York.

Jeepers, creepers, look at all the peepers. Our resident high-powered-optics expert came up with three guidelines. Binoculars are the best bet. Both eyes are engaged, and the image is bigger than with a telescope. Your primary consideration is the brightness of the image for night viewing. We know of one voyeur who was sure he was looking at a nipple one night but who discovered during daylight hours it was a Frisbee. The key to brightness is a large objective lens. The larger the objective lens, the greater its light-gathering capabilities. There is a formula for determining the relative brightness of binoculars: divide the diameter of the objective lens by the rated power and then square the result. For example, the relative brightness of a 7x35 unit is 25. Our expert suggests that the optimum night-vision unit is a tripod-mounted 12x80 (whose relative

brightness is 43.56) with fully coated lenses (to minimize the diffusion of light within the barrels of the binoculars). The tripod keeps your hands free.

As a regular reader of your fine magazine, I thought I'd take a few minutes to relate an experience I had, and still have. While relaxing in the bathtub, I noticed a fly. I swatted it and it landed in the water. Out of sheer boredom, I took the wings off the fly. For some odd reason, I had an erection. Since the head of my penis was sticking out of the water, from utter curiosity, I put the fly on it. The fly wouldn't get back into the water but just walked in circles. Much to my amazement, I had a fantastic ejaculation. During the summer, I do this as often as possible. I have named the great experience The Walk-Off. Have you ever heard of anyone else trying this?—F. K., Des Moines, Iowa.

Yes; unfortunately, the hapless insect was a tsetse fly and the resulting erection wasn't an erection, it was rigor mortis. Then there was the guy who caught one of the dread killer bees and ended up with a dead head. And now, back to your regularly scheduled advisor.

I have been trying to introduce my wife to the joys of anal sex. She says that any man who would prefer that method of sex must have latent homosexual desires. She's got me worried. What do you say?—W. G., Memphis, Tennessee.

Bend over and spread. We used to hear that same charge made about men who wanted their partners to perform oral sex. Anything that was unusual was queer, and anything that was queer was. . . . Oh, well. Fortunately, the male prevailed and the objections diminished. (Women couldn't talk with their mouths full.) By definition—anything that a man and a woman do together is heterosexual. As Dr. William Cantrell, writing in "Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality," points out, "Homosexuality has to do with the matter of preference regarding the person with whom one shares a sexual experience and not with what is done." Amen. You might try that line of reasoning on your wife. Patience has unraveled many a repression. Judging from your wife's remark, though, her attitude is deep-seated. You may have a hard go of it. Just remember: Communication is the K-Y jelly of life.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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Black & White & Brilliant.

Wherever life is lived with taste and style, you'll find the brilliant taste of Black & White.

You've never heard anything like it. Not from us. Not from anyone. JBL's new L212: a totally new picture of high performance sound, from the people who wrote the book.

You hear the whole sound first.

And when you catch your breath you search for words to describe the depth, the detail, the etched precision of the music.

That stunning pair of three-way speakers is sending clean, undistorted sound to every corner of the room. At every frequency. At every level. Loud or soft. High or low. It doesn't matter. The energy is constant.

You're experiencing three-dimensional imaging: Vocal up front. Lead guitar two steps back and one to the left. Drums further back. The piano closer, almost off the right edge of the sound.

Suddenly you're aware of a fullness in the music that you've heard before but never associated with recorded sound.

The bass! You've been hearing all of the bass, all of the fundamental tones you couldn't bring home from the concert. It's not only everything you've heard before. It's everything you haven't. The music is rich with sound at the lowest limit of your hearing.



Then you see the third speaker. The hero of the piece: The Ultrabass.

The Ultrabass is a system in itself—woofer, amplifier, equalizer and enclosure—designed, mated, blended to do one thing perfectly: reproduce sound at the threshold of sub-sonic frequencies.

It brings all the low frequency music within audible range, balancing it perfectly with the rest of the music. Without boominess. Without resonance. It also electronically sums left and right signals below 70 Hz—virtually eliminating turntable rumble and record warp noise. And, because of the non-directional character of the low frequency sound, the Ultrabass can be placed almost anywhere in the room. Without any loss of three-dimensional imaging.

The Ultrabass pays one final dividend: it allows the two three-way speakers to be specialists, too.

They can concentrate on the top 95% of the music. (Listen to the whole system, and you'll hear what that means. Even at a rug-curling, rock concert loudness, you'll get a clarity, a smoothness, an enthusiasm for detail you've never heard before.)

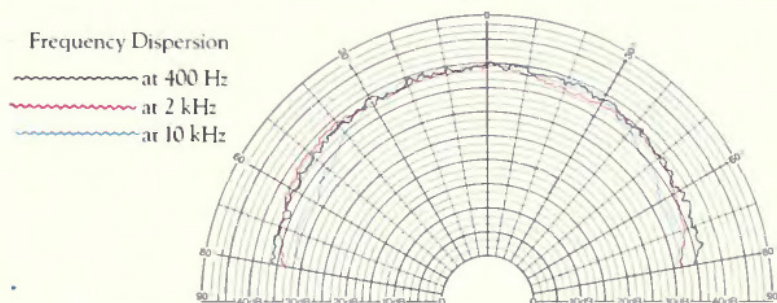
Finally, you look for the monster amplifier that's driving all that sound. There isn't one. The L212 takes one fourth the power you'd need with a conventional low efficiency loudspeaker.

That's the story. What you've been reading about is, essentially, a no-trade-off loudspeaker system. Now we'll tell you the trade-off: The price is \$1740. (The L212 may take a little while becoming a household word.)

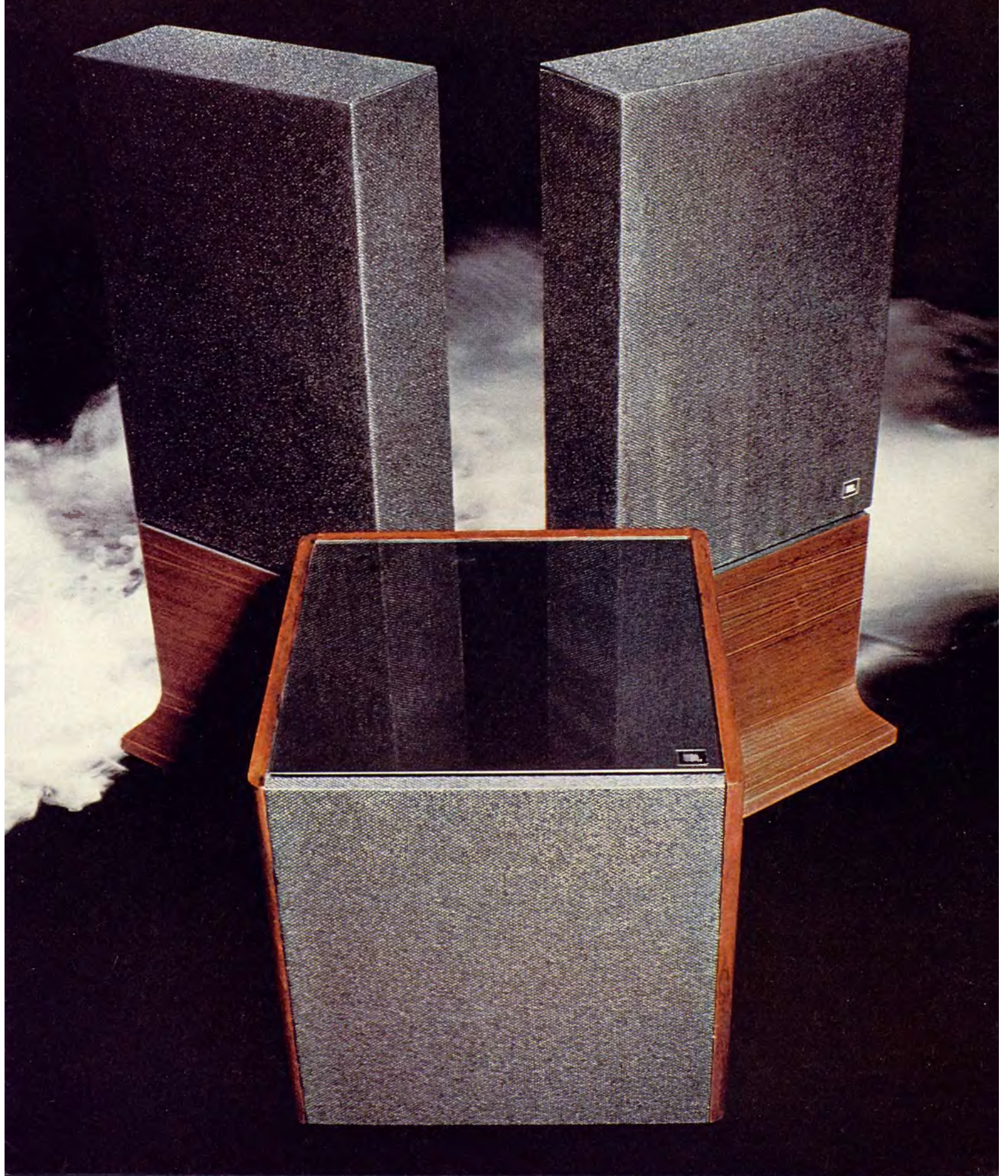
In the meantime we have two suggestions:

If you'd like a lot more technical information, write us and we'll send you an engineering staff report on the L212. Nothing fancy except the specs.

Or call your JBL dealer and ask him when you can hear the L212. You've never heard anything like it. Not from us. Not from anyone.



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PICTURE OF SOUND.



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The great taste of fine
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America's best-tasting
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Lower in tar than
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The low tar with the
taste that could only
come from Pall Mall.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Pall Mall 100's 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.
Pall Mall Filter King . . . 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.
Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

In 1970, PLAYBOY ran an article by Masters and Johnson titled *Ten Sex Myths Exploded*. One of the myths the pair attacked had to do with genital size—the idea that a man could not satisfy a woman unless he were built like the Colossus of Rhodes. They explained that, physiologically, all shoes fit. No matter what the size of the man, the vagina “accommodates” the penis. As excitement increases, the walls contract to provide a snug fit. Theoretically, no two bodies are so mismatched that orgasm would be impossible. Unfortunately, the whole world did not read the article. Ads still appear in men’s magazines offering devices that will enlarge the penis. Men still worry about their size. And, apparently, women worry about their size.

Physiology is one thing, psychology another. What Masters and Johnson found in the lab is not what the common man encounters in the street. Face it: There are “size queens,” women who only get off on guys with pachyderm-proportioned penises. There is a nagging fear in all of us that maybe *all* women prefer their guys in the large economy size. We decided to find out: Does size count? Quite frankly, even dedicated decadents like us were nervous about the outcome. To balance our dread, we decided to spread the anxiety around. We asked men how they felt about the size of their partners’ genitals. The results? Put away your rulers and proceed to read.

Q:

IS THE SIZE OF YOUR PENIS IMPORTANT IN GIVING SEXUAL SATISFACTION TO YOUR LOVER?
(Asked of 100 men)

Fifty-six percent of the men with whom we talked said that the size of their organ didn’t matter to a woman. Most recited reassuring aphorisms that they had picked up over the years from drill sergeants and men’s-room walls: “It ain’t the meat, it’s the motion.” “It’s the stroker, not the poker.” “It’s not the length of the wand but the magic of the rabbit.” “Some girls say that they care more for width than length, but I’ve



found that most will take and appreciate any and all the cocks they can find.” “I’d say no; I have a fabulous imagination and always use it. The women don’t even have a chance to think about the size of my prick. Also, I always make love with the lights out.” “Of course the size of my penis doesn’t matter. It’s stupid to worry about. After all, for my woman to have sexual gratification, I just have to touch or lick her. My prick doesn’t even have to come near her.”

Forty-four percent of the men said that cock size was extremely important in satisfying a woman: “Yeah, women get off on massive ones like mine, but I think it’s more from a psychological than a physical appreciation.” “All women are conditioned to dig big ones—porn movies, hot books and stuff like that drive the point home.” “Larger represents stronger. It’s part of the whole male-

domination thing that women like so much.” “Girls love a long dong like mine, because it scares them.” “Of course size is important. Logs burn longer than twigs.” “A big gun always shoots better than a small one.” “Penis power is like piston power—the bigger the better.” “With my huge cock—I’m almost able to pick up a chick on it—girls love sex.”

Q:

DOES THE SIZE OF A MAN'S PENIS MAKE SEX MORE SATISFYING?
(Asked of 100 women)

Fifty-eight percent of the women with whom we talked said that the size of a man’s genitals made no difference to them. Some of their remarks follow: “Dimension isn’t important. An insensitive man with a large penis is as boring as an insensitive man with a small one.” “The way a man makes me feel during foreplay is what really gets me going. If he’s good at that, he can have a dick the size of a thimble and it won’t matter.” “I’ve screwed a lot of fellas and the ones with the salamis between their legs are always dumb. Maybe all that blood that flows from their brains to their erections causes brain damage. Dumb means bad sex.” “A larger penis, at first sight, might be sexually exciting; but if it’s not used well it can be an even bigger disappointment than a smaller one.” “Size, schmize. As long as he can get it up.” “It’s not the cock size that makes sex exciting. Besides, all the pricks I’ve seen seem to be approximately the same.” “Anything under four inches or over eight is more a novelty item than a useful tool.” “I’ve found that guys with enormous whangers are usually lazy in bed.” “I don’t particularly care, but I don’t want to get ripped in half by some foot-long battering-ram.”

Forty-two percent of the women said that a large cock definitely made sex more exciting. Some of their field reports follow: “Big pricks feel good while fucking. I get a sense of fullness, a kind of security.” “I feel like a lot of woman if I can get a really large cock inside me. I feel like I’ve tamed his wild beast.” “Thick is what gets my cunt excited. Not

length. Friction is the name of the game." "The only time I ever have multiple orgasms is when a man's penis is enormous." "Yes, size affects me. At first, I feel violated by a really big cock. Almost like I might split. But then, as I get used to it and become really lubricated, I experience so much more than with a small or average-size one." "Horses have always excited me and that's what I visualize when the guy who is fucking me is well hung." "Well, I choke on large cocks, but I like how they feel and adore how they look. I can come just by staring at one. So sure, the size makes a difference." "I was fucked once by a guy whose member was so enormous, I was frightened he might kill me with it. I've never felt so dominated sexually as that time. And I've never come as many times either." "Sex with a well-hung man makes me insatiable. Once, the neighbors ended up calling the police when they heard my screams."

Q:

DOES THE SIZE OR TIGHTNESS OF A WOMAN'S VAGINA MAKE SEX MORE SATISFYING?

(Asked of 100 men)

Sixty-six percent of the men said that vaginal size definitely made a difference for them: "As they say, happiness is a tight pussy." "You're damn right size is important. I rate 'em TT/BB. Tight equals Terrific. Big equals Bad." "Good things come in small packages—like me in her." "For me, sex is a matter of friction. Some women are taut like rubber bands. They seem to snap around my penis. That's the action that turns me on the most." "Give me a tight pussy and loose shoes any day." "If a woman is too big, I get lost in there. My cock doesn't know where to go." "A tight, well-lubricated twat is definitely superior to the larger kind. And if she has well-trained muscles, all the better." "When it's too loose, I feel like my dick is standing on the rim of the Grand Canyon and is about to fall off." "Absolutely yes. Size makes a difference. To me, the perfect fuck is a couple of bones with a hole in the middle."

Thirty-four percent of the men said that the size of a woman's vagina did not affect their excitement: "It's not important at all. Christ. If you don't fill her, there are so many things one can do—I mean with fist fucking and all. And as long as she doesn't have a big mouth, who cares about size?" "It's what she's taught her cooze to do that gives me

pleasure." "I think pussy size only makes a difference if you're making love to a virgin. Then, it's only difficult the first couple of times." "They're all the same, although, if a nookie is too large, I feel like I'm a minnow being swallowed by a whale." "I'm not turned on by size. Muscle control inside her box is much more important to how good I feel." "It makes no difference to my eroticism at all. If a woman is too big, I simply fuck her in the ass." "Cunt size is absolutely unimportant to me. I only fuck women for their minds. Of course, their minds have to be very young, tight and have a lot of snap to them."

Q:

DO YOU THINK THE SIZE OR TIGHTNESS OF YOUR VAGINA IS IMPORTANT TO YOUR PARTNER'S SEXUAL SATISFACTION?

(Asked of 100 women)

Sixty-one percent of the women with whom we talked said that the size of their genitals made no difference to their partners. Some of their remarks follow: "Talent is more important than tightness." "My lovers climax from the friction, not from the fit. I've got good moves." "Any woman, big or small, can flex her vaginal muscles and drive a man wild." "I'm big and wet. My lovers like that. I've been told that they feel very safe inside me." "I believe in the old Chinese proverb: It's not how big the boat is—it's the motion in the ocean." "I don't choose partners who would care about such things. The size of my cunt is the last thing they discover about me—by the time they get to that, they've already bought the whole package. You fuck personalities, not parts of bodies." "I'm not particularly large or small. I usually masturbate while I'm being fucked. The contractions of my vagina during orgasm clutch at his penis, so we both get off. I don't think size matters."

Thirty-nine percent of the women said that vaginal size was important: "Size certainly does matter. After all, no one wants to fuck the Holland Tunnel." "I have only recently begun to think about how men feel about women's vaginas. I would think they prefer one that is tighter, since it probably provides greater stimulation." "My man is in love with the size of my vagina, which I guess is pretty huge. He enjoys putting his whole hand inside my cunt. Sometimes we fool around and stick other things in there, too, like cucumbers and carrots. Once, we even tried a wine bottle. I don't think

we could be that inventive if I were smaller." "I think depth is important. My vagina is very deep and I think men love the fact that they can bury their cocks to the hilt—balls and all. They like the feeling that they could go on forever."

Summary: The subjects who participated in this Sex Poll were highly opinionated. Most did not care about what might be physiological fact. Their prejudices were based on personal experience. As we got deeper into our investigations, whole patterns emerged of which we were previously unaware. Here are some of our observations:

Men are much more aware of size variations. A bunch of guys in a shower room can tell at a glance who appears to be bigger. Women can't do the same thing. The size of a woman's genitals, or the degree of muscle control she might have, is not evident to the outside observer. Many of the women we talked with were not aware that there were variations in size among vaginas. Our question took them by surprise. Out of sight, out of mind. Perhaps the awareness of physical differences led men to their preoccupation with size: A large number responded that both penis and vagina size counted. In contrast, the majority of women couldn't care less—about either.

By all accounts, a prick is a more sensitive measuring tool than a woman's cunt. This is understandable: The inner two thirds of the vagina lack nerve endings. About all a woman can tell when a man is inside her is how big he is. She cannot sense her own size. The void is only as big as that which fills it.

The vast majority of men who declared that cunt size was important to their pleasure voted for tight, snug genitals. In contrast, women who fell for size sometimes meant long cocks and sometimes thick cocks, sometimes both.

Inevitably, the men who felt that penis size was important to a woman's sexual pleasure indicated in one way or another that they themselves were generously endowed. The only importance is self-importance.

You'll notice that about two thirds of the women guessed that the size of their vagina was of no importance to male sexual pleasure. They were wrong. Two thirds of the men thought that it was. To a certain extent, our poll confirms an existing sexual tradition and uncovers a new direction. All ancient civilizations were hung up on penis power. All their art tended to show gigantic phalluses. The feminine principle tended to be represented by breast size or fertility. Perhaps in the future, artists will develop a vocabulary to describe their main squeeze. Size—both male and female—does count. To some.

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST



Question:
With so many fine gins around
why choose Bombay?

Answer:
Read
our label.



Levi's®??

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It is a bit of a surprise, we suppose.

Panatela slacks and tops fit like Levi's. And wear like Levi's. But they don't look like Levi's, which can take some getting used to.

Especially if you've been investing large sums of money in "dressy" clothes that—despite

their lofty prices—don't really measure up to Panatela's combination of superb fabrics and contemporary styles.

The fact is, good taste and sound construction and fiscal sanity can be combined in a single garment. Called Levi's Panatela.

Yes, Levi's ^{Sportswear} Panatela®!!

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

ENTRENCHED OPINION

A retired brigadier general wrote a letter to the Syracuse, New York, *Post-Standard* in which he penned these immortal words: "Marijuana is a drug; it is injurious not only by itself but also being conducive to addiction to harder drugs. No one can convince me otherwise, regardless of statistics or official and academic laments."

That's the kind of military mind that made the Maginot line famous.

Gary Loffler
Malone, New York

TACKLING COCAINE LAW

As attorneys for Ernie Holmes, star defensive lineman for the Pittsburgh Steelers, who was charged in Amarillo with possession of 250 milligrams of cocaine, my firm attempted to challenge the Texas Controlled Substances Act. We argued that it is incorrect to classify cocaine as a dangerous drug and we brought in as expert witnesses Dr. Andrew Weil and Richard Ashley, both of whom had testified in previous cases overturning state cocaine laws. Having laid the groundwork for a challenge, we went to trial, but our efforts ended when the jury returned a much-deserved verdict of not guilty.

Charles L. Rittenberry
Attorney and Counselor at Law
Amarillo, Texas

THE BRITISH SYSTEM

Our drug problem is probably to blame for at least half the armed robberies, muggings, purse snatchings, shop-liftings and burglaries that occur in this country, as well as for many of the senseless murders. If there are half a million addicts in the U.S. and each steals an average of \$100 a day to support his habit, then the present system of heroin prohibition is costing the people over 18 billion dollars a year, to which must be added the cost of law enforcement.

Since World War One, Britain has concentrated on preventing the spread of addiction by taking the profit out of drug traffic. Britain registers addicts and supplies each one with free heroin or Methadone daily. The cost per addict is minute, including both drugs and administration. The program has been working successfully for years, with the number of addicts remaining minute compared with the U.S. figure, and with most of them holding jobs. Visitors to

Britain confirm that the streets there are safe day and night.

I believe that if enough concerned citizens would write to their Congressmen, urging that a similar program be tried here, we could save ourselves billions of dollars and prevent tens of thousands of youngsters from becoming addicts.

The Reverend William T. Baird
Palo Alto, California

"Teenage pregnancies occur in our society because the DNA code triggers sexual chemicals in the pubescent blood stream."

THE ROCK AGE

The Reverend Bob Cloverson of Detroit is blaming sexy rock songs for "the upsurge of unwanted teenage pregnancies." As a scientific cause-and-effect theory, this seems on all fours with the notion that if I saw a one-eyed man before I had an auto accident, the one-eyed man caused the smashup. After all, human beings are mammals, and all mammals begin having some kind

of regular sexual activity as soon as puberty occurs. This is true of humans today, as it was of prehuman hominids millions of years before rock was invented. Even in the sexual dark ages, a generation ago, few males arrived at adulthood still virgin, and a large minority of females also had some kind of sexual outlet between the onset of pubescence and the social ritual of the marriage ceremony. As long as the chemical releasers of adolescence still function, this will continue to be so, despite the exhortations of the clergy.

Teenage pregnancies occur in our society because the DNA code triggers sexual chemicals in the pubescent blood stream. And if unwanted teenage pregnancies occur, it is because even today, teenagers are not receiving adequate contraceptive information. If the Reverend Cloverson is serious about wanting to reduce unwanted pregnancies, he should put his energy into getting better sex education in general, and better contraceptive information in particular, into high schools everywhere. Tilting at the windmills of popular music is quite quixotic and unproductive. After all, the clergy of the 19th Century blamed Strauss's waltzes for the same normal mating behavior that Cloverson wants to blame on rock.

Roger Bell
Los Angeles, California

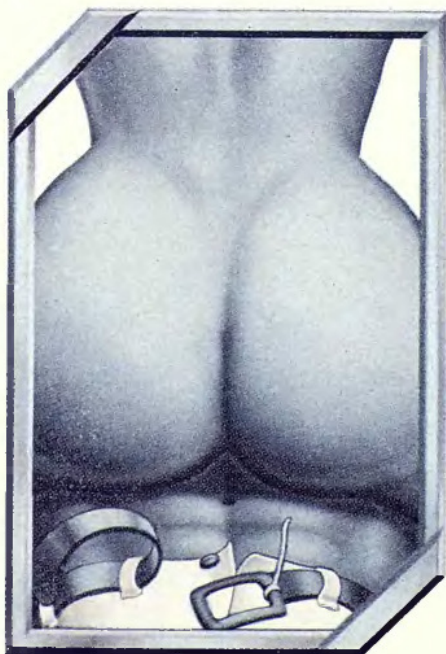
DOWN HOME

As soon as I read in the June *Playboy Advisor* about the Southern use of the word cock to mean the sexual organs of either sex, or sex in general, I felt I had to write. I am a 19-year-old woman from a conservative family. While growing up, I learned that men have dicks and women have pussies or cocks. Imagine my confusion when I heard a woman referred to as a cock-teaser. All I can tell you is that down here it doesn't make a damn what you call it. The problem is whether or not you can get it.

(Name withheld by request)
Richmond, Virginia

SQUATTERS' RITES

I would like to share what I have found to be a great addition to love-making. It consists merely of sitting on someone and being sat on in return. Sitting is an incredible foreplay stimulus that may satisfy even a mild yen for dominance for those not wanting to go



for hard-core S/M. To sit squarely on my man's muscular stomach and chest and bounce up and down is a sublime sensation. I especially like to sit facing him and hold his arms down by placing my feet firmly on his wrists. The man, in turn, can learn to sit tenderly on the woman's stomach and chest without hurting her. It takes only a little practice and it's great for realizing certain fantasies without causing any pain.

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

Oof!

MELON BALL

An inquiry about intercourse with fruits and vegetables in the May *Playboy* *Advisor* brought to mind my boyhood and my chums in southeast Arkansas and our frequent forays into the melon patch. Those were Depression years and there was very little livestock and even fewer hired girls, so we turned to watermelons for sexual release.

We would select a plump specimen warmed by the sun and carve in it an opening of the right size and shape. Adorned with corn silk, the melon became a marvelous sex apparatus that was warm, juicy, personally fitted and even pink-lined. Whether or not the melons enjoyed it, I don't know, but I can testify that the earth moved on occasion.

(Name withheld by request)
San Antonio, Texas

SEXUAL COUNTERREVOLUTION

The Dade County, Florida, referendum on homosexual rights is over, and the gays have lost by a two-to-one vote. Anita Bryant has promised to go nationwide with her sexual counterrevolution. And while she makes it perfectly clear that she feels homosexuals are "human garbage," she by no means limits her targets to gay people.

For instance, she has claimed that one reason gays are abominable is that they swallow male sperm. When asked her opinion of heterosexual women who engage in fellatio, she claimed they were also guilty of abomination. These are our wives, lovers, mothers and sisters she is talking about. She believes sex is for procreation only and is out to get those of us who don't.

Her followers apparently go along with that. There is great mischief abroad in the land, and our gay brothers and sisters are in the front ranks of the battle. All of us who have enjoyed the benefits of recent decades of sexual progress—heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual or whatever—must, as Ben Franklin put it, hang together, or we will hang separately.

Nick Shuler
San Antonio, Texas

The Dade County vote was a deep disappointment. It was a struggle not just for gay rights but also for rationality, as opposed to blind bigotry. Anita

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

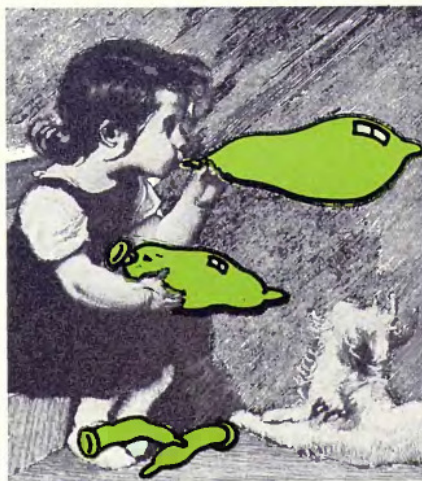
SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL

The latest major study of sexual activity among young American women finds that 35 percent of unmarried teenagers have had intercourse before the age of 20, compared with 27 percent in 1971. The survey, conducted by Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University and reported in *Family Planning Perspectives*, also finds that while more effective contraceptives are being used more regularly, the tendency is still not to use contraceptives at first but to use them conscientiously only after a first pregnancy had occurred.

Speaking at a Chicago conference on student-health issues, University of Illinois psychologist Mitchell Messer told teachers and school administrators that pregnancy is a device that some unhappy teenage girls use to get attention or to get revenge against parents or teachers, usually out of a "poor sense of self-worth."

RUBBER TROUBLE

BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS—Two drugstores have been charged with publicly displaying prophylactics and selling them without prescriptions in violation of Massachusetts' century-old Crimes Against Chastity Law. Most drugstores in the state ignore the law, but, apparently, local authorities decided the two



stores, both branches of large discount chains, were too obvious. An assistant district attorney said, "There should be some discretion where condoms are displayed. They shouldn't be hanging next to candy bars. Do you want ten- and 14-year-old kids making water balloons out of them?"

The Massachusetts law will probably be voided as a result of a Supreme Court

decision that states may not prohibit the advertising or display of contraceptives, their sale to minors or their nonprescription sale. The ruling came in a suit brought by Planned Parenthood, and supported by the Playboy Foundation, challenging the constitutionality of a similar New York law.

PILL PROBLEM

ATLANTA—Both men and women who are engaged in the manufacture of birth-control pills experience occupational health problems, according to the National Center for Disease Control. After a yearlong study conducted at a pharmaceutical plant described as "exemplary in its efforts to control [chemical] dust," researchers nevertheless found that women employees report abnormal vaginal bleeding and male employees experience enlargement of their breasts and a loss of sex drive. The author of the report on the study has proposed new safeguards to prevent such problems.

STUDENT ABORTIONS

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—The University of California at Berkeley has decided to offer students on-campus abortions at its student-health facility. University officials said the abortion would be paid for with student funds if the woman does not have her own health insurance and if conception occurred while she was enrolled in classes.

GOOD NEWS FOR BASTARDS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court has overturned an Illinois law that denied illegitimate children the right to share in their fathers' estates unless specifically mentioned in the wills. By a vote of five to four, the Court found such laws, which also apply in some 20 other states, to violate the Constitution's equal-protection clause.

NEW TWIST TO HOOKING

WICHITA, KANSAS—A 25-year-old man has made local history as the first male hooker convicted of soliciting a woman in Wichita. The woman he approached, with an offer to do "anything" for the price of \$50, turned out to be a female police detective. A municipal judge fined him \$200, plus \$7 court costs, but paroled him on payment of \$50.

PROSTITUTION PROPOSAL

JERUSALEM—A government committee of sociologists and legal experts has

urged Israeli lawmakers to legalize prostitution. The group proposed that prostitutes be allowed to engage in "discreet" advertising and to receive customers in certain hotels, and that sexual relations be permitted in automobiles when this would not constitute a public nuisance.

LATE-LIFE LUST

LEEDS, ENGLAND—A 68-year-old man who pleaded guilty to raping a 70-year-old woman in a "terrible moment of lust" has received a two-year suspended sentence and a warning from the judge: "Give it up before you kill yourself. With your state of health—you have got high blood pressure—you ought not to indulge in conduct of this kind. You might overtax your own power and die in very unfortunate circumstances."

MONKEY TRIAL IN REVERSE

INDIANAPOLIS—A superior-court judge, ruling in a suit brought by the Indiana Civil Liberties Union, has ordered the Indiana Textbook Commission to stop authorizing public school use of a biology textbook that promotes the Biblical theory of creation and states, "There



is no way to support the doctrine of evolution." Judge Michael T. Dugan held that the book, "Biology: A Search for Order in Complexity," is clearly one-sided and violates the constitutional principle of separation of church and state.

BORN HOOKED

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN—The unwed mother of a seven-week-old baby born with heroin addiction has been charged with child abuse for using the drug during her pregnancy. Authorities contend that the woman continued to use heroin despite her knowledge that this would addict her baby, who has since been taken from her by court order,

treated and placed in the temporary custody of a grandmother.

IF THIS BE SUCCESS...

CHICAGO—A three-day disarmament campaign to get Chicagoans to surrender their guns—"no questions asked"—at 27 churches and synagogues was declared "an unqualified success" by the local Committee for Handgun Control, even if it



didn't make much of a dent in the city's firearms population. Of an estimated 1,500,000 guns in the city, only 65 were turned in. The associate pastor of one of the churches said he turned down a telephone offer from one Chicago resident to "buy all the guns we collect."

GOODWILL DONATION

GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA—Someone who was evidently trying to dump evidence placed three pounds of marijuana in neatly wrapped bags in a Goodwill Industries collection box. Goodwill workers were industriously emptying out the pot and saving the plastic bags when somebody figured out what the leafy substance was and called the police.

BURIED BONANZA

HOWELL, MICHIGAN—A circuit court judge has ruled that a hunter who found \$384,000 buried on the farm of a reputed drug dealer must split his find with the local township of Oceola. The money's presumed owner, indicted on drug charges and presently a fugitive, had earlier claimed the money but refused to explain where it came from and did not prove ownership, so the judge decided to divide the treasure under provisions of an 1864 state law called the Lost Property and Stray Beast Act.

Bryant and her crowd won by arousing the same irrational fears that have fanned the flames of every religious persecution in history, such as the lie that children are in danger. And it is a religious persecution: Ignoring the American principle of separation of church and state, the antigay forces based their whole campaign on Bible verses condemning homosexuality. The gays were not the only losers: Christianity lost, by being made to seem the religion of ignorant hate-mongers. The children of Dade County lost; they've learned a lesson in prejudice. And more may yet be lost; over 40 communities have gay-rights ordinances on their books, and Bryant has vowed to work "to repeal similar laws throughout the nation." An attack on homosexuality can easily turn into an attack on sexual freedom in general. It's time for all who believe in individual liberty, gay or straight, to mobilize to defeat Bryant wherever she may strike next.

DEATH AND DUMB

In principle, I have always favored the death penalty. To me, the act of murder is a clear indication that the killer has no regard for human life and, therefore, deserves no place on this planet. Execution rids us of him and clearly guarantees that he'll never do it again.

But a single reality, amply illustrated in *Forum Newsfront* each month, has overridden my belief in the death penalty and has converted me from a passive advocate to a staunch opponent: to wit, that people in all branches of government—Federal, state and local—are blundering fools to a man and should never be entrusted with anything so important as having a life or death decision over anyone, at any time.

W. C. Grantham
Dulzura, California

LEGAL CHILD ABUSE

I am horrified by the Supreme Court decision that legalized child abuse by teachers. At a time when the battered-child problem is gaining belated recognition in this country and steps are being taken to prevent disturbed parents from beating their children insensible, the Nixon Court has decided, five to four, that teachers may beat up on kids even to the extent that punishment is (according to *The New York Times's* summary of the decision) "severe, 'excessive' and medically damaging." The decision upheld a Florida teacher who had battered two children with a paddle to the extent that one child suffered a blood mass that kept him out of school for 11 days; the other lost the use of his arm for a week.

It seems that Nixon's spirit still haunts the Nixon Court, and the hatred of young people that exploded at Kent State is still far from dead. I doubt very much that anybody who injured an adult

to the point where the victim was incapacitated for a week would escape legal punishment: I even doubt that anybody who treated a dog that way would escape prosecution by the A.S.P.C.A. What mentality possesses the Supreme Court to decide that children should have less legal protection than dogs? If the idea that children should be loved is to be dismissed as permissiveness and decadence, or the notion that even humans under 21 should have some civil rights is foreign or subversive, can't we at least have the gallantry of the guy who said, "Pick on somebody your own size"? To beat up the small and weak is not only brutal but cowardly, and the Court that justifies it belongs in Sparta or Nazi Germany, not in America.

S. Hoffman
New York, New York

CONSERVATIVES AND FREEDOM

In a letter about former Nixon speechwriter William Safire, who opposes censorship of so-called obscenity, Ed Dubowsky rather patronizingly holds out hope for the future "if even conservatives like Safire are beginning to realize that one of the things worth conserving is the First Amendment" (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Whaddaya mean, *even* conservatives? As anyone with the slightest familiarity with the subject knows, the

right has historically taken the side of the individual, against various collective entities.

The likes of Dubowsky will champion poor Larry Flynt but look the other way when it comes to such monstrous violations of human rights as Soviet imperialism, labor-union violence and the growth of bureaucracy, which threaten to strangle us all. True, many conservatives support victimless-crime laws, particularly as they relate to sex. This stems from the old Christian pabulum that too many of us were fed as children.

But Dubowsky errs if he thinks Nixon and his boys were conservatives. They were proto-Fascists, as are a number of unpleasant people now in power.

Tom McSloy
Chicago, Illinois

The fact is there are plenty of supporters of censorship among both liberals and conservatives. It's easy to claim that such people are not true liberals or true conservatives, by one's own definition. It's more embarrassing, but more realistic, to admit that a lot of the people on one's own side are blooming idiots.

SWEET DREAMS

I have this recurrent nightmare that 1984, with all its Orwellian implications, is arriving right on schedule. What with the *Hustler* case, the erosion of the Mi-

rande ruling, the stalling of E.R.A. passage, Anita Bryant's bigoted crusade and the nibbling away of women's right to abortion, it seems as if all the civil liberties we worked so hard for in the past 200 years are slipping away before we can fully enjoy them.

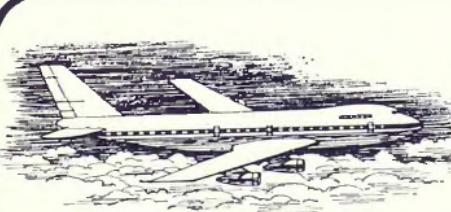
I've always found it fascinating the way Americans attribute mystic properties to our democracy. We tend to forget that without hard-and-fast guarantees of the rights of the individual, democracy is just another form of government. After all, Nazi Germany was a "democracy," Russia is a "democracy," and if we don't get our act together, we may end up as just another "democracy." Until we succeed in subduing governmental power, the bigots, the bluenoses, the large corporations and the corporate unions will continue to use their political clout to manipulate the Federal Government into forcing us, by law, into doing things their way, by their rules, their morals and at their price.

Gene Verigren
Miami Beach, Florida

CINCINNATI CENSORSHIP

As a reporter for *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, I read with interest your editorial *The Cincinnati Hustle* in the May *Playboy Forum*. You correctly mention the connection between Charles H (no

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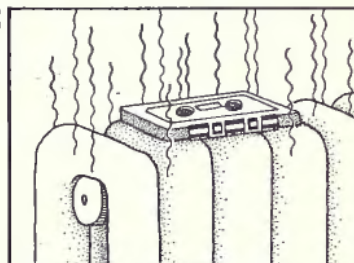
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OUR TAPE COMES WITH A BETTER GUARANTEE THAN YOUR TAPE RECORDER.

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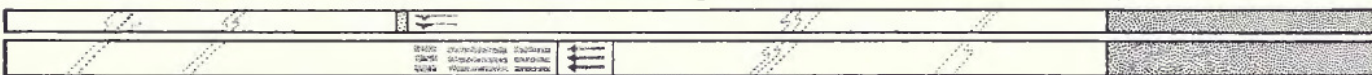
So our guarantee is simplicity itself: anytime you ever have a problem with any Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape, you can send it back and get a new one.



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(Chances are, it's what he uses to demonstrate his best tape decks.)



No other tape starts off by cleaning off your tape recorder.

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THE REASON OUR TAPE SOUNDS SO GOOD IS BECAUSE IT'S MADE SO CAREFULLY.

Every batch of magnetic oxide we use gets run through an electron microscope. Because if every particle isn't perfect, the sound you hear won't be either.

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Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use carbon-impregnated material. And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for stronger cassettes.

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period, he says) Keating, Jr. and Simon Leis, Jr. And you note: "Back in 1974, Leis tried to block the Cincinnati showing of Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*." However, can you forgive yourself for neglecting to mention that this same Keating complained to the Cincinnati City Council on February 9, 1973, about a newsstand's selling "obscene material; namely *Oui*, *PLAYBOY* and similar publications"? More rational minds in the local power structure rejected the complaint. This historical note lends support to the question raised by Larry Flynt's prosecution: If *Hustler* is to be censored, are *PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse*, or even *Time*, safe?

Denny Cusick
Cincinnati, Ohio

Your editorial is for the birds. In 1973, the U. S. Supreme Court stated that individual communities had the right to determine what is obscene. The community of Hamilton County, Ohio, decided certain issues of *Hustler* were obscene; this is not a standard for the rest of the country, just for Hamilton County, including the city of Cincinnati. Flynt chose to sell his magazines in that community. Therefore, he must take the consequences. This is a matter between him and Hamilton County and not the rest of the fucking country.

Dennis S. Koenig
North Manchester, Indiana

That language might get you into trouble in some communities. Until we master the art of astral projection, most publishers and film makers can't be in jail and out working at the same time. Preventing Flynt from publishing Hustler affects the whole country, not just Hamilton County. Which is why prosecutor Leis could trumpet that the prosecution set moral boundaries "in this county and this country."

CENSORSHIP SURVEY

The *Minneapolis Tribune*, publishing the results of a state-wide sampling of Minnesotans, reports that 37 percent think pornographic materials should be subject to strict censorship and 42 percent think there should be some censorship of it. Fifty-four percent do not believe censorship of pornography threatens people's civil rights. Describing publisher Flynt's conviction, the poll asked people whether or not they thought his right to free speech was violated. Forty-four percent said no, 35 percent said yes.

If that is the climate of public opinion, I wouldn't be surprised if major magazines, books, movies or plays were soon taken to court. It reminds me of those man-in-the-street surveys that always seem to show that the majority of people, if they had the chance, would vote against the Bill of Rights.

Stanley Sloat
Minneapolis, Minnesota

RUINING THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Last April, an ABC-TV documentary titled *Sex for Sale* left viewers with the impression that commercial pornography causes deterioration of the environment, lowering of property values, muggings and prostitution, and has led to the bankruptcy of New York City. And, oh, yes, also that the Mafia is behind it all. The intent of the program seemed to be to tie the increasing rate of crimes and the general unease we all feel to the presence of pornography in our midst. No pros were given, only cons, and I had a helpless feeling, while watching it, of *being* conned.

I do know these things: The nearest adult bookstore is at least a mile from where I live, there are no prostitutes parading the sidewalks here and I would have to go 10 or 20 miles, to the best of my knowledge, to find a massage parlor. Although this is supposedly a good neighborhood, my wife and daughters dare not go out at night, and we have been robbed four times in the past three months. The latest robbery occurred while we were watching *Sex for Sale*.

Lloyd Harrison Whiting
Hawthorne, California

"As a public service, I posted the graphically detailed police reports in the front window of the theater."

SIC CENSURED GLORIOUS FARRAH

It's laughable to think that anything as harmless as a Farrah Fawcett poster would meet with any kind of criticism from anyone. Not so in this bastion of self-righteous Christian prudery and pretentiousness, Grove City, Pennsylvania. A local supermarket offered a poster of Farrah for sale, displaying it next to a check-out counter. She was wearing only—gasp—a one-piece red bathing suit and a smile. Within ten days, I was told, there were over 30 complaints from offended customers. They censured the cashiers, who censured the manager, who decided to cover the poster from the neck down with a sheet of white paper announcing, in large letters, CENSURED (sic). And they looked it up first in the dictionary, too.

(Name withheld by request)
Grove City, Pennsylvania

THE ENDLESS BUMMER

I am the former manager of the Showcase Theater in Concord, California. The

theater is clean, comfortable and attractive. It has never used offensive language on the marquee. It has never displayed posters showing overt nudity or rough language. It has never sold 8mm movies, adult magazines or vibrators. But it does show hard-core sex films.

A few months after the Showcase began showing X-rated films, a collection of self-righteous bigots began picketing the theater almost daily. The picketing attracted considerable publicity in local newspapers and on radio and television. As the publicity increased, so did the attendance. The Concord City Council twice passed resolutions opposing sex films, but no legal action was taken because the county attorney declined to get involved on the grounds that such prosecutions are "cumbersome, costly and unproductive."

Subsequently, however, the city police department began sending vice cops into the theater each week to report on the movies shown. Armed with those reports and some citizens' complaints, the city went into court and obtained an injunction against showing any of the films named in the reports on the grounds that the films constituted a public nuisance.

Among the papers served on the Showcase staff were copies of the reports on the activities in the films. As a public service, I posted the graphically detailed police reports in the front window of the theater. The city asked the court to force us to remove those legal documents from the window, but the judge denied the city's request on the grounds that prohibiting posting might be unconstitutional.

The new manager tells me that the city seems prepared to harass the Showcase endlessly. Maybe time will show that the wowsers have bitten off more than they can chew. Give 'em hell, fellas!

John Lumb
Stockton, California

THE BEST DEFENSE

Is the Bill of Rights actually being rendered "void where prohibited by law" in any prejudiced community in the U. S. that chooses to do so? According to the Burger bloc on the Supreme Court, a work must have "serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value" to escape censorship. Are we to conclude, then, that all forms of entertainment for entertainment's sake are subject to Government censorship if arbitrarily assessed worthless (no proof required or expert consultation needed) by some bigoted, backward community? If anyone thinks that Government censorship will end with sex-oriented materials and will not invade the entire area of the printed word (as was attempted by the Nixon Administration, which appointed Burger and company), I'd like to know what makes him so sure. Take away the tools of censorship; that's the only way to be sure.

"Playboy Forum" Casebook

UPDATE: THE RED LODGE CASE

one of the mysteries is why there is still any case at all

The Red Lodge Five are now the Red Lodge Two. After weeks of pre-trial hearings, Judge Robert H. Wilson has ruled all search and arrest warrants illegal, improper or insufficient and has dismissed charges against Donald Wogamon, his son, Timothy, and Lake Headley III. The only defendants remaining in the strange case of the vanishing pot plantation in Carbon County, Montana, are Lake Headley and his wife, Elizabeth Schmidt, who were living near Red Lodge on a ranch where the marijuana supposedly grew. (See "Playboy Forum" Casebook, February and July.)

Although the prosecution claims to have two or three plants taken from the property, no marijuana was found growing on the ranch or at Wogamon's house at the time five Federal and state narcotics officers went to Red Lodge unexpectedly one year ago this month and led local officers in a spectacular late-night raid that has since set off a major law-enforcement scandal. Why the case continues to drag on, at enormous cost to both the defendants and the county, is something of a mystery. Defense attorneys speculate as follows: If the judge dismisses the case, the county attorney can appeal and claim that only the court and legal technicalities stopped him from obtaining convictions; and if the county attorney drops the charges, he makes it easy for the defendants to counterattack with civil and, possibly, criminal actions against some of the raiders and other officials, including himself.

The Playboy Defense Team began investigating the case late last year and, since then, the Playboy Foundation has provided the defendants with a substantial grant to cover part of their legal expenses. Now, after meeting in Chicago with PLAYBOY representatives and the defendants and their attorneys, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has entered the case. According to NORML director Keith Stroup, a special task force of three attorneys has been formed to represent the Red Lodge defendants in any civil rights suits they may bring against Federal, state and county officials involved in the case.

At presstime, no information was available from the autopsy and toxicology tests that have been performed on the body of Deputy Sheriff Charles Adcock, who died of an apparent heart attack the night after he testified that he had just searched the spot where a Federal Drug Enforcement Administration agent said he found evidence—a joint of marijuana. Similar tests are being conducted on Tim Ortnier, former Red Lodge police chief, who also testified that he thought that and other evidence may have been planted. Ortnier was fired by the Missoula County sheriff for coming to Chicago to talk with PLAYBOY and NORML representatives and suffered, but survived, a similar attack on his return to Red Lodge.

We expect to report at length on those and other developments in the Red Lodge case in future issues.

It is time for free Americans to make their voices heard, not in defense but in attack. Many innocent people are in prison or are threatened with prison for committing a crime against no one, just for daring to perform, print or sell material unpopular in certain backward areas of the country. The rest of us suffer the loss, as well as the threat. Thinking Americans should write to magazines, newspapers, TV and radio stations, their Congressmen, their governors and the President and demand that their rights be protected.

Robert Newell

Rio Grande, New Jersey

PLAYING POST OFFICE

Perhaps the U. S. Postal Service is so busy trying to trap alleged criminals such as Al Goldstein that it has no time to do what it's supposed to do—deliver the mail. Last March 19, an employee of mine on vacation in Savannah, Georgia, mailed me a letter containing important information I would need on March 23. To make sure I received the letter on time, she sent it special delivery. The Savannah Post Office didn't get around to postmarking the letter until March 24, and then it must have sent it by horseback to Chicago, because it was stamped RECEIVED CHICAGO MARCH 28. Judging by the number of complaints I've heard from others about slow mail delivery, mine is not an unusual story. If I could, I'd be happy to take my business elsewhere.

Marvin Lehman
Chicago, Illinois

She asked for special delivery and she got it.

KISS, KISS, BANG, BANG

My husband and I are the two biggest Kiss fans in the world. We've seen them in concert three times and there's nothing like them. I'm in love with Paul Stanley, Kiss's love object. We had seats very close to the stage at their Baltimore Civic Center concert in July 1976 and my husband wore full Kiss make-up, just like Paul Stanley's. When we got home that night, I had an uncontrollable desire to get laid while he still had the make-up on. Oh, God, it was great! I encourage any female Kiss fan to get her husband or boyfriend to wear make-up like her favorite Kiss member to bed. It's a completely different experience and you'll really get your rocks off, if you can quit laughing. Stanley, it may take a while, but I'm gonna get ya.

(Name withheld by request)
Baltimore, Maryland

BODIES BEAUTIFUL

I must disagree with Louis Bergeron's letter about bodybuilders in the June



BILL HELMER

Meeting in Chicago with representatives of PLAYBOY and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, Lake Headley and Elizabeth Schmidt (left) talk with NORML director Keith Stroup. Legal investigator Frank O'Laughlin of Red Lodge is seated on the floor; former defendant Dan Wogamon is in the background.



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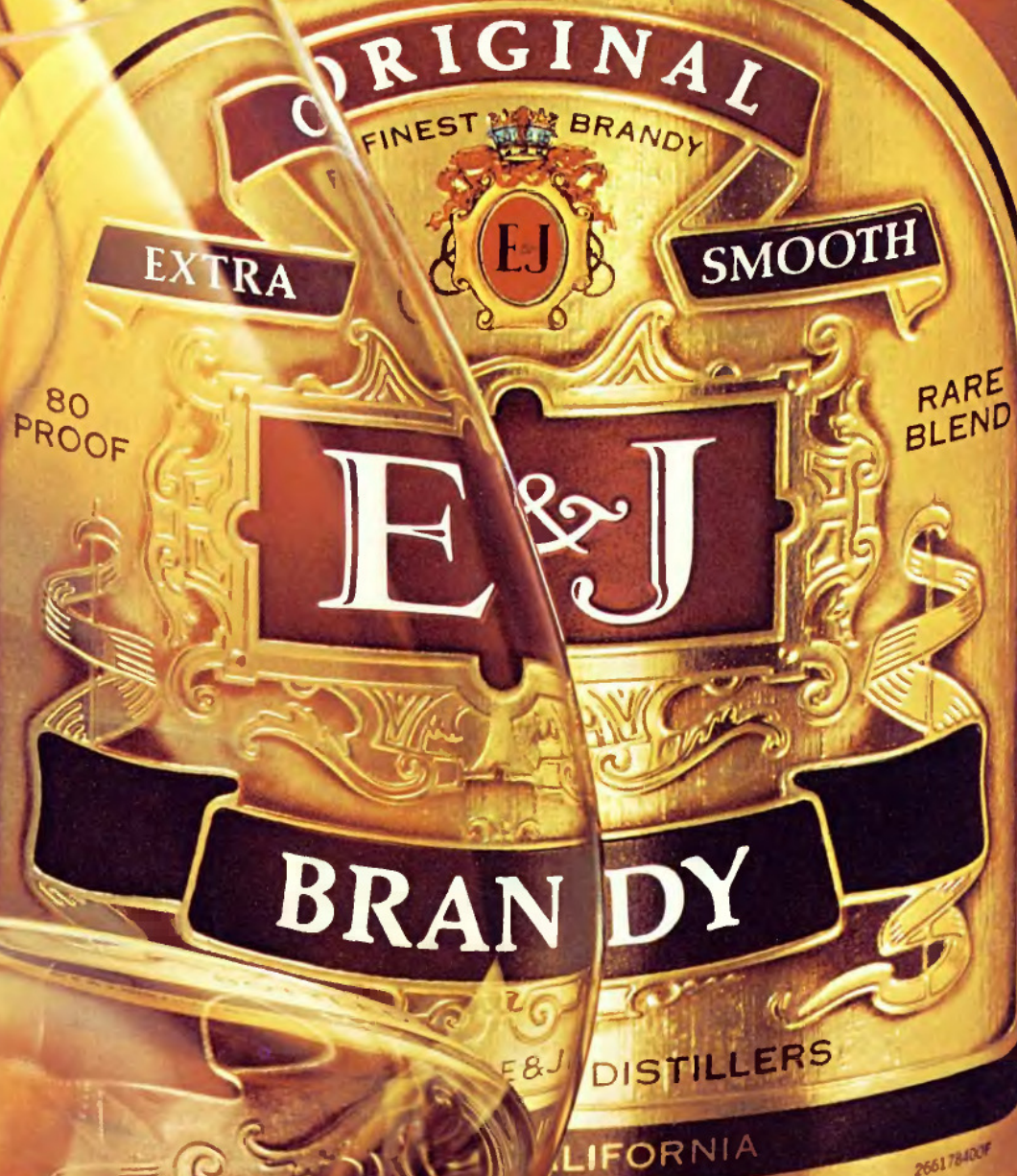
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Playboy Forum. Bergeron says that men are envious of big muscles. Most of the men I know can appreciate the work and dedication needed to be a successful bodybuilder, but they would themselves prefer to be lean and sinewy. Most of the women I know are turned off by a guy with a bulging build.

Billy Clyde Bradley
McLean, Virginia

Last year, my girl and I were on vacation in California and a big muscle man came up to her and started showing his giant arms, while putting me down because I wasn't covered with big bumps. I thought he was going to steal my girl, because I was under the impression that women prefer muscle men. But she said to him, "Go cool off, you horny asshole." Since then, I've asked other women about their preferences, and all of them have a strong anti-muscle man feeling.

Ken Reinke
Ann Arbor, Michigan

PUMPING LEAD

I made two half-pound weights out of a piece of quarter-inch lead and wrapped them with electrical tape, so the metal won't contact the skin. Before making love, I attach them to my testicles with tape; you would be surprised at the pleasure the weights give a woman bouncing against her bottom as we're making love. Also, it's a turn-on for me.

(Name withheld by request)
Gardner, New York

THUMBS UP

I have been on the receiving end of fist fucking for about ten years and it has completely changed my outlook on sex, both physically and mentally. I would like to see others enjoy this experience, but a few words of advice from an old—so to speak—hand like me might be helpful.

It is important that both partners be willing and relaxed. The man's fingernails should be short, with no chips or rough edges. I recommend applying a liberal dollop of Vaseline or baby oil on hand and crotch for best results. If everything else is ready, the most important thing to remember the first time, and every time, is *proceed slowly!* The easiest method for insertion is for the woman to lie on her stomach with her butt slightly raised. Her partner should insert his hand from the rear, finger tips brought together in a point, twisting the hand from side to side with slight, gentle pressure. Once safely inside, experimentation is the name of the game. There are many variations, but to make her think she's making it with Seattle Slew, he should try to form a fist and slowly move it from side to side. Caution must be exercised, though, because there are some sensitive nerves in the muscle walls there. Rapid movement

could cause her to let out a scream—and not necessarily one of pleasure. But if everything goes well, the effort and the care will pay off in the most mind-blowing orgasms imaginable.

All of this excitement will leave you both panting, but the man should make sure that he catches his breath before disengaging. The woman's legs should be spread and the man's hand slowly and carefully removed.

It's guaranteed to please, but I warn you, fellas—it's addictive and may turn your woman into a bona fide fistoholic.

(Name withheld by request)
Clay, New York

FIRST-PERSON SENSUAL

I was amused by the letter titled "Head Nurse" in the June *Playboy Forum*. Once, when I was working as an insurance inspector, I went to a medical building to take a report on a burglary and found the nurse who talked with me to be unusually skilled in the art of taking a pulse. She asked if I would like to see "where the entrance was made." I

"I said a complete physical was just what I needed, and she locked the door and took off her clothes."

agreed and she took me into an examining room, where, while pointing to a broken window, she managed to rub her breasts against my chest. I grinned at her and she asked me when I last had a checkup. I said a complete physical was just what I needed, and she locked the door and took off her clothes. We went at it on the examining table. Afterward, I thanked her for showing me where the entrance was made.

(Name withheld by request)
Torrance, California

PLAYBOY THERAPY

My husband and I were 18 when we were married, and I was three months pregnant. We didn't know the first thing about sex and had never had intercourse with any other people. During the next two years, we learned nothing new and we were bored and sexually frustrated. I hated sex and thought I was frigid. I started buying *PLAYBOY* for him, with the hope that he would get his kicks from the magazine and leave me alone. Pretty soon, though, both of us were reading *PLAYBOY*. We learned a tremendous amount about sex from *The*

Playboy Forum, *The Playboy Advisor* and many of your articles, not only what to do but also about attitudes and feelings. Your magazine taught us not to be afraid to reach out and discover what each other enjoys, not to feel embarrassed during or after any sexual performance. You saved our marriage. After five years of marriage and three children, what goes on behind our closed bedroom door, on the couch, on the floor, in the back seat of our car or out in the woods is fantastic. Thank you.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

SCHOOL FOR SINGLES

I feel I've latched on to something great and would like to share it with readers of *The Playboy Forum*. Three years ago, I began a course at the high school level called Singles Living, or How to Live Alone Without Being Lonely. The course is designed to teach my senior students all about the world that awaits them. I have divided the program into two parts. The practical realm includes such topics as writing checks properly, renting apartments prudently, shopping wisely, eating nutritiously, bargaining successfully, interviewing for jobs effectively, applying for credit judiciously and handling responsibilities, economic and sexual, carefully. The second realm is the psychological. Here we learn such fundamental tools as self-assertion, self-confidence, careful listening, emotional readiness and body language. We have numerous guest speakers from all walks of life, open houses for parents and grandparents and a panel in which single people, invited by the students, discuss their victories and defeats, their problems around dating, loneliness and jobs. My students are taught how to cook and shop through a class luncheon and dinner, held once a semester, with the students planning and carrying out the entire program.

My feeling is that school should be an ecstatic experience, one filled with emotion and reality. As my students are engaged with that joy and that reality, the need to seek refuge in daydreams, drugs or dropping out will become unnecessary.

Joseph N. Feinstein
Van Nuys, California

RAPE RESPONSE

The letter from Richard T. McKenna in the June *Playboy Forum* in response to my letter (*Forum*, February) prompted me to write again on the issue of rape. McKenna contends that he was unjustly convicted of rape, in part because testimony regarding the woman's past sexual history was disallowed, while his past criminal record was admitted into

(continued on page 104)



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMES EARL RAY

a candid conversation about conspiracy and escape with the man convicted of killing dr. king (including a surprise talk with ray's elusive brother)

On the evening of April 4, 1968, the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., stepped from his room onto the balcony of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis. He leaned over the rail to joke with his friends and followers below, asking them to sing a favorite song, "Take My Hand, Precious Lord," that night. Just then, at 6:01 P.M., came the shot. The .30-06 slug ripped into King's right jaw, careened to the spinal column, killing America's greatest civil rights leader almost instantly.

As Ralph Abernathy, Jesse Jackson and others rushed to King, as they pointed across Mulberry Street toward the derelict rooming house from which the shot seemed to have come, the shock waves of King's murder began to ripple across America. Within hours, Attorney General Ramsey Clark announced that the assassin had dropped a bundle of incriminating physical evidence at the scene, that he'd soon be caught, that the evidence indicated that a single, crazed assassin was responsible. Simultaneously, more than 100 American cities erupted with racial rioting. Several major cities were brought to their knees by the looting and fire-bomb-

ing. And, in time, the agony of black America would join the Tet offensive, L.B.J.'s abdication, the Chicago Democratic Convention riot and the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy in marking 1968 as the nadir in recent American history.

On June 8, 1968, two months after the murder, the suspected assassin was arrested at London's Heathrow airport and turned out to be a 40-year-old, pale, nervous escaped convict from St. Louis with a long record of smalltime, unsuccessful crime. His name was James Earl Ray and as far as the authorities were concerned, there was no doubt about it: He and he alone had killed King.

Except, of course, there was doubt, and it wasn't going to go away. Each bit of the puzzle deepened the mystery. From the beginning, some major complications emerged. To list a few:

- Ray claimed he had been working with an accomplice named Raoul, who had hired him as a "mule," smuggling unspecified commodities across borders while Ray was at large from Missouri State Penitentiary for Men.

- Ray admitted buying the weapon found by the police. But, he said, he had bought it for Raoul as part of a gun-running scheme and had never fired it himself, even though his fingerprints were on it.

- During the 14 months he was out of the Missouri prison, Ray spent an estimated \$10,000 in his 20,000 miles of travel. He has never come up with a satisfactory explanation of where he got the money, saying only that it came from Raoul.

- His pattern of crime was armed robbery. He had never—as far as the record showed—shot anyone. And he was a marked loser: a smalltime crook and little-league con artist. Could he, then, have turned into a deadly one-shot sniper? And one so elusive that he could travel in four foreign countries and more than a dozen states, obtaining passports under aliases and avoiding the finest man hunters in the world?

- Even the murder weapon came under some question. Ballistics tests failed to tie the murder slug conclusively to the rifle.

- The state's one eyewitness was alleged to be an alcoholic (and some darkly



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARY NOEL

"I have doubts that people think I'm involved in these assassinations. I don't want to comment on Sirhan or Oswald. They've got their problems, I've got mine. Of course, Oswald don't have any."

"I'd like to get this resolved. Right now, the Government's got more information than I have. Everybody thinks I know everything and that I'm holding back. I think it's the other way around."

"When I escaped, I was thinking about possibly making some sort of arrangements to turn myself in in exchange for a trial. I wanted to force the Government to give me a trial."

suggested that he had been paid by the police for his testimony).

All in all, it presaged another nightmare of false leads and elaborate conspiracy theories. Some hoped that Ray's trial would answer those vexing questions. But there was no trial. Instead, nine months after his capture, a subdued Ray pleaded guilty and accepted a 99-year sentence, while his famous criminal lawyer, Percy Foreman, stood by as the State of Tennessee stipulated its evidence: the fingerprints, the eyewitness, the renting of a run-down room, Ray's white Mustang laden with physical evidence of his postassassination flight from Memphis to Atlanta. The sniper had even obligingly dropped in a doorway next to the rooming house a bundle containing the rifle, toilet articles, binoculars, cans of beer with Ray's fingerprints on them and even a radio with his prison number on it. The authorities could also trace Ray's movements. From prison in Missouri, he went to Chicago, St. Louis, Canada, Alabama, Mexico, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Alabama, Atlanta and finally to the Memphis rooming house opposite the Lorraine Motel. He fled to Atlanta and then back to Canada, then to England and Portugal—from where he supposedly tried to travel to a white-supremist country such as Rhodesia—and finally back to London to be captured. With all that against him, few wondered that he pleaded guilty.

But within a week, he applied for a new trial. And, following that, his long succession of attorneys took turns raising questions about his guilt, as the theories sprouted like thistles. Everyone from the Teamsters to the CIA, from the Cubans to militant blacks, from white racists to the FBI, was accused at one time or another. Each accusation had its own logic; for example, revelations about FBI blackmail and harassment of King made that agency a tempting target. And yet, ultimately, nothing was known except that Ray looked like a reasonable candidate for America's gallery of assassins.

Seeking an answer, the House of Representatives authorized and funded a select committee in September 1976 to investigate the murders of both John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King. Coincidentally, Ray agreed to talk with PLAYBOY for the first in-depth interview since 1969. James McKinley, who wrote "Playboy's History of Assassination in America," was dispatched to Brushy Mountain Penitentiary in the wild, wooded country of east Tennessee. A surprise interviewee turned out to be Jerry Ray, who walked in on McKinley and Ray as they talked in the visitors' room. Ray's younger brother, who has also been jailed in the past for smalltime criminal activities, is alleged to have played a role in the King case, according to one theory propounded in New Times magazine,

which suggested that he was the mysterious Raoul for whom Ray was covering up. Jerry, too, agreed to be questioned.

But when the interview was half completed, another drama intervened. Ray went over the wall in a show of bravado worthy of the early days of Hollywood. This brazen late-afternoon breakout threw conspiracy lovers and headline writers into an orgy of speculation and prompted the most concentrated man hunt Tennessee had ever seen. Fortunately, under the direction of the prison's young, coolheaded warden, Stonney Lane, Ray was caught and returned to the prison, filthy and hungry but unharmed. Not, however, before he had eluded hundreds of guards, police, FBI, National Guardsmen and bloodhounds for 54 and a half hours in some of the roughest mountain wilderness in this country.

Less than two days after he was returned to prison, Ray again sat down to complete the interview with McKinley, who was then joined by PLAYBOY Senior Editor Laurence Gonzales, who had edited "Playboy's History of Assassination." They report on this, the fullest interview Ray has ever granted, and the exclusive story of his bold escape:

"Ray looked fit after his mountain escapade, just as he had before—about six feet tall, tanned and strong-looking, with only a hint of the paunch a 49-year-old man might be expected to have, especially if he'd spent half of his adult life in prison. His handshake was tentative, a lifetime of wariness and shyness behind it. His slack-limbed shuffle was characteristic of people who move in small spaces, under constant, suspicious eyes. And what we first took for indolence turned out to be a keen patience, a brooding vigilance. We would notice through the long sessions that one of Ray's chief characteristics was that he never laughed. A remark that would make the rest of us break into nervous laughter—and there were several such moments—elicited from Ray no more than a crooked little smile. He joked, but it was difficult to distinguish his jokes from flat statements or from prevarications. He made few attempts to illuminate his often bloodless answers and seemed content with the puzzlement they frequently caused. His responses are intelligent but often tentative. Sometimes his answers appear to be in contradiction of the facts, but he is not afraid to confront issues directly, occasionally with disarming skill.

"If there is a strong element of camouflage in Ray's conversation, it is equally true of his appearance. His primary distinguishing feature is that he has no truly distinguishing features. As he turns his head, his appearance changes. The profile Ray is not the full-face Ray nor the three quarters Ray. At one angle, his face is thin and fine-featured. At another, it is full, broad and flat. As his brother Jerry once remarked, Ray can blend in any-

where. There is a tension around him that is almost visible, but it is a peculiarly controlled, glacial aura. In short, Ray is an elliptical man and thus often seems trapped in the twilight zone between truth and falsehood.

"There is no better proof of that than the fact that in pre-escape sessions, Ray seemed to be teasing us, even as we began the interview, with an oblique hint that he was planning to break out. What we thought was simply 'warm-up' small talk turned out to be quite telling a few days later."

APRIL-JUNE, 1977

PLAYBOY: Do they treat you well here in the Brushy Mountain Penitentiary?

RAY: Yes; since August 1975, I've been part of the regular prison population.

PLAYBOY: What's an average day like for you here?

RAY: You may not believe it, but this place keeps you very busy. Seven hours of work and you've got to exercise. I work in the laundry five days a week. Usually go to the yard for exercise in the afternoon and evening.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any hobbies?

RAY: I've got too many legal problems to be making purses.

PLAYBOY: Do you encounter a lot of homosexuality?

RAY: My views on this are known. I don't associate with them and they keep to themselves. I'm in a poor position to be passing judgment on anyone else. They're nothing to get excited about, though. I wouldn't want Anita Bryant up here or anything like that.

PLAYBOY: You've been sentenced to 99 years. Does that make you eligible for parole at any time?

RAY: In Tennessee, the only way you can get any relief is if the governor commutes your sentence. I think on 99 years, you have to do 35 years to even be eligible for parole [the actual length of time is 30 years].

PLAYBOY: You escaped once from the Missouri State Penitentiary when you were doing time for armed robbery before the King killing. Then you attempted to escape from here. Will you try to escape again?

RAY: I would if a wall fell down or something.

PLAYBOY: You claim that you deserve a new trial. What do you think you would gain by that?

RAY: I think I'd be acquitted.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you got out?

RAY: If I got out of the penitentiary, I think I'd go to some foreign country. Australia or somewhere. There's too much heat around here. I might go to Switzerland.

PLAYBOY: This country has an unfortunate gallery of political assassins. Do you belong in that gallery?

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RAY: I don't believe so. I have serious doubts that people think I'm involved in these assassinations. I don't want to comment about Sirhan or Oswald. They've got their problems and I've got mine. Of course, Oswald don't have any. But most of these types are overzealous. They're trying to promote some political idea.

PLAYBOY: You've answered this question a hundred times. Did you kill Martin Luther King?

RAY: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you know who did?

RAY: No, I'm not positive. We've done a lot of investigation, but I don't know.

PLAYBOY: What's your best guess?

RAY: From what I've read and who I've talked to, the FBI made some kind of arrangements so that King wouldn't have any security or nothin' like that.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think pulled the trigger?

RAY: I couldn't say that. Until I got arrested, I never paid too much attention to how these intelligence agencies operate. Based on what I've read, it appears that no Government agency like the FBI or the CIA would shoot any one person. Their *modus operandi* in foreign countries seems to always be to have someone else do it. The Mafia or some foreign intelligence agency. I thought that, and I think the evidence would support it. But I don't think that anyone will ever know until you get the FBI files on King declassified.

I told the House committee that I'd take a lie-detector test or anything they want if they would get the Government materials declassified. But it's going to have to be a *quid pro quo*. I'm not going to go through all these tests and then they're going to say, "Well, we're not going to come up with anything."

PLAYBOY: Will you take a lie-detector test for us?

RAY: I wouldn't have no objection to it.

[The results of this polygraph test, taken June 22, 1977, appear at right.]

PLAYBOY: What is the single most important fact that you think proves your innocence?

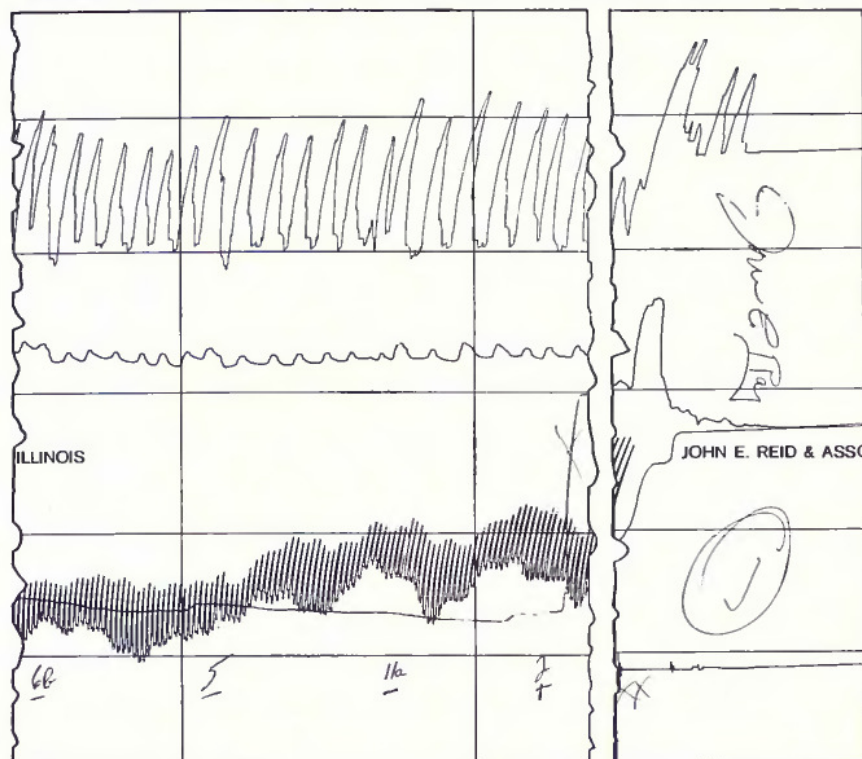
RAY: The single most important fact is the suppression of all the evidence by the Government.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean to say that the single most important point is not that you are simply innocent of the crime?

RAY: See, there's something about always playing on your innocence. Even something that I could prove as being impossible for me to commit—say, killing Jesus Christ—I don't like to keep saying I'm innocent of the charge, because even though I am, it's just some kind of psychological thing. It seems like you're crying.

PLAYBOY: Are you capable of standing up and saying, "I did not pull the trigger"?

JAMES EARL RAY'S LIE-DETECTOR TEST



The polygraph examiner asked Ray, "Did you kill Martin Luther King, Jr.?" Ray answered, "No," at the point marked 5 above. Far about 20 seconds following his reply, the graph shows, according to examiners, "significant emotional disturbances indicative of deception." Right, Ray's signature on the graph paper.

For the first time since the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., James Earl Ray agreed to take a lie-detector test, at PLAYBOY's request. The editors hired Douglas Wicklander, a polygraph expert with John E. Reid & Associates, to administer the test to Ray—with his lawyer's permission—at Brushy Mountain Penitentiary on June 22, 1977. Following are the significant questions and answers:

Q.: Did you kill Martin Luther King, Jr.?

RAY: No.

Q.: Did you fire the shot that killed Martin Luther King, Jr.?

RAY: No.

Q.: Do you know for sure who killed Martin Luther King, Jr.?

RAY: No.

Wicklander, Reid and director Joseph P. Buckley gave PLAYBOY the following opinion:

"It is the opinion of the examiner, based on this subject's polygraph records, that he is not telling the truth on the previously listed questions."

To explore the subject of a possible conspiracy, we asked the polygraph examiner to conduct a second test. Following are the questions and answers:

Q.: Did anyone ask you to kill Martin Luther King, Jr.?

RAY: No.

Q.: Did you arrange with anyone to kill Martin Luther King, Jr.?

RAY: No.

Q.: Did anyone give you any money to kill Martin Luther King, Jr.?

RAY: No.

The examiners gave PLAYBOY their opinion on those answers:

"It is the opinion of the examiner, based on this subject's polygraph records, that he is telling the truth on the above listed questions."

To summarize, the polygraph tests indicate that Ray did, in fact, kill Martin Luther King, Jr., and that he did so alone. (Ray's response to the news that the test results were negative appears on page 176.)

The tests were conducted with all the controls standard to such procedures. John E. Reid & Associates is among the oldest polygraph-examination firms in the country and one of the most respected. Wicklander has personally administered over 2500 tests and Reid is the author of a text used by polygraph trainees and the designer of the "control question" technique used throughout the field.

When PLAYBOY asked officials of the firm if there were any doubt whatsoever about their conclusions, the answer was, "None."

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RAY: Oh, there wouldn't be no question about that.

PLAYBOY: Say it.

RAY: Well, I did not pull the trigger, but I really don't see much significance [*in saying that*].

PLAYBOY: If you didn't pull the trigger, why did you plead guilty? Haven't you testified that your lawyer, Percy Foreman, made you do it?

RAY: I think maneuvered would be a better word. Now, I thought the state had a circumstantial case, but the FBI was making numerous threats against my family. Plus Foreman visited them in St. Louis, they said, to persuade them to get me to plead guilty, the gist being that if the plea were not forthcoming, the FBI might have one or both of my brothers indicted for complicity in the King homicide. The most vicious threat was that they'd arrest and re-jail my father at Fort Madison, Iowa, where he'd escaped some 40 years earlier.

PLAYBOY: What were you trying to say when you stood up after your guilty plea and said you didn't agree with Foreman, Attorney General Ramsey Clark and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover that there had been no conspiracy? Were you saying you thought there *was* one?

RAY: Well, yes, I was just telling them more or less just that.

PLAYBOY: Well, then, is it your guess that some Government agency is involved in such a conspiracy?

RAY: Possibly in collusion with some foreign intelligence agency. I've read articles about the CIA where they give these foreign intelligence agencies millions of dollars. I think they give some shah several million dollars every year. Well, they don't give money like that unless you get favors in return.

PLAYBOY: Which foreign government do you think was involved?

RAY: I wouldn't want to speculate on that. I think you have to develop that in some way with the House select committee on assassinations. I don't want to keep harping on this classification question, but everything's been classified on this case, so you really don't know nothing.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a dupe?

RAY: I think that I was just a worker and that I just happened to be on the scene. I was arrested for it. I don't know if dupe is the right word, though.

PLAYBOY: Are you claiming you were set up to take the fall?

RAY: I think that is very possible. I don't think that anyone had any malicious intent toward me personally. Naturally, in a case like this, someone had to go to jail for it. And I think I'm really kind of the ideal candidate for it, because certain classes in this country don't have

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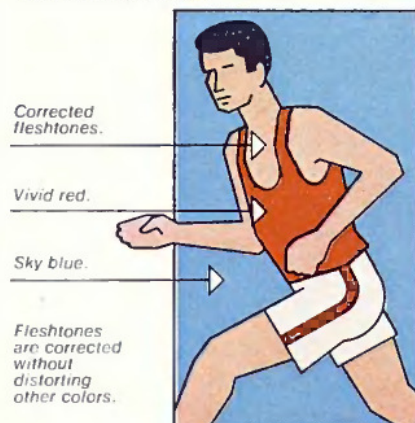
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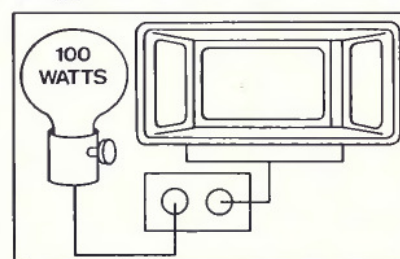
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no political influence. The working-class whites are one.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a member of that class?

RAY: Yes. Like the Black Muslims, there's someone always on their case. The Indians have been taken advantage of. Also the Cubans.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the Black Muslims. How do you feel about black people?

RAY: Well, they're just here and I'm here. I don't really have no really strong feelings one way or the other. I guess they're looking out for their interests as everyone else is. And, of course, I'm trying to look out for mine. But I don't see no conflict there.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a very pat, rehearsed answer. Did you work it out in advance?

RAY: I'd thought about how you answer that. It's a question they keep asking you and it's a tricky question in certain ways. There is a certain prevailing attitude, in other words. You have to have one opinion.

PLAYBOY: It's a simple question: Are you racially prejudiced?

RAY: I don't think that people are prejudiced against a certain race. I think there are certain cultural differences—like music or something like that. I can't see Hirohito, the emperor of Japan, doing the watusi. They just don't mix. But I don't think that's grounds to shoot the emperor. There's just a difference.

PLAYBOY: Then to what cultural group do you find yourself least attracted?

RAY: My association with different groups has been somewhat limited except in prison. The one that I find myself mostly attracted to are the Latins. They're easy-going. They're not too bothered by rules and regulations.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you refuse to live in an integrated dormitory when you were in Leavenworth for forging postal money orders?

RAY: I did refuse to be transferred to the farm and the supposedly integrated dormitories. But the overriding reason was a prison policy of handing out extra time for marijuana possession—possession being anything found in your immediate area in the dormitory.

PLAYBOY: You mean you felt the blacks smoked dope and that you would be punished for it?

RAY: Maybe.

PLAYBOY: When you attempted to run to South Africa or Rhodesia after the death of King, wasn't that because of the racial policies in those countries?

RAY: I tried to go to ten or twelve countries. Brazil, Colombia in South America, Australia, Canada—and I did try to go to Rhodesia once. I was in Puerto Val-

larta, Mexico, once and saw an ad in the *U. S. News & World Report* wanting immigrants to Rhodesia. So I wrote them a letter. I never did get no answer. And after I got to Portugal in May 1968, before I was arrested in England, I did try to catch a ship. I wanted to get to any country in the southern part of Africa.

PLAYBOY: Why did those countries appeal to you?

RAY: They were close to Europe from where I was at. You can go to countries like Canada and South Africa, where they have large immigrant populations, and if you're English-speaking, you can just blend in with the population.

PLAYBOY: You still haven't answered the question: Are you a racist?

RAY: Well, there's a certain instinct that makes people want to associate with

"There are certain cultural differences. I can't see the emperor of Japan doing the watusi. They just don't mix. But I don't think that's grounds to shoot the emperor."

their own race. But the problem is answering these questions. People are all uptight about answering. A lot of middle-class people want to be on the right side of everything.

The difference is between committing violence on someone and maybe not wanting to associate with someone. Some newspapers might describe one person as a racist and another as a nationalist. It all depends on how they perceive you and if they think you're hostile toward them.

PLAYBOY: Let's try it another way: You're very careful to use the word black with us. Wasn't nigger a part of your vocabulary before you were arrested for killing King?

RAY: I don't use that term much. Of course, I probably have used it. But not usually. Well, in here, the blacks call one another that. But I didn't pay too much attention to these words before I got arrested.

PLAYBOY: Why do you pay attention to them now?

RAY: I wouldn't have, except that I was charged with killing King. I'm not as free to say anything as I was then because of how it will be interpreted and how it will be printed in the press. You can say something and it could be twisted

around. So it's not so much what you say, it's what you're quoted as saying.

PLAYBOY: Most press accounts say there's ample evidence that you hated King. How do you answer that charge?

RAY: I really don't have any thoughts one way or the other about him. I felt about him the same way I feel about Gerald Ford or President Carter. It's necessary for these people to have a certain amount of hypocrisy—Carter talking about human rights or others talking about poor people. That gets on my nerves once in a while. I know it's difficult to believe, but I didn't really know too much about King before he was shot. When I was in Missouri, I was in virtual isolation. There's no television or radio. I was in solitary for two years, and in universal isolation, you're not even allowed a newspaper. You could be at war and not know it. [According to prison officials, Ray had access to newspapers.]

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Carter?

RAY: Well, I don't think much of him. He's just a carbon copy of Ford or past ones.

PLAYBOY: Your brother Jerry, whose role in the King assassination has been speculated upon, gave us a colorful description of Carter. He referred to him as "that smiling jackass in the White House."

RAY: See, that type of statement is foolish. My brother's never even voted. He's never been involved in politics. And so they [Jeff Cohen and David S. Lifton in *"New Times"*] wrote an article charging that he might have been involved with the King murder and now he starts making political statements. It's just foolish to do stuff like that. I wouldn't make any adverse comments against the President, because, in the first place, it would be foolish and, in the second place, it wouldn't be any need for it, because they're really all the same.

PLAYBOY: In maintaining that you did not kill King, you have consistently said that there was another individual—whom you call Raoul—and, in naming him, you imply that he was involved in the murder. You have said that the two of you had a rendezvous at a rooming house in Memphis and that you and he were involved in a gun-smuggling scheme. It was from that rooming house that the shot was fired that killed King. Do you think Raoul murdered King?

RAY: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: What is your alibi? Where were you at 6:01 P.M., when King was shot down?

RAY: Most likely, I was several blocks away, leaving or having just left a service station. I was asking about getting a tire fixed. I think I was there at between five minutes to six and six minutes after. Wouldn't be no way to get it down pat just what time it was. I left the rooming

house at about 5:30 and went to a tavern about two and a half blocks north. I had a sandwich and a beer there, sat there probably 15 minutes and then returned to get the car and went to the filling station.

PLAYBOY: Did you then go back to the rooming house and see the police who had surrounded the area?

RAY: Yeah. That's when I circled the area and took off.

PLAYBOY: Did you contact anyone after you fled from Memphis?

RAY: After that, I didn't have no contact with anyone. That includes family members.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage to get the passports you used to fly from Canada to England and Portugal?

RAY: Well, I looked in back newspaper files for the names to apply for Canadian passports. I selected three persons whose age corresponded with mine. Since the population of Toronto is mostly of English extraction, a resemblance to me wouldn't seem unusual.

PLAYBOY: Going back to the scene of the crime, you've said you were fleeing the Memphis area in your white Mustang when you heard on the radio that King had been killed. What went through your mind at the time?

RAY: Nothing went through my mind too much right then. I was concerned when I heard they were looking for a Mustang. I think they mentioned a white man. And I thought when I first saw the police around the rooming house that possibly the police had raided the place and found a bunch of guns up there.

PLAYBOY: You mean the guns you claim were part of your gunrunning plan?

RAY: Yes. And I did intend to make a phone call and find out what was going on, because that's the standard procedure whenever you get an arrest. You call the police station or have someone else call up and find out if so-and-so has been in jail or something.

PLAYBOY: Whom were you going to call?

RAY: New Orleans.

PLAYBOY: Who in New Orleans?

RAY: I would just have called a number. 'Course, I wouldn't have asked for Raoul. I would have just told them that there's been a disturbance in the rooming house and I'd ask them if they could find out what it was or if they wanted me to call the police station or something.

PLAYBOY: Who would have answered the telephone?

RAY: They had an answering service. I don't know who he was. Just an individual.

PLAYBOY: Did you call?

RAY: No, I didn't call. I didn't know of any phone in the area. That was in between when I was leaving the area and I think after King had been

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reported shot, but before there was any report of a Mustang.

PLAYBOY: That's hard to believe—you couldn't find a phone booth, but if you had, you were going to call the police?

RAY: Well, either have the other party call the police—

PLAYBOY: What other party?

RAY: The one in New Orleans. That's the standard procedure you use when you get involved in situations like that.

PLAYBOY: You mean the standard procedure that criminals use?

RAY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: So you would call or have someone in New Orleans call the police. To find out what?

RAY: To try to find out what's going on. If anybody's going to jail. You can always palm yourself off as a lawyer or something. I'd find out what happened, whether the police had raided the place or whether this was an accident or what.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that the police may have found guns at the rooming house. Of course, they found your Remington .30-'06 rifle, which the FBI says killed King. Do you still hold to your story that you gave that weapon to Raoul?

RAY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And that you gave it to him in the rooming house just before the killing?

RAY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Raoul?

RAY: I first met him in 1967, after I escaped from Missouri. We met in The Neptune Tavern in Montreal. I was there trying to get merchant seaman's papers to get out of the country. Possibly roll a merchant seaman and take his papers.

PLAYBOY: What did Raoul look like?

RAY: Average height, looked like a Latin, sandy-colored hair.

PLAYBOY: Latins don't generally have light hair, do they?

RAY: He could've dyed it.

PLAYBOY: How did he dress?

RAY: Just a dark suit, shirt. I never saw him wear a tie.

PLAYBOY: R-A-O-U-L is the French spelling of that name and you met in Montreal. Yet you maintain he was Latin. Did your Raoul speak Spanish?

RAY: Yes, I think so.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever hear him speak Spanish?

RAY: No, but I could tell by his accent. One time I asked him about some Spanish word and he was noncommittal. But from my association with various Mexicans and having lived with them, I could tell a Spanish accent. His wasn't too strong. But once you get an accent from birth, it's hard to get rid of it.

PLAYBOY: What did you do for Raoul when you were working with him?

RAY: I'd take packages across the border,

from Canada to here, later from the United States to Mexico.

PLAYBOY: We understand this picture looks like Raoul. Is that correct?



RAY: Oh, that would be this one here [points].

PLAYBOY: The one on the left?

RAY: Yeah. Percy Foreman showed me that the first time. It's a picture that I found out the Rockefeller Commission had classified.

PLAYBOY: This isn't classified.

RAY: It isn't?

PLAYBOY: It's been published often—this is a picture of some so-called tramps in Dealey Plaza just after John F. Kennedy was killed.

RAY: Well, the name's classified.

PLAYBOY: We don't think *anybody* knows his name. Who does that look like?

RAY: Well, I've seen all these pictures, I've looked at a hundred of them. That's the first one Percy Foreman showed me. See, Foreman at one time wanted to have this individual arrested. I'm pretty sure that was the individual. Then bring him to Memphis, then I was going to identify him and he was going to use that in the defense. I didn't want to do it, because I wasn't 100 percent sure of this picture. [Foreman remembers showing photographs to Ray but denies wanting to arrest anyone. He said: "There was no Raoul. Ray told me he invented him to feed conspiracy theories."]

PLAYBOY: What does a picture linked to John Kennedy's assassination have to do with your case?

RAY: All I said was he had a striking resemblance to this Raoul.

PLAYBOY: What is that supposed to mean?

RAY: Just that it has a striking resemblance. Of course, I never made a 100-percent-positive identification. I'd say there was a really strong resemblance. We'll still look at other pictures, but I'm not going to be no state witness against anyone.

PLAYBOY: You're the one who linked the two killings; here's a question out of the blue. Were you involved in the Kennedy assassination?

RAY: I was in jail at the time.

PLAYBOY: Back to Raoul. Are you certain you didn't make up the story about him?

RAY: Oh, no, I never made it up. Of course, these names like Eric Starvo Galt [one of Ray's aliases] don't mean anything. They're all aliases. See, that picture was shown to me a dozen times, it and about a hundred others. They always emphasize that one, though, because there was a composite drawing done right after King was shot and it had a striking resemblance to that picture. Of course, a person can change his features a little bit.

PLAYBOY: Richard Sprague, the investigator who recently resigned from the House select committee on assassinations, was quoted as saying, "There was no Raoul as previously claimed by Ray." How do you respond to that?

RAY: I think Sprague was probably misquoted. I didn't tell him that. I may have commented that a lot of these names were aliases.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything that might prove the existence of another person involved in this murder, whether or not he was called Raoul?

RAY: Well, a lot of it was mentioned in a *PLAYBOY* article in June 1976 [Part VI of the "History of Assassination" series]. One thing is part of a phone number, plus some address I came across when I crossed

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the border from Tijuana into the United States. I'll explain it to you. I shook down my car, which is my practice. I found a pack of cigarettes in a cigarette case dropped down between the bucket seats in the Mustang. There was a business card in there. I think on one side it had this person's name, crossed out, and what looked like the name of a city. Had two parts, like New Orleans. And it had LEAA on it, that Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. And on the other side, it had some name wrote down in longhand, I think it was Randolph Rosen-something. Anyway, years later, we had them investigated and come to find out, it wasn't really Rosen, it was Rosenson and he lived in Miami.

PLAYBOY: How might this Rosenson fit into the murder case?

RAY: We found out he had a criminal record, yes, for narcotics.

[PLAYBOY located the criminal record of a Randolph Erwin Rosenson—in New Orleans. Rosenson has a long criminal record for narcotics and Customs violations. Unfortunately for Ray's story of finding the LEAA card, this agency was not created until August of 1968—almost a year after Ray crossed into Mexico.]

PLAYBOY: Could Raoul have been involved with a group of white-racist businessmen, as some investigators have claimed?

RAY: I don't know what the legal argument would be. The FBI may have just let someone or some group shoot King. The only thing the big businessmen are interested in, though, is profit. I can't see them getting involved in shooting someone, unless he was interfering with their profit.

PLAYBOY: Did Raoul ever mention any big businessmen who were involved with his various operations, such as gunrunning or smuggling?

RAY: No, no. There was no Mr. Big or anything.

PLAYBOY: Did anything Raoul say make you believe he was in the employ of a white-racist group?

RAY: I don't believe so.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any plausible ideas for a motive for the killing of King?

RAY: I suspect you'd have to depose some of King's associates—Andrew Young and people like that. From what I've read, King made a decision in March 1967 for radical changes in his organization. He was going to get off the integration thing and start making economic demands. He was against the Vietnam war. If he was going to make radical changes in his policy—emphasizing economics and foreign policy instead of civil rights—then that may have been a motive. But, again, I think that people within his organization can answer that a lot better than me—Young and people like that.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe the FBI is now involved in a cover-up?

RAY: Not necessarily. Rather, I believe it is the Department of Justice. Like the department's task force recommended in their recent reinvestigation that Congress pass a special law authorizing the destruction or sealing of big portions of the FBI investigation files.

PLAYBOY: That bill concerned King's personal life. They would seal it only to protect his memory.

RAY: I'm concerned that they'd put everything in there, rather than just King's personal life. This might just be a smoke screen to destroy things. I don't think we'll ever clear up this case until we get the FBI to declassify that material.

PLAYBOY: And how would that help clear things up?

RAY: I'd like to get this resolved one way or another. I'm not exactly interested in filing suits until I'm 90 years old. There has been considerable material filed with the courts. But I think PLAYBOY is the only place it got published. Right now, the Government's got

"The FBI may have just let someone or some group shoot King... I can't see any big businessmen involved in shooting someone, unless he was interfering with their profit."

more information than I have. Everybody thinks I know everything and that I'm holding back. I think it's the other way around.

PLAYBOY: Your case never went to trial, because you pleaded guilty. You agreed to 55 stipulations of guilt, but the question of how strong the government's case is has never been answered or tested in the adversary system of a public trial. How do you characterize its case against you?

RAY: Circumstantial and weak.

PLAYBOY: Let's run down a few of the major points that would have come up in a trial. Did you buy the .30-'06 Remington rifle in Birmingham less than a week before King was shot?

RAY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: For Raoul?

RAY: That's correct.

PLAYBOY: At first, you bought a .243-caliber rifle. Then you exchanged it for the .30-'06. Why?

RAY: I think what happened when I went back the second time is they give me a catalog and Raoul pointed out what kind to get. I don't recall that he mentioned .30-'06. There was a mention

of a deer rifle. The first time I told the clerk the brand name and I wanted a deer rifle. I took it back to Raoul and it was the wrong kind. Then I came back the second time and we started talking about this deer rifle again. The salesman said, "Oh, I thought you were talking about an Alabama deer versus a Wisconsin deer."

PLAYBOY: It has been reported that it was the other way around, that you were the one talking about deer.

RAY: I don't recall.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you tell the clerk you were going deer hunting in Wisconsin with your brother?

RAY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any significance in the fact that you mentioned your brother several times before King's murder?

RAY: No, I don't see any. You wouldn't go in and say, "My criminal accomplice," or something like that.

PLAYBOY: It's been alleged that your brother Jerry was involved with you in a plot to kill King. Was he?

RAY: I've never known Jerry's interest to be far removed from a six-pack. I know he's not involved in anything like this. That'd be too big a coincidence.

PLAYBOY: What would you say if someone told you it was Jerry in that rooming house with that rifle?

RAY: It would depend on who that anyone was. If it was a Government official, I would sue Jerry for false incarceration.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever fire the rifle you bought?

RAY: No.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever see anybody fire it?

RAY: No.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever used rifles, except for your stint in the Army?

RAY: No. Oh, .22s, but that was years ago.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect people to believe you didn't fire the gun when your fingerprints are all over it?

RAY: Well, the FBI found all my prints, and yet they didn't put my identification out over the wire right away. They didn't say whose they were until two weeks later. It seems to me that if they have your prints, they can identify you within a matter of hours.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting your prints weren't there?

RAY: I don't know. Possibly after they found out who I was, they transferred my prints to some objects so they could use that as evidence.

PLAYBOY: That seems like a paranoid fantasy. Do you consider yourself paranoid?

RAY: No, I think a lot of times you get that way, you get suspicious, especially being locked up. I call it cautious. You know, there's different degrees of paranoid.

PLAYBOY: To which objects do you think the FBI may have transferred prints?

RAY: The beer cans are the only thing I

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can think of. I believe my prints would have been on the gun. I seldom drink beer. I never buy it. I would have bought whiskey.

PLAYBOY: So the other pieces of evidence found in the doorway near the rooming house—beer cans and so on—should not have had your prints on them?

RAY: No.

PLAYBOY: We're told that the ballistics tests failed to prove that your rifle, to the exclusion of all others, killed King. Do you consider that a major point in your favor?

RAY: It wouldn't mean too much to me either way how the tests come out, even if they were negative.

PLAYBOY: Because you didn't fire the rifle?

RAY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Another question that comes up often is where you got the roughly \$9500 it would have taken to cover your expenses while you were at large. You traveled extensively, bought a \$2000 Mustang, camera equipment, a rifle and new clothes and lived pretty well. Where did you get all that money?

RAY: I had worked in a restaurant in a suburb of Chicago for about two months immediately after escaping from the Missouri prison [in 1967]. I made about \$800. I brought a small amount out of prison, too.

PLAYBOY: You claim the rest came from Raoul?

RAY: Yes. He was giving me money to take these packages across the border and he promised me a passport. He didn't come up with the passport, although I did get the money out of him. Gave me money in Birmingham for the car. The first time, I crossed the border from Canada, it was Detroit, it wasn't more than \$1500. Another time he give me money in New Orleans. I met him in a bar called, I think, The Rabbit's Foot. He gave me \$500.

PLAYBOY: It has been reported that you made a substantial amount of money from dope peddling in prison, that you sent that money out to your brother Jerry and then got it back from him after you escaped. Is that true?

RAY: Jerry never gave me any money. See, when you're in prison that long, there's a lot of letters from convict informers telling officials what kind of operations you're running. The Missouri Corrections Director examined my record thoroughly and there was nothing indicating that type of activity. I've never been any type of big operator in drugs in Missouri.

PLAYBOY: The FBI thinks you may have staged some robberies during 1967 to finance your escapades. Did you?

RAY: Except for holding up a whorehouse and a gambling establishment in Montreal in July 1967, I staged no robberies in Canada or England. [According to Scotland Yard, Ray robbed a savings

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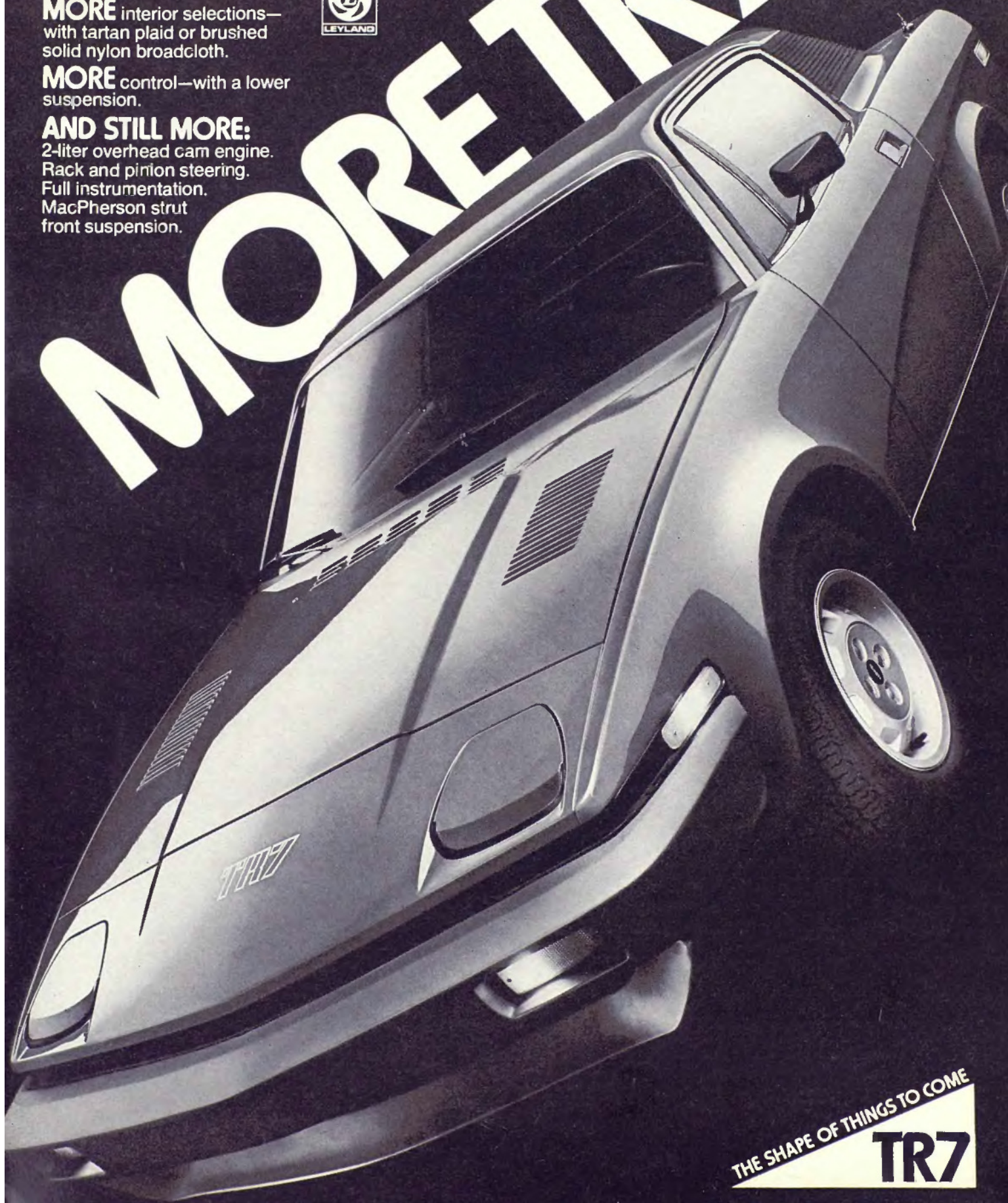


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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

and loan bank in England during this period.]

PLAYBOY: Another reason authorities claim you must have been preparing for some sort of major criminal act is that during your escape from Missouri, you did some unusual things, such as learning to be a locksmith and having plastic surgery done on your nose.

RAY: The plastic surgery was just to make my features more difficult to identify in pictures. I was gonna, in fact, get more surgery done on my ear. Locksmithing I was just interested in.

PLAYBOY: You also were supposed to have visited a hypnotist in California. What was that about?

RAY: I got interested in that in prison. It helps pass the time, especially if you're in solitary.

PLAYBOY: The hypnotist later said you went to him because you said you were trying to build up your self-confidence. Were you trying to get enough confidence to kill a major political figure?

RAY: That's false, completely false.

PLAYBOY: Moving ahead to the day of the King killing: Charles Stephens is an eyewitness who claims he saw you running down the hall of the rooming house just after King was shot. What would your defense have been against his testimony?

RAY: Right after the offense, CBS interviewed this Stephens and he said the man didn't look like me at all. They showed him a sketch.

PLAYBOY: He said it was a "sharp-nosed man." Isn't that you?

RAY: He said he identified me by a sharp pointed nose, but at that time, the FBI didn't know I'd had plastic surgery on my nose in Los Angeles. The FBI got to him.

PLAYBOY: Stephens' wife, Grace Walden, gave a different description of the running man, saying he was stocky, plaid-shirted, balding. Did Raoul look like that?

RAY: No.

PLAYBOY: Actually, doesn't the description fit your brother Jerry?

RAY: Uh—

[Jerry Ray walked into the room at that point in the interview. Physically, he is shorter and stockier than his brother and is balding.]

PLAYBOY: Well, speak of the Devil. Here is Jerry Ray himself. We were just talking about you. Jerry, there has been a lot of speculation about your role in the King assassination. Why don't you take this opportunity to respond? For instance, is it true that just after your brother James got out of Missouri, he said, as has been reported, that he was going to kill the "big boy, King Coon"?

JERRY RAY: No, that's crazy.

PLAYBOY: Did James tell you that he wanted to establish residence in Birming-

ham, so that when he killed Martin Luther King he could get a pardon from Alabama governor George Wallace?

JERRY RAY: That's crazy. In the few times we met during that period, I think three or four times, King's name was never mentioned. Never brought up. I've taken an oath on this, a sworn statement.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that you met with James in Chicago shortly after the Missouri escape?

JERRY RAY: Yeah, in Northbrook, Illinois. We met, and we'd drink, and we'd go into Chicago sometimes together. Maybe three or four times.

PLAYBOY: Another allegation is that you, Jerry, were the money man for that murder; that you got money from J. B. Stoner's right-wing, racist National States Rights Party and then said, "OK, I've got a guy who will kill King for you—my brother James."

JERRY RAY: It's all crazy.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that Jerry contacted Stoner to act as your attorney, James?

JAMES RAY: After the guilty plea, I had Jerry contact two attorneys—Stoner was

"The plastic surgery was to make my features more difficult to identify in pictures. Locksmithing I was just interested in."

one—in an effort to rescind Foreman's plea.

PLAYBOY: Why Stoner?

JAMES RAY: First time I heard of him, well, an organization wrote me a letter in England and offered me free legal services. And said Stoner was their lawyer. Later on, when I got to Memphis, I recalled his name.

PLAYBOY: Was the organization that wrote to you Stoner's group?

JAMES RAY: I don't know. That was the extent of it.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Jerry once worked for J. B. Stoner?

JAMES RAY: Fact is, I was the one that told Jerry to go down there, you see, because the FBI was harassing him.

PLAYBOY: You told your brother to join Stoner? Why?

JAMES RAY: Around a lawyer, with a witness around, it'd be hard for the FBI to frame or harass him.

PLAYBOY: But with Stoner's reputation as as racist, wouldn't it have looked pretty bad for you—especially if he gave Jerry money for you?

JAMES RAY: He never gave me a nickel; I believe he paid you, Jerry, when you worked down there doing postal work.

JERRY RAY: Yeah, I got a salary when I worked for him.

PLAYBOY: Was that before or after King's assassination?

JERRY RAY: I never even heard of Stoner before Martin Luther King's death.

PLAYBOY: So both of you maintain this killing was not a brother operation?

JAMES RAY: Yes.

JERRY RAY: Yes.

[At that point, the interview was recessed. Arrangements were made for another meeting with Ray the following week, June 13. However, some days later, on Friday evening, June 10, the news broke: Ray had done the impossible—he had gone over the wall of an "escape-proof" prison. While national attention was focused on the woods around Petros, Tennessee, where the penitentiary is located, the interviewers traveled to Lake Zurich, Illinois. There, in a ramshackle structure just off the main highway, Jerry Ray agreed to continue his part of the conversation from a bar stool in a pizza parlor. Some highlights of the conversation follow.]

JUNE 11, 1977

PLAYBOY: How do you think James will get along on the loose?

JERRY RAY: Only thing that bothers me, it's just like Mark Lane said: The FBI keeps coming in on it. The FBI has no business in this. They came out here last night around three o'clock. I said, "You got an arrest warrant?" They said, "No," so I wouldn't talk to 'em. I said, "Why are you out here? He's on a state charge, a murder charge in Tennessee, not a Federal charge." They said, "Well, he might have crossed state lines." I said, "Well, if he can walk across that damn state line so fast, then he shouldn't be in prison at all."

PLAYBOY: Did you have any advance word that James might try to escape?

JERRY RAY: No. See, that's one reason nothin' comes out on him. Nobody knows what he's thinkin' or nothin', because he don't tell nobody nothin'.

PLAYBOY: What do you suppose James will do for money while he's out?

JERRY RAY: Well, he's been broken out before and he always managed to get some. He might even go look Hefner up and try to get some off him.

PLAYBOY: The press—and a lot of the public as well—is speculating that it was a setup, that James was kidnaped out of the prison.

JERRY RAY: Well, there weren't but six guys. It'd be hard for six guys to force him over the wall.

PLAYBOY: There's also been some talk that he might be shot while he's out there.

JERRY RAY: I don't know. I haven't thought about it too much.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he'll survive? It's pretty wild in those mountains.

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JERRY RAY: He can eat a few rattlesnakes.
PLAYBOY: Do you think he'll hold anyone up to get money?

JERRY RAY: Well, that's his livelihood. That's his trademark, robbing people. He ain't gonna go out and apply for welfare. He'd have to paint himself black to draw welfare.

PLAYBOY: The racist in you seems to be coming out. You are one, aren't you?

JERRY RAY: No. Hell . . . the people I'd get on are Mexicans, takin' jobs from Americans. I'd like to get on that nigger and spick station in Chicago, Channel 26, and tell 'em that. But, listen, I went on a promotion tour with Mark Lane and Dick Gregory for their book. Lane's a Jew and Gregory's black. That's proof I ain't a racist.

PLAYBOY: Did you have anything to do with your brother's escape?

JERRY RAY: The FBI'd have me outside punchin' on me for that.

PLAYBOY: One final point, because it was difficult to believe James's answer when we asked him: What do you think he felt about Martin Luther King?

JERRY RAY: James didn't like him or dislike him. Same as me. Even if James had disliked him, well, if you went out and shot everybody you disliked, you'd have one hell of a record.

[At 4:30 A.M., June 13, the interviewers were told that James Earl Ray had just been captured. They returned to Tennessee and word was sent to them that Ray would complete the interview. They met Ray in a small room stacked high with dirty foam-rubber mattresses. Ray ambled in with a characteristic half-smile, looking to the interviewers both sheepish and somewhat proud of himself. His hands and arms were scratched and he had a few days' growth of beard. His brief recess from prison life—the first in nine years—seemed to have raised his spirits.]

PLAYBOY: How are you feeling?

RAY: All right. I've got poison ivy on my legs. It itches, but it's not very bad.

PLAYBOY: Were you trying to tell us something before you escaped? Were you thinking about the escape when you said you might go out if a wall fell down?

RAY: Yeah. Things like that go through your mind constantly, sometimes pretty strong and sometimes dormant. I suspect that everyone in here has it in the back of his mind. The only thing is whether they got the fortitude to go through with it. Some of them talk about it all the time. Of course, there's some who just want to stay and run the penitentiary.

PLAYBOY: You were out running for 54 and a half hours. Had you trained for the escape?

RAY: Not really. Most people in prison are fairly well conditioned. They run around the yard. That's about all there is to do.

PLAYBOY: What did you want to do after going over the wall?

RAY: Actually, my intention in escaping wasn't too much the *getting* away. The extreme difficulty is staying away permanently. I was thinking about possibly escaping and making some sort of arrangements to turn myself in in exchange for a trial. I know that don't work, but the only way that that would be successful is if the Attorney General entered into some type of friend-of-the-court arrangement with my lawyer. So I had it in the back of my mind to make some arrangements—public relations or something—to try to force the government to give me a trial. I figured if I could possibly make a deal, then maybe I could get Griffin Bell to come in. He's indicated that he wants a full airing of the situation. You know, I don't think the state has that much of a case against me.

*"After escaping, I figured
if I could possibly make a
deal, then maybe I could get
[Attorney General] Griffin
Bell to come in. He's
indicated that he wants
a full airing."*

I believe I'd have a good chance of getting acquitted.

PLAYBOY: But how would you have gotten word to Bell?

RAY: When I was arrested, they found two pieces of paper on me. One was a map of Tennessee and the other was the address of Nancy Becker [a newscaster from ABC-TV in Chicago who had spoken to Ray once before]. I would have made some kind of arrangement to contact Bell indirectly, through her.

PLAYBOY: Well, until you could get to her house, what would you have done if you had got through the dragnet and out of the area?

RAY: I would have done the same thing that I had done in Missouri. Go to one of these Goodwill places or a run-down place where you don't look too conspicuous going in there tattered up. Get some secondhand clothes and then go from there. I probably would have laid low for three or four days. Usually, the heat gets off after seven or eight days. Something else will happen and they can't concentrate on you. Then you can go ahead and get out.

PLAYBOY: How would you have lain low?

RAY: You would have to disguise your appearance and then go into some run-down neighborhood and rent a room.

Lay under a bridge, if you have to. Try to blend into the neighborhood. If it's a run-down neighborhood, I'd have a run-down appearance, which is probably where I would have went.

PLAYBOY: When did you start planning the escape?

RAY: After various adverse court decisions on my case. I'd say I had it in mind two, three months.

PLAYBOY: Why did you pick that particular time to escape?

RAY: I just picked this weekend. I thought that would be best. Things are less organized on the weekends. People are on vacations.

PLAYBOY: Is there less security?

RAY: Yeah, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: When did you make the final decision to go?

RAY: Friday. The same day. I thought that that was the time. I'd been thinking about it and that was the opportune time. So I just picked that day. It ended up that I did it on my own, but of course there were other people involved. You can't do anything in here alone. I'm talking about when you actually start the escape. For instance, when I was on the yard, 15, 20 people come around and they see me putting the ladder against the wall, so some of them followed me.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't organized?

RAY: They didn't know anything about it. They just seen a ladder and just instinctively started going over. About seven went over.

PLAYBOY: We know you used a ladder constructed from plumbing pipe and lightning conduit. But how exactly did you do it?

RAY: I gave it a little thought. Then I got the various things together. It was kind of simple. I just carried the pipe out on the yard. Usually, they check when you come outdoors. I got behind another convict to carry the materials on the yard. And, coincidentally, two, three fights started on the yard. They do that almost every night, fighting over ball games and things.

PLAYBOY: Come on. Was the fight really just a coincidence?

RAY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What materials did you use in the escape?

RAY: I used a one-and-a-half-inch black pipe I got from the laundry. They put a lot of new equipment in and there were excess pipes and things. I just used what I needed.

PLAYBOY: Did you design the ladder yourself?

RAY: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: And you got all the pieces from the prison laundry?

RAY: Most of them.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get the others?

RAY: Oh, I don't know where I got all the nuts and bolts and things like that. Just

picked them up. [There were no nuts and bolts. The escape was made with a ladder constructed entirely from pipe.]

PLAYBOY: So you're going to stick to the story that this escape was yours from beginning to end?

RAY: Of course, my escape's mine. I mean, now all these other guys—the six or seven or whatever—who escaped, they were all on their own, I guess. Somebody told me a guard was reading a *PLAYBOY* magazine and that's why he didn't see them. [After the interviewers' last session with Ray, prison authorities announced that a guard had been fired for reportedly "reading on duty or looking the other way."]

PLAYBOY: Did you discuss the escape with anyone?

RAY: No. If I'd discussed it with a lot of guys, I'd probably have been shot going over the wall. I don't want to go too far in discussing this, but all those people ran off on their own. It was on the spur of the moment. There was no plotting with me or coercion or anything.

PLAYBOY: If there were, you wouldn't tell us, anyway, right?

RAY: That'd probably be right. But it didn't happen that way. If I had entered into even the vaguest conspiracy, I couldn't tell the press. I think the evidence now indicates that every one of the escapees was on their own. Most of them I didn't know, and the rest of them I just knew casually. The only individual I knew was my cellmate, Earl Hill, and, of course, he was always close by. The others, they were all around. They knew what was going on. There's one guy that worked in the kitchen, a black guy. He was looking out the window and he saw what was going on. He runs all the time for exercise. So he got the guards to let him out of the kitchen and ran around the yard and went over the wall. So it couldn't have been any conspiracy, 'cause he didn't know what was going on. He just happened to look out the kitchen window. It could just as easily have been a guard looking out the window.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you lying to us when you say you didn't work with someone on this escape?

RAY: No. I wouldn't want to go into too many details, but I'm not lying. But I don't want to take total responsibility or anything.

PLAYBOY: Anyway, you know you're a liar.

RAY: Yes, I know that.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to plan it?

RAY: Oh, it didn't take too long for that, two or three months. See, you have that stuff in the back of your mind. When you come to the penitentiary, you check out various escape routes, file them away and, if the opportunity arises, well, you can go ahead.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a pipe-threading
(continued on page 94)



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DOWN THE SEINE AND UP THE POTOMAC

humor

By ART BUCHWALD

guess who really thought up the marshall plan, got ike elected, resolved the missile crisis for j.f.k. and broke the watergate case? here's a hint: he's incredibly modest and smokes cigars

I WAS SITTING in the Coliseum in Los Angeles, watching the USC-Notre Dame football game in 1946, when my name was paged over the loud-speaker. I went to the nearest phone and a voice said, "Mr. Buchwald, the President of the United States wants to talk to you."

Harry Truman came onto the phone. "Can you come to Washington right away?"

"For crying out loud, Harry," I said. "You know I'm going to USC on the GI Bill of Rights, and I've got an English test I have to study for this weekend."

"This is very important," he said, lowering his voice. "I've sent my plane for you. It should be at the airport in an hour."

I went back to my boardinghouse, threw some clothes into a bag and 12 hours later I found myself sitting in the Oval Office at the White House.

Harry seemed very agitated. "Our relations with the Russians are disintegrating and Europe is in terrible straits."

"I realize that," I said. "An iron curtain has fallen over Europe."

"Churchill voiced those very words in Fulton, Missouri," the President said.

"I know," I told him. "I wrote his speech."

"Well, what the hell do we do?"

"We have to come up with an economic plan that will help the western European countries get on their feet," I told him. "We must finance their industry and rebuild their cities. It may run into billions, but we will save Italy, France, West Germany, Britain and all the other countries from going Communist."

Truman hit his fist into his hand. "Why didn't I think of that?" he exclaimed. "Of course—an economic-recovery plan to save Europe. It will dramatize to the Soviets that we will not let those countries go down the drain. I'll call it the Buchwald Plan."

I smiled. "Harry, I don't want credit for it. General George Marshall has served his country well. Why don't you let him announce it at Harvard and they'll call it the Marshall Plan?"

Harry looked at me. "You constantly amaze me," he said. "You never want to take credit for anything."

"I always work better out of the limelight," I said.

"Well, I don't care what we call it, I want you to go to Paris and run it for me," Harry told me.

"I've still got to find a cure for polio at USC," I replied. "I'm not ready to go over until 1948. Why don't you get Averell Harriman to run the Marshall

Plan for you? When I get over there, I'll give him a hand."

"All right," Truman said. "But if I win the election in 1948, I want you to be my eyes and ears in Europe."

"You'll win, Harry," I assured him.

"You and I are the only ones who think so," he said.

I patted him on the shoulder. "You and I and the American people."

I flew back to Los Angeles, found a cure for polio, turned it over to Dr. Jonas Salk and told him to develop it, and took a ship to Europe.

Together, Harriman and I set up the Marshall Plan, and then, after I managed to get it running well, I landed a job with the European edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

It was a cover, naturally, but it gave me access to all the heads of state and a chance to move around without arousing suspicion.

I gave the impression I was a ladies' man and a *bon vivant*.

I mingled with the international set, cruised with Onassis and Niarchos, went to parties given by Elsa Maxwell and Aly Khan, and still managed to report back to Truman on what was happening in Europe. I tipped him off that the Soviets had managed to make their own atomic

bomb. I had gotten the information from the wife of a Polish ambassador after a torrid weekend we spent together in St.-Tropez.

On the basis of that information, Truman decided to go ahead and build the hydrogen bomb.

I also suggested that the President set up the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to unite all the armed forces in the West against communism. He wanted me to command NATO, but I demurred. "I'd rather do what I'm doing," I told him. "Why don't you get Dwight Eisenhower to head it?"

"But you're my first choice," he said.

"Ike is as good as I am at working with our allies," I told him. "I can help you more if I stay where I am."

So Truman appointed Eisenhower to head up NATO and, as I knew he would, Ike did a superb job.

The Korean War started and, while I stayed out of it, it distracted Truman's attention from Europe. He called me only once during that period. "Mac-Arthur," he said, "is violating my orders. What should I do?"

"You're the Commander in Chief," I told him. "Fire the son of a bitch."

"You know what I'm going to do?" Truman answered gleefully. "I'm going to fire the son of a bitch."

I offered to go to Korea for Truman, but he wanted me to stay in Europe.

"Keep your eye on that bastard Stalin," he told me.

In 1952, Ike had gone back to the U. S. to run for President on the Republican ticket against Adlai Stevenson. I admired both men, so I remained neutral. Stevenson never forgave me for that, as he believed that if I had campaigned for him, he would have won.

George VI had passed away and his daughter Elizabeth became the ruler of Great Britain. In gratitude for not coming out publicly for Stevenson, Ike asked me to represent the United States at the coronation. Once again, I had to say no to a President. If I did it, people would begin to suspect that I was more than a columnist for the European edition of the *Herald Tribune*; then my relations with France, Italy and West Germany would be jeopardized.

The most I would do, I told Ike, was design Queen Elizabeth's dress for the coronation.

I would probably have returned to the United States, but in 1953, Stalin died and there was a bloody struggle for leadership in the Kremlin.

The wife of a Soviet military aide told me one night while we were in bed at the Hotel George V that Beria was going to make a bid for power. I passed that information on to John Foster Dulles. Foster passed it on to Malenkov, who, after arresting Beria, became the new

Soviet premier. Ike asked me to stay in Europe until the Soviet situation settled down.

I continued writing the column and enjoyed the good life. Liz Taylor, Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida kept showing up at my Paris apartment at all hours of the night. Sometimes I let them in and sometimes I didn't.

I'd like to mention an interesting side light that took place around 1955. I was visiting Monaco and had dinner with Prince Rainier, who ran the principality. As we sat out in the palace courtyard sipping brandy one night, he told me, "You know, I'm tired of fooling around; I'd like to get married and settle down."

"That's not unreasonable," I assured him.

"The only trouble is that there is just one girl I would like to marry."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Don't laugh at me," he said. "It's Grace Kelly, the actress."

"That's no problem. I'll introduce you."

"Do you know Grace Kelly?" he asked me.

I chuckled. "My father used to row with her father on the same crew."

I called Grace and had her come to Monte Carlo. The two of them fell in love immediately. Rainier wanted me to be best man, but I declined. "I'll just come to the wedding and stand in the back."

I'm happy to say the marriage worked out splendidly and, to this day, I consider it one of my most successful achievements in Europe.

The Rothschilds invited me to their châteaux for weekends, and I used to visit with Charles de Gaulle and discuss his return to power.

On June 2, 1958, I saw the fruits of all my labor in France when De Gaulle returned to power as premier. How I worked that out will have to wait for another article. The fact that De Gaulle never mentioned my role in his memoirs was proof of how secret the operation had been.

De Gaulle disappointed me later in his relations with the United States, but at the time, he was the only man—in my estimation—who could save France. The wife of one of his cabinet ministers told me so while we were taking a shower together. "Charles wants you to know that you will always have his eternal gratitude."

They were wonderful years and Eisenhower made very few demands on me. The only time I saw him worried was when he went to Paris to meet Khrushchev. The Soviets had just shot down one of our U-2s and Eisenhower asked me what, if anything, he should do about it.

"Admit it!" I counseled him. "Say you

ordered the U-2 to overfly the Soviet Union."

"Won't that wreck the conference?" he asked.

"Probably," I said. "But you'll be a bigger man in the eyes of the world."

Ike did as I advised and Khrushchev left Paris in a huff.

In 1960, John F. Kennedy was elected President of the United States, defeating Richard Nixon, whom I never did get along with.

I flew home secretly after the Inauguration.

"What do you think I ought to do?" the President asked me.

"The Americans have to land a man on the moon. The Soviets are ahead of us in space and we have to do something dramatic to show them that we're number one."

"But can we do it?" Kennedy asked me.

I went to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk and wrote down a mathematical formula.

Kennedy studied it for a few moments and then said, "By God, you're right! We can do it!" He immediately proposed a crash program and the Soviets have been behind in the space race ever since.

A movie actress told me that night, as she was buttoning my shirt, "Jack was very grateful for your advice."

Kennedy wanted me to stay and be his Attorney General, but my heart was still in Paris and I told him I had to go back. It was only after the Bay of Pigs fiasco that I knew I would be needed in Washington. This meant giving up the good life in Europe, as well as the column, but I always felt it would have to come to an end sooner or later.

I arrived just in time for the Cuban Missile Crisis.

Kennedy called me at home during the height of it. "We have two messages from Khrushchev. One is tough, the other is conciliatory. What should we do?"

"Read them to me," I said.

He read them. When he was finished, I told him, "Pretend you never got the tough one and reply to the conciliatory one."

"But..." he said.

"Listen," I said, "we're eyeball to eyeball and I think they'll blink."

Later on, an airline stewardess told me, as she washed my back, "Jack says you saved the world from being destroyed."

To keep from being bored, I wrote a column for *The Washington Post* and 500 other newspapers. It was incisive and appealed to both the intellectual and the man in the street. It was must reading in the capitals of the world, and very few leaders made a move before they had read what I had to say. Walter Lippmann and I were friendly competitors and, while we

(concluded on page 170)



"You did too promise to read to me if I was good."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 87)

machine to join the lengths of pipe or did you just happen to find the pipe threaded at both ends?

RAY: No, I didn't have no machine. You can accumulate that stuff over a certain length of time.

PLAYBOY: Where did you hide it?

RAY: I didn't hide it. I just left it where it was at. When you get ready, just take it.

PLAYBOY: And you put the pieces of pipe in your pants legs?

RAY: Yes, that's one of the methods—that's how I carried them to the yard, but I'm not sure we should go into all the details. Trade secrets and all that.

PLAYBOY: You couldn't possibly have carried it all by yourself that way.

RAY: I wouldn't want to comment on that.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to put it together once you were in the yard?

RAY: Oh, it didn't take long at all once I got started on it. Ten or fifteen minutes.

PLAYBOY: You mean you were out in the yard for 15 minutes putting the ladder together? And no guards noticed?

RAY: Yeah. Well, it was coincidental that a fight broke out. They were breaking the fights up. It wasn't a laxity of the guards or anything, the only thing was that this coincidence happened that we—that I—got a few breaks when the fight started.

PLAYBOY: Did you wait until the fight started before assembling?

RAY: Soon as the fight started, I started right then, because that was just the break I got. They were trying to keep the fight controlled.

PLAYBOY: People are going to find it difficult to believe the fight was coincidental.

RAY: I think so. Well, they tried a guy today. He fights all the time. They give him 15 days, established that he didn't know anything about the escape. I told him I would testify if it was necessary, but he said they didn't charge him. The fight was a good distraction, but it just happened that way. There was no large conspiracy.

PLAYBOY: Uh-huh. Not even a small one?

RAY: Not even a small fistfight.

PLAYBOY: Were you worried about getting shot as you climbed over the wall?

RAY: I thought about it later, but I didn't think about it too much as I was going over.

PLAYBOY: You never feared for your life?

RAY: Well, I wouldn't want to get killed going over the wall, but I think the escape was worth the effort. I was scared at one point. The pipe that I had was too short and it wouldn't reach the top of the wall where there was a break in the electric fence, so I moved it over to where the wall was about two feet lower. It touched the fence and the electric shock knocked me off the ladder. It must have

knocked the circuits out, because when I hit the fence again, the electricity wasn't going.

PLAYBOY: Did someone in the prison turn off the power for you?

RAY: Oh, no. No one else was involved. In fact, I didn't know anything about the other guys until I got up on the hill and I heard somebody run up beside me, so I figured someone may have been following me. Then I heard a bunch of shots and I heard cheering.

PLAYBOY: Cheering?

RAY: Yeah. Later on, I found out what it was. They shot the last guy to escape and he fell down. When he got up, the prisoners watching started cheering. Then they shot him again.

PLAYBOY: They shot him a second time?

RAY: Shot him in the head the second time. It just grazed him and knocked him out.

PLAYBOY: Did you hear anything else as you went away?

RAY: No. I heard them talking once or twice; sound carries quite a way in the mountains. I just kept going. Finally, the

"I carried the pieces of the ladder into the yard inside my pants legs, but I'm not sure we should go into all the details. Trade secrets and all that."

talk died out and that's the last that I heard. That's wilderness out there. I must have been places up there that no person's ever been, way back up in some of those gullies. There's heavy brush up there and things like that.

PLAYBOY: What was it like out there?

RAY: The mountains are pretty good. You hear a lot of rumors that there's all these snakes. I didn't see no snakes. All I saw was two squirrels and a ground hog. He was about two feet high and about five foot long. He ran before I did.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel free?

RAY: Yes; I'd rather be out there than in here.

PLAYBOY: What were you thinking about?

RAY: Usually, a food problem is what you have out there.

PLAYBOY: Did you take any provisions?

RAY: Just wheat germ. Mostly, I thought about food, that's the problem when you get out there. This time of year, there's nothing up there except green berries.

PLAYBOY: It would seem that after nine years in prison, the fact that you were out in the woods on your own would make you absolutely ecstatic.

RAY: Well, effectively, I was glad. Of course, you feel better than in jail, but, like I said, you don't have any food or anything. There is physical discomfort. But I think that the mental makes up for the physical. I can't describe all this. I felt fairly well mentally. I've been through this before, you know. If I had got out of the area, it might have been different. But ecstatic? I think that might be exaggerating a little bit.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any memories of your 54 and a half hours of freedom that stand out—were there any high points for you?

RAY: I was on one particular mountain one time—that must have been the highest point out there. You could see various towns and you could see a long ways off. That's a nice sight from up there. Something like California, like looking over Los Angeles; I was there once. I understand that a lot of people go up into these mountains to get away from it all, to be up that high. It's kind of a solitary feeling up there. I never did hear any dogs. These mountains are a big range. . . . The planes were flying over and they'd come back every ten or fifteen minutes, so they really didn't know where I was.

PLAYBOY: Could you hear the guards tracking you?

RAY: No. Later I heard they couldn't find the guard in charge of the dogs, but it would have been difficult to find me, anyway, because there were seven or eight men running in different directions and the dogs couldn't pick up all the trails. The reason that I got caught was more or less an accident. When it rains, the dogs can pick up a scent easier. I think it rained at six o'clock and I got arrested sometime later on that morning.

PLAYBOY: How did you react when those dogs came sniffing around you?

RAY: Actually, I didn't know the dogs were around. I thought they would bark. They used to have a lead dog here that would bark all the time, but they got rid of him and they got these new ones that are silent. They get up on you before you know it. Well, I looked up and they wasn't more than 20 feet away from me. They had five or six police with them. I lay on my back and just threw a few leaves over me, but it didn't do any good, because the dogs had my scent. And I didn't think nothin'. They just got me. That was it. They told me to get up. I just thought if they had me, I couldn't have got away if they was that close. They just handcuffed me and that was that. They asked me if anyone else was around

(continued on page 134)



UNLESS YOU'VE SPENT the past year or two locked inside a bathysphere, you're probably all too familiar with a phenomenon known popularly as the power of the pyramid. Supposedly, the geometric shape of the pyramid emits some mystical energy that keeps razor blades sharp, energizes water, prevents fruit from spoiling and mummifies dead lower species, such as goldfish, cats and Egyptians. Nobody really knows for sure why this happens, and neither do we, but it seems to work, so who cares? Rather than offer any of the assorted theories and postulates on the matter, we've simply supplied you with your very own pyramid kit comprised of: (A) a cut-out-and-fold pyramid with a suitably incomprehensible set of instructions (razor blades, fruit and dead lower species not included); (B) a far-reaching and farfetched article on the mystery of the pyramids by amateur Pyramidalist John Hughes; and (C) a couple of our own speculations on a few heretofore unexplored powers of the pyramid.

*turns out the egyptians had a good thing going;
and now you don't have to wait until you die to enjoy it*

PYRAMID POWER

DIRECTIONS FOR ASSEMBLING YOUR PYRAMID

1. To remove pyramid from page, cut along perforated lines with scissors or razor blade. If scissors or blade is not sharp enough to cut paper, this is a good indication that you are in desperate need of pyramid.

2. Fold pyramid into shape along scored lines and slip latch into latch slit. (Historical note: It took 240,000 Jewish slaves to insert the latch into the latch slit of the Great Pyramid of Giza.)

3. For best results, the pyramid should be aligned along a true north/south line. To do this, you'll need a compass. If you can't find one, it probably means you're lost. If so, locate the North Star and follow it to the nearest Woolworth's and buy a compass. Or mug a boy scout.

4. Locate magnetic north on your compass to establish your north/south line. Then call up your local Federal Aviation

Administration (there should be a listing in the phone book) and find out the deviation of true north from magnetic north in your area. (Note: If your area doesn't have a local FAA office, invert your pyramid and use as a pooper scooper, call a friend with a good sense of direction or walk in a straight line until you hit Canada, Mexico or an ocean.) Adjust the deviation from magnetic north. For example, if the deviation in your area is five degrees east, align your pyramid five degrees east of north on your compass.

5. Now that you've established your north/south line, align one side of the pyramid along that line (remember which

side it is) and tape the pyramid down so the cat won't drag it across the room. If you don't have a cat, tape it down anyway, because, since the pyramid is so mysterious and powerful, there's no telling when it might walk off on its own power and catch the next steamer to Cairo. (Historical note: The ancient Egyptian Pharaohs did not tape down their pyramids, a fact that has baffled scholars for centuries.)

6. Get a matchbox about one inch high (this will be the platform on which the razor blades, etc., will be placed) and put it in the center of the pyramid, thus setting up a scaled-down version of the king's-chamber level. (Cheops didn't actually lie on a matchbox—most Egyptian Pharaohs used Zippos.)

7. If you've followed these directions accurately, congratulations—you should now have something that looks like a folded piece of cardboard with a box inside

it taped to a table. Now, wasn't that easy? Don't you wish you'd been a Pharaoh? Try sharpening a razor blade first (Cheops always tested his pyramids with a razor first, since it was hell finding a decent barber in the afterlife). Make sure you align the blade along the north/south line, parallel to the north/south line of the taped edge of the pyramid. Otherwise, your razor will turn into a tuna casserole. For loughs, you can also try

reviving half-dead flowers, dehydrating food, energizing water and a number of other totally useless things. If none of that works, don't call us, call Anwar Sadat collect and complain to him.



THE MYSTERIOUS MYSTERY OF THE PYRAMIDS, or, CHEOPS THRILLS

By JOHN HUGHES

FOR CENTURIES, the Great Pyramid at Giza has bewildered scholars, scientists and the common man. How was it built? For what purpose? Covering more than 13 acres, constructed of 2,300,000 stone blocks, each weighing up to 15 tons, precisely joined and reaching a height of 481 feet, the Great Pyramid makes us feel ashamed that we take pride in keeping a clean closet.

It sits silently in the desert, making a mockery of our attempts to understand it. We discover that the height minus the sum of the sides equals U. S. Grant's hat size. When we sleep in its interior, our mustaches rise from our lips and dabs of chocolate appear on our noses. But when we try to make something of these bizarre bits of information, we are frustrated. That frustration is intensified by the fact that no written records exist from the period during which the Great Pyramid was constructed. As we study the Great

Pyramid, there is always that nagging question in the back of our minds: If they could build that incredible monument, why couldn't they make a pen?

PYRAMID POWER

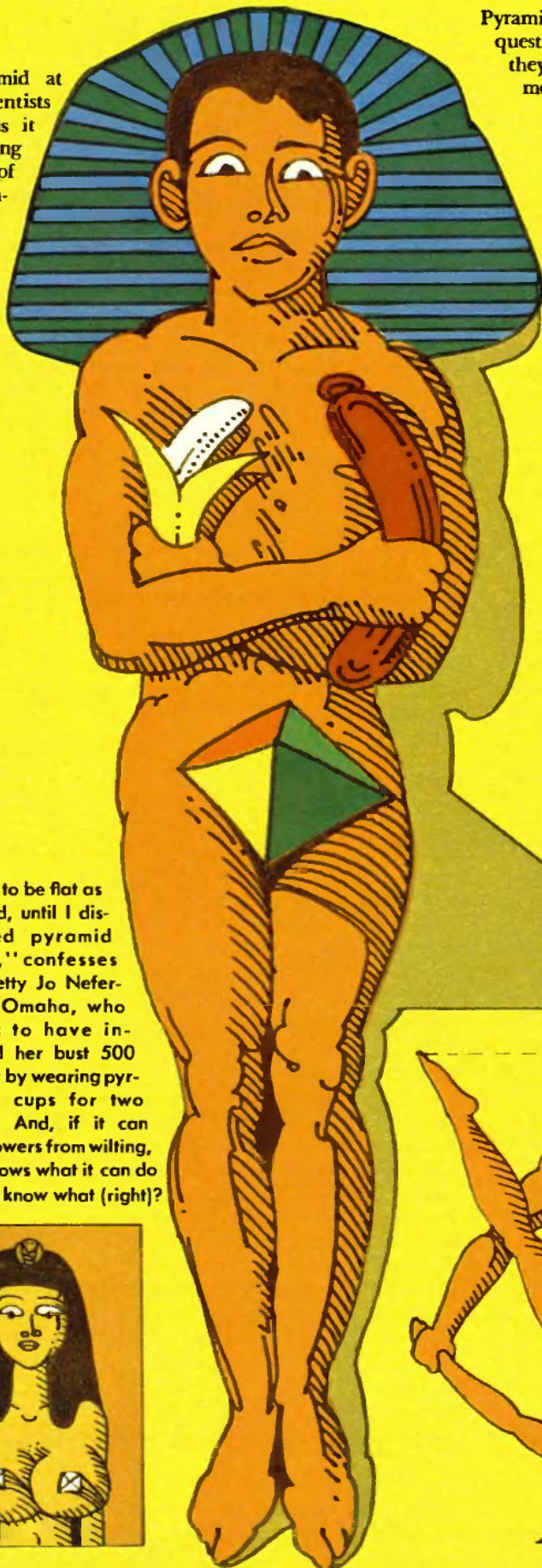
Energy is passing through us all the time, though we do not sense it, even when it is in our underwear. The pyramidal shape apparently receives, sorts and focuses this energy. By putting objects or even ourselves into pyramidal models based on the ratios of the Great Pyramid, profound effects can be produced.

- In 1959, a Hungarian scientist discovered that when he sat in a pyramid model, he could sing like Patti Page.

- Watches placed in pyramids do not tick. They make a "bo-do-dee-oh" sound.

- When a Cornell researcher put a razor blade into a pyramid, the entire Notre Dame defensive line woke up with shaved legs.

The ability of the pyramid to focus energy appears to have a



"I used to be flat as a board, until I discovered pyramid power," confesses Mrs. Betty Jo Nefer-titi of Omaha, who claims to have increased her bust 500 percent by wearing pyramidal cups for two months. And, if it can keep flowers from wilting, who knows what it can do for you know what (right)?



For long-lasting sex, try the pyramid position. You'll stay as rigid as King Tut has for almost as long.



mind-altering effect on humans. Awareness is said to increase and the body is overcome with a sensation subjects have described as similar to having a water hose up one's pants leg. Meditation is said to be easier inside a pyramid and reports of people leaving their bodies and riding the bus for free are quite common. But perhaps the most interesting aspect of this mind-altering effect is the physiological transformation that has been observed by Dr. Claus Lomar:

In 1968, I was doing research on pants, sharing my facilities with a graduate student who was studying the pyramidal shape. One afternoon, the student accidentally placed a pyramid model over a pair of worsted slacks. When I removed the pyramid, I noticed that the slacks had been tapered and cuffed. I hypothesized that if the pyramid could perform alterations on trousers, it could do the same for humans. I placed a subject inside a larger model and, after 12 hours, X-rayed the cranium and observed side vents and a watch pocket on the right hemisphere of the brain. The subject has noticed an increase in mental and physical ability. He is calm and relaxed and, despite a compulsion to keep buttons in his hat, he is a happier person.

Inevitably, pyramid research has entered the area of human sexuality. Independent sex researchers Bertrand and Elsa Quam have recently completed a five-year, 20,000-orgasm study of the effects of the pyramid upon sexuality. They report that:

- After sexual intercourse performed inside a pyramid, no one says thank you.
- Prior to orgasm, both partners imagine that their parents are watching them.
- After orgasm, men feel dejected and "used," while women's thoughts turn to fishing and getting drunk.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT PYRAMID

The ancient Egyptians believed in an afterlife in which the soul returned to the body. If the soul could not find the body it had left, it would hide in a fez until an unsuspecting person put it on. Because of this belief, the Egyptians preserved the bodies of their dead by wrapping them in cloth. The bodies would then be placed in tombs, along with articles they would need for the journey to the afterlife, such as traveler's checks and highway bingo games.

Over the years, tomb designs became more complex as the royalty experimented with various shapes—rectangles, orbs, split-level ranches. Finally, Pharaoh Dozier, a Third Dynasty king, settled on

the pyramidal shape. Dozier's successor, Snerfu, attempted to improve upon Dozier's design by building a massive inverted pyramid. The structure collapsed under its own weight and killed 180,000 workers. Facing astronomical liability suits, Snerfu begged noblemen to let him spend eternity in a corner of his tomb, promising not to make any noise or mess. Snerfu's son, Cheops, inspired by his father's inventiveness and yet wary of his folly, ordered the construction of the massive Great Pyramid at Giza.

BUILDING THE GREAT PYRAMID

Many engineers agree that today it would be impossible to construct the Great Pyramid. So how did people who worshiped insects and kept dates in their robes accomplish this tricky feat? There are three theories:

The Slave Theory: By promising them reincarnation as bandleaders, Cheops was able to convince hundreds of thousands of men to work as temporary slaves at salaries below scale. Over a 30-year period, this massive work force cut, transported and fitted the stones into place while Cheops worked with decorators, deciding upon interior colors, fabrics and accessories.

The Levitation Theory: It is believed that Egyptian priests possessed the power to levitate objects. This power, along with the ability to make camels cough, has been lost over the ages and the only record of its ever existing appears in the writings of a Seventh Dynasty scribe, Omar the Cuddly, who wrote: "A holy man came into our house and raised my father from his seat. He placed a thorn upon the chair. Then he lowered my father upon the thorn and laughed with glee." It has been suggested that the priests levitated and lowered the enormous stones into place. The originator of that theory, Dr. Hoag Rodgers, attempted to illustrate the power by levitating the pyramid in 1909 but succeeded only in tearing the seat of his pants.

The Alien-Beings Theory: Because of the advanced construction techniques, the knowledge of mathematics and the scope of the project, many scientists have pointed to alien beings as the builders of the Great Pyramid. As the theory goes, those alien beings landed in Egypt to enjoy the weather and to catch a few rays. They constructed the Great Pyramid to serve as a riverside cabana, where they could change into swimming suits and escape the hot sun. Huge bathrobes, goggles, flippers and float toys found buried beneath the Great Pyramid would seem to validate that theory.

THE STORAGE-SPACE MYSTERY

The Great Pyramid covers an area of more than 13 acres, but, oddly enough,

within this huge structure there is only one closet. There is no cabinet space, no attic, a pitifully small basement and no garage. Why would people of such obvious intellect not consider resale value?

WHERE IS CHEOPS?

It also seems very odd that after erecting this monstrous tomb, Cheops would not be in it. There are two possibilities—either he died while out of town or he never died. There is an Egyptian legend about a king who gained immortality by lending a dinner jacket to a wizard. It is very likely that this king is Cheops.

THE CURSE OF THE GREAT PYRAMID

Legend has it that Napoleon visited the Great Pyramid and spent the night in the king's chamber. When he emerged in the morning, he was pale and shaken. An aide asked him what had happened and Napoleon replied, "I was visited by a spirit who goosed me and accused me of wearing risers in my shoes." Shortly thereafter, he lost control of his bladder and had to be told when and when not to go to the bathroom.

An American industrialist, Marshall Bothwell, and his party visited the Great Pyramid in 1902 and encountered the same supernatural forces. Bothwell later wrote that an eerie coldness had overcome him and a voice had asked him if he had an erection. Three members of his party went through rapid changes in racial characteristics and, for years after, Bothwell's hat would blow off for no reason.

Hundreds of such incidents have been recorded. Even tourists are stunned when their film comes back showing not the Great Pyramid but the Pat Boone family at Christmas.

A WORD OF CAUTION

It must be remembered at all times that the pyramid is still not completely understood and has powers that may be unpredictable and uncontrollable. Therefore, never perform experiments alone. Always have someone nearby who can remove you if something goes awry. Never put anyone with poor health, red hair or buckteeth into a pyramid. Avoid prolonged exposure to the pyramid powers. When you do experiment, remember Leo Fecklburg. Telling no one, he spent six weeks inside a pyramid model with his Master Charge bill, hoping to have it miraculously paid off, and, instead, wound up in the British Museum classified as pre-Columbian earthenware.



PLAYMATE'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS AUGUST

PLAYMATE'S PROGRESS

*jean manson's swing
from gatefold girl to european
recording star has been
spectacular.
all this and talent, too*

WHEN WE CHOSE Jean Manson as our Playmate for August 1974, we knew she had talent. *Not Just Another Pretty Body*, we titled her centerfold story. At the time, though, we—and she—expected her to hit the headlines as a film star. Instead, she went to Europe: first to Spain to visit her parents, then to Italy and finally (flourish of trumpets) to France, where she has suddenly become one of the country's top vocalists. Since Jean in French is masculine, and she is obviously anything but, she records for CBS Disques in France under the name Jeane Manson; that's her first album cover below. Jean/Jeane's first hit (text concluded on page 103)

Yes, indeed, the lady has a great set of pipes. Critics have compared her voice with Rita Coolidge's and the divine Miss M's. Although the words to her hit single *La Chapelle de Harlem* are French, the soul is American.





Her voice is soft and sultry. A dark flame. A warm shadow. Listening, you try to imagine what she would look like in bed next to you. You would not be far wrong.







On *La Chapelle de Harlem*, her voice is strong, clear, soaring. On *Les Larmes aux Yeux* (*The Tears of Your Eyes*), she is vulnerable, tender. Jean has always wanted to be an actress. Now she is—a song is her stage.



single, *Avant de Nous Dire Adieu* (*Before We Say Goodbye*), sold nearly a million records throughout Europe; it was number one in France, in the top three in Belgium and Switzerland, and in the top ten in Holland and Spain. Next came *Une Femme* (*A Woman*), which made the top 20 in France, Belgium and Switzerland. Her current hit, *La*

Chapelle de Harlem (*The Chapel in Harlem*), is already in France's top ten. The fact that Jean is trilingual (English, French, Spanish) has boosted her Continental recording success. So has her determination to make something of herself. As she said in '74, "I don't want people to think I'm just another dumb blonde."



PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 67)*

evidence. If he is innocent of the charge, I have great sympathy for him. I deplore any miscarriage of justice, and his is an unfortunate case. However, his contention that "any woman who alleges that she is the victim of a rape should be compelled to undergo every conceivable examination to prove she is telling the truth" is absurd. First of all, a woman who has been the victim of criminal sexual aggression has *always* had to prove that the act occurred, but nowhere in any common definition of rape does it say that a woman must be a virgin or a nun in order for an act of sexual assault to be considered rape. For McKenna, a man with a history of criminal aggression, to feel outrage that a woman's history is not also taken into account is ridiculous. His complaints suggest that the woman in a rape case is somehow guilty of past sexual experience and therefore it would be impossible for her to contend that she has been raped. This would also mean that a woman, by choosing to become sexually active, is giving up her right to choose what is to be done with her body. She would, in effect, become fair game to any man who chose to use her.

My advice to all men: Be sure that you have permission to have sex with a woman, no matter who she is. Women, for their part, should remember that they can rarely count on courts to protect them from men who think a female body is public domain. Be on guard and be prepared to fight for those rights that have been unprotected in the past.

Karin Bass
Oak Park, Illinois

THE WARMER SEX

Now that the Equal Rights Amendment movement seems to have fizzled out, I would like to suggest to feminists that they direct their efforts toward a more realistic goal; namely, fighting for a tax rebate for all women under the Federal energy-conservation program, on the grounds that we are better insulated than men.

Janel Garvin
Phoenix, Arizona

THE LIMITS OF EQUALITY

The issue of sexual equality is a real problem for me. I have no disagreement with the concepts of equal pay for equal work and equality of opportunity for men and women. I don't believe that any individual is superior to any other individual. I do, however, fear the loss of men's and women's distinct sexual identities.

I am wondering whether the movement

toward equality will deprive women of their femininity. I don't define femininity in terms of the helpless, scatterbrained, ever-in-need-of-protection stereotypes of women. Femininity to me is an intangible—perhaps indefinable—quality in a woman that complements the masculinity in a man. Femininity is that characteristic of a woman that elicits a man's respect and admiration. I view men's and women's roles in this society as complementary. I believe a man's role is to make a woman feel like a woman and a woman's role is to make a man feel like a man.

I believe that a woman can compete on equal terms with men and still maintain her femininity. But will she? Will she become so engrossed in the pursuit of equality that the only time she will become a woman will be during the sex act? I don't want to live in a society where the only distinction between man and woman is what they do with their genitals in sexual intercourse. If we blur sex roles,

"We're down to a question of genitals. At that level, men always lose."

as we will certainly do if we don't define the limits of equality, where will we be? Do we want a unisexual society?

MTC Barron Farrier, U.S.N.
Millington, Tennessee

JESUS' LOOK-ALIKES

Pope Paul's pronouncement that women can never be priests provoked an amusing response from John McCormally, editor of the Burlington, Iowa, *Hawk-Eye*. Pointing out that the Pope declared that women can't be priests because "priests must bear a physical resemblance to Jesus," McCormally writes:

One doubts that he thought it through. To have a physical resemblance to Jesus, all priests would, if one takes the best historical evidence, have to be somewhat swarthy, 5'6", Jewish-looking gentlemen. Where would that leave all those roly-poly, red-faced Irishmen, who were the mainstay of the American Church for so long; or, for that matter, all those gaunt Italians? The "physical resemblance" thing may have worked for a while, keeping the priesthood all white, but now one doubts Jesus himself would recognize his physical resemblance to

all those black and Indian and Chinese priests—and even cardinals—who presume to preach his word around the globe. Nor, one suspects, would he care.

McCormally goes on to say that at least the Pope isn't claiming that women have no souls, nor is he saying they're intellectually inferior to men. No, he remarks, "We're down to a question of genitals. At that level, men always lose."

Marguerite D. Campbell
West Burlington, Iowa

THE NEW BIGOTRY

In a supposedly enlightened age, in which people are concerned about discrimination on the basis of race or sex, something needs to be said about the prejudice against new religions, such as the Unification Church, the International Society for Krishna Consciousness and the Children of God. A small number of people have figured out a way to make money from the controversy by convincing parents that they can persuade their offspring to give up his or her new religion. The parents get soaked and are the real victims, dupes of the deprogrammers. Young people who have freely chosen a new religion have a right to be protected, even from their parents.

Former Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz was forced to resign because he made a derogatory joke about blacks. The press jumped to criticize Butz, but hundreds of times I have seen newspapers and heard radio and TV use the word cult to refer to these new minority religions. If a newspaper wrote of homosexuals as fags, blacks as niggers and Jews as kikes, it would be in deep trouble, yet no one objects when the press refers to Unification Church members as Moonies.

I searched and studied philosophies in college, both Occidental and Oriental, and I realize because of it that our society has come to an impasse in terms of its values. Who is to say that these new religions are not providing a breakthrough that is desperately needed in our value system?

John Thayer
Northridge, California

AMNESTY

Robert Landers apparently thinks all Vietnam vets oppose the Presidential pardon for draft evaders (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Not true. I served in Vietnam from December 1965 to October 1967. During that time, I never saw one military objective accomplished. My morale during that period fell to an all-time low, and I must admit that at times I myself felt like deserting. Are draft evaders and deserters cowards or true moral objectors to killing? Only they

(continued on page 177)



"My God! I forgot to take my pill!"

the women wear veils in riyadh, so the ex-veep tries the night life in rome

article **By AARON LATHAM**

THE ROMAN RESTAURANT was as empty as political rhetoric. At first we thought Passetto's dining room was closed, but by Italian standards, we were simply too early for dinner. It was 8:30 P.M., a June evening in 1975. The maitre de seated us at the end of a long row of deserted tables. When a man in a tuxedo finally condescended to take our order, we asked for two veal dishes that came after a long wait. We two barbarous early diners were hungrily sacking our table when another customer entered to help dispel the loneliness. Naturally, at that hour, he was another American.

Lesley Stahl, my dinner companion, announced: "As I live and breathe, it's Spiro T. Agnew."

Agnew was alone. With a restaurant of empty tables to choose from, the maitre de seated the former Vice-President at the table next to ours. Lesley and I started to giggle. Ever since Spiro Agnew had resigned the Vice-Presidency 20 months earlier, every reporter in Washington had been looking for him. And here we were, sitting by sheer accident at his well-tailored elbow. I challenged Lesley to speak to him.

Lesley replied, "You say something."

I said, "You're more aggressive; you say something."

Grown-up, intrepid journalists both, we were afraid to say anything. Here was a man who made a career of attacking the press and who was certainly sick of being pursued by the press. We could not bring ourselves to ruin the evening of a ruined man. We resigned ourselves to returning home to tell our friends we had had dinner with Agnew—then admitting he had been at the next table and we hadn't said a word.

"You're Americans, aren't you?" Agnew asked suddenly.

"It's worse than that," Lesley said.

"What do you mean?" Agnew wanted to know.

"We're reporters," she explained. "But it's even worse than that."

"What could be worse than that?" he asked.

"I work for CBS," she admitted.

I started to tell Agnew that I worked for *New York* magazine, a liberal bastion, but I was drowned out by his laughter. He could not believe he had come all the way to Rome to sit next to Lesley Stahl of CBS, the network that was his particular nemesis during his

Washington years. He was on his way to Saudi Arabia on business.

"Well, Aaron, what's your background?" Agnew asked.

"I was born and grew up in Texas," I said. I was flattered by his interest.

"Aaron, what's your family background?"

"My father used to be a high school football coach," I said. "The family's lived in Texas for years."

"But what's your background?"

I gave him my whole *curriculum vitae*. Undergraduate at Amherst College. Grad school at Princeton. I was amazed that he wanted to know so much about me.

Exasperated, Agnew asked, "Aaron, what's your religion?"

"I was brought up a Methodist," I said.

Agnew looked relieved.

Turning to Lesley, he said, "You may not believe this, but some of my best friends aren't Jews."

We sat there wondering whether he was trying to be funny, serious or both. We could not think of anything to say. We later heard that Agnew often uses that line in Arab countries where he goes to do business. He reportedly points out that many of those who gave evidence against him, as well as those who prosecuted him, were Jewish.

He tells the Arabs he knows how they feel.

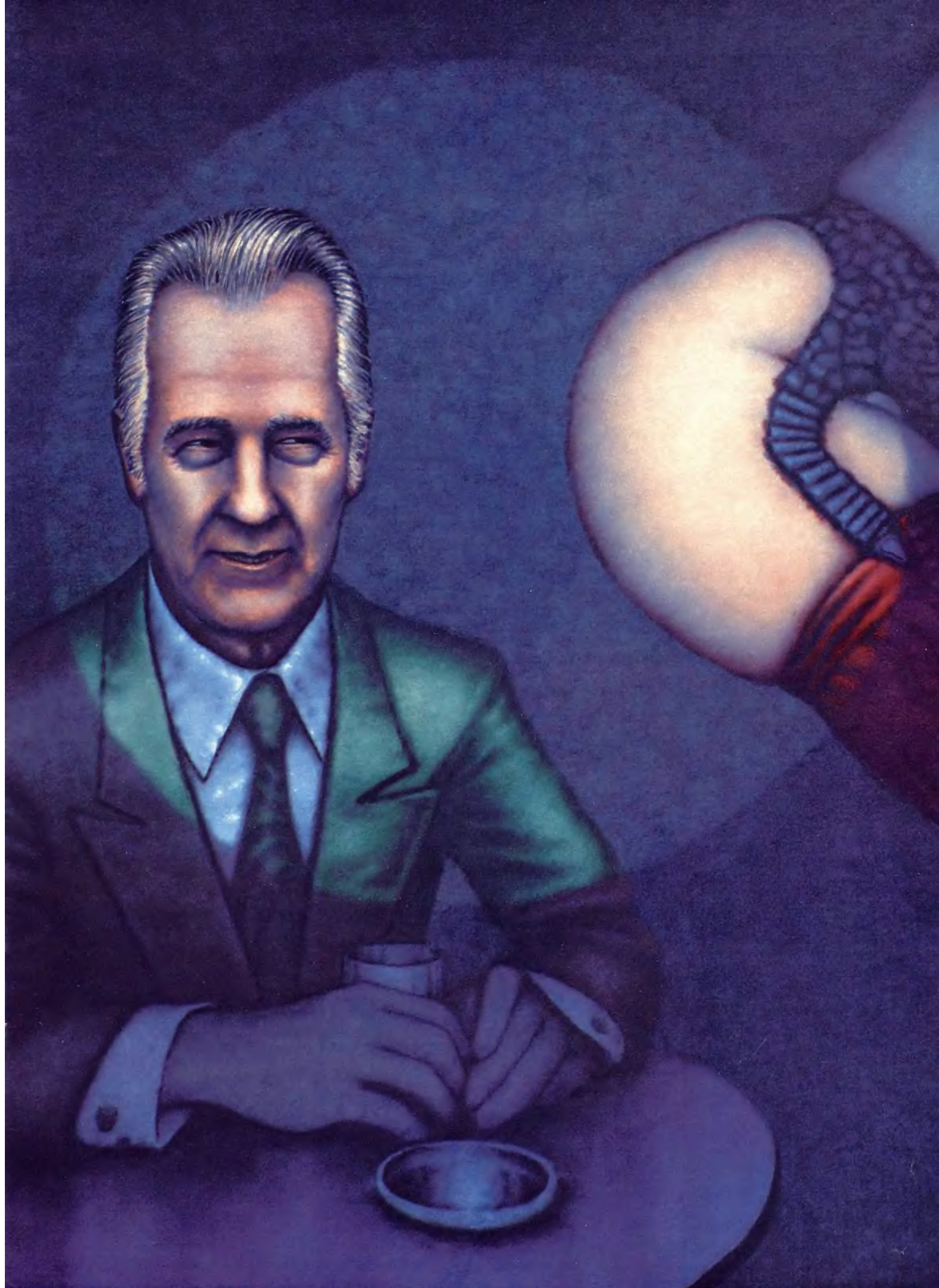
Not knowing any of this, Lesley and I were simply puzzled. We turned to less sensitive topics. Agnew said he would never regret having been Vice-President of the United States, because it had given him a chance to meet so many world leaders, many of whom he had studied when he was in school. Lesley asked how the older generation of world leaders had treated him as a member of the younger generation. He said that the older leaders had been through those largely ceremonial meetings so many times that they often seemed half-asleep. He considered it a challenge to wake them up and make them remember which American Vice-President he was. I searched my memory for the oldest leader I could think of. Then I asked him how he had tried to get the attention of a man like Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

Agnew's eyes sparkled and he said, "I told him I had a great admiration for the Italians."

We liked Spiro Agnew at that moment as much as we would ever like him. The evening

**SPIRO
AGNEW
LOOKS
FOR
A
GOOD
TIME**

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE



had a curve to it, beginning with a poised Agnew with a sense of humor and sloping to an Agnew possessed of self-pity. We went downhill literally, ending up, appropriately, underground.

In the beginning, Lesley and I were being careful with the former Vice-President. Afraid tough questions might frighten him off, we led the conversation down a banal path. I said I was in Rome researching a novel; he said he was writing a novel, too, so we compared experiences.

He said that by then he had written about 250 pages and really knew his characters. I said I kept forgetting my characters' names. I asked which novelists he read and admired. He said his favorite was James Michener. I thought: I might have known. I told him that Lesley was reading my novel as I wrote and asked if his wife did the same. He said, no, he wouldn't let her, because the Vice-President in his story had an affair with a member of the Cabinet.

An Italian woman in black pants as tight as an olive's skin passed in front of us. She was so beautiful she momentarily stopped conversation. Agnew broke the silence by saying he couldn't stand women in pants. He couldn't see what Lesley was wearing. Pants.

Lesley and I shied away from political questions the way one avoids mentioning sight around blind people. But our artsy-craftsy talk about the novel business eventually bored him. A curious role reversal developed: He became the reporter and we became the elusive politicians. Agnew started interviewing *New York* and CBS.

"Who do you think the Democratic Presidential nominee will be?" the former Vice-President asked, looking ahead one year to the 1976 convention.

We waffled.

"It might be Teddy Kennedy," I said. "On the other hand, it might be somebody else. It's too early to tell."

Agnew said, "I think Lloyd Bentsen will be the next President of the United States."

We naturally asked how he had come to that conclusion. He said the so-called Silent Majority wanted to vote for a conservative, but they didn't want to vote for a Republican. We asked: Why not?

"Because they feel they were betrayed by Nixon and Agnew," said Agnew.

As it turned out, of course, Agnew had the right idea but the wrong candidate. The American people were ready for a Democrat with a conservative image. Agnew's only problem was that he knew who Lloyd Bentsen was. The former Vice-President, who was once headlined as Spiro Who, had very likely never heard of Jimmy Who.

"What do you think of Kissinger?"

Agnew asked, continuing the interview.

I said, "On the one hand, he's very smart. On the other hand, Vietnam didn't work out very well. Still, he can be very funny. . . ."

Agnew said, "I think he's a disaster."

The former Vice-President said that Kissinger used his academic credentials to pass himself off as an intellectual—but he really wasn't one. Agnew complained that Kissinger had no over-all plan but just dealt with each crisis as it came along, like a fire fighter.

Another American—naturally, at that hour—came into the restaurant. He came over and shook Agnew's hand. Lesley said she supposed that must happen to him a lot. Agnew said it did. Lesley said people respected him because he resigned when he got into trouble, whereas Nixon put the country through a terrible ordeal by trying to hang on to power for so long.

Agnew said, "Nixon's a bastard."

He did not elaborate.

Lesley and I finished our main course and Agnew insisted on buying us cappuccinos. We reflexively declined. He accused us of not trusting him. Rather than admit to not trusting the least trustworthy Vice-President in American history, we accepted his largess. Agnew told the waiter to bring us some good cappuccino and, if the restaurant didn't have any, to send out for some.

The former Vice-President said he had been in Rome all day but had seen none of the city. He asked us to show it to him. Agnew said he wanted to see Rome because he was on his way to Riyadh, "where they roll up the sidewalks at four P.M. and all the women wear veils." We agreed to a tour.

Agnew skipped dessert and coffee in order to finish his meal at the same time we finished ours. We walked to the door with a man who had been complaining all evening about how poor he was, who claimed he had not brought his wife along on this trip because he couldn't afford it, who said he had "never planned to work this hard at this age." Stepping out of the restaurant, we were confronted with a limousine built on the scale of Cleopatra's barge.

"Well, in Riyadh they roll up the sidewalks at four P.M.," Agnew said. "Where'll we go?"

"Piazza Navona," we said. It was our favorite piazza in all Rome. We loved the church and the fountain.

Agnew told us to tell the driver, Carlos, where to go.

"Carlos, take us to Piazza Navona," we said knowingly.

Carlos stepped on the gas; the long car pulled ahead 100 feet and stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You're there," Carlos announced.

We had eaten dinner across the street from the Piazza Navona. Now Agnew

knew he was in the hands of competent guides.

Leading the former Vice-President into the piazza, we explained to him that those two Baroque giants, Bernini and Borromini, had fought it out architecturally in the square. Bernini got his licks in first by building a fountain adorned with a figure who covered his face in anticipation of confronting the yet-to-be-built Borromini church. Then Borromini got in his licks. He constructed a beautiful domed. . . .

We never finished the story. Agnew was bored. This charming piazza was not exactly what he had in mind when he asked us to show him Rome. This moment was a turning point for us. We liked Agnew less for not liking our piazza.

As we were leaving the square, I tried to think of a topic of conversation that might interest the former Vice-President. I finally asked him if he had been in Riyadh since King Faisal died. He said he hadn't and so was anxious to see how much had changed. I asked him what he thought of the new leaders of Saudi Arabia. Agnew said he had serious misgivings, because the new king was a sick man and the crown prince was corrupt. There was an embarrassing silence.

"It may sound funny to hear Agnew talk about corruption," he said at last, "but I think the crown prince is a dangerously corrupt man."

Lesley, who felt a need to be nice to this wounded man, said she imagined he dwelled upon the accusations made against him more than other people did.

"I think about corruption all the time," Agnew said. "I wake up at four o'clock in the morning in a cold sweat thinking about corruption."

We left the Piazza Navona and returned to poor Agnew's rich car.

"Well, in Riyadh they roll up the sidewalks at four o'clock and all the women wear veils," the former Vice-President said. "Where'll we go now?"

"Saint Peter's," we said.

At least the Pope's church was more than a block away. When we arrived, we walked around the huge square, telling the former Vice-President all about the fountains. He was bored. This wasn't what he had in mind, either. Carlos pointed to a lighted window in the Vatican Palace and said, "The Pope is still awake." And at that very moment, the light went out. Even Agnew, who had once met world leaders face to face but was now on the outside looking in like the rest of us, seemed amazed.

We got back in the long black limousine.

"Well, in Riyadh all the women wear veils," Agnew said. "Where to now?"

"The Colosseum," replied his guides.

On the drive over, Lesley asked Agnew
(concluded on page 128)

A MOON IN JUNE

BY LOYD LITTLE

IN THE ALMOST DAWN, THE **VIRIDESCENT BUTTERFLIES** GATHERED AND HOVERED IN A FORMATION TEN THOUSAND FEET HIGH. THEY WERE STACKED LAYER UPON LAYER, A MILLION OR MORE IN EACH TIER. EVERY MORNING FOR A WEEK, THEY HAD FLOWN UP AND TODAY ALL HAD ARRIVED **FINALLY**, THEY TURNED EAST,

CREATING IN THEIR WAKE **MAELSTROMS** THAT WOULD ROLL UNCHECKED ACROSS AN **NAKED CONTINENT**. AS THEY PASSED OVER THE SHORE LINE, A **SHADOW** JUMPED ONTO THE WATER, A **SHADOW** A THOUSAND MILES WIDE, AND RACED ON THE WAVE TIPS, LIKE SOME **GIANT HAND** FROM **HELL**.

MUTANTS SPAWNED DURING THE LAST WAR. A **GENETIC MADNESS**. THEIR WINGS STRETCHED SIX FEET FROM TIP TO TIP AND WERE **PORRACEOUS GREEN**, STREAKED WITH **SCARLET**.

LIKE FLUNG BLOOD, THEIR BODIES WERE A DARKER, **BILIOUS GREEN** AND AS LARGE AS A MAN'S. BUT IT WASN'T THEIR SIZE OR COLORING NOR THE FACT THAT THEY FLEW IN **STAGGERED FORMATIONS** TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF EACH OTHER'S LIFTING POWER THAT STUNNED THOSE WHO HAD EVER SEEN THEM. **NO**, IT WAS THE **EYES** THAT TRIGGERED A FAR DEEPER, **TERROR**. **WHITE, COLD-WHITE, ICE-WHITE** IRISES ON **BLACK EYEBALLS**. INTELLIGENT AND QUICK. THE EYES KNEW AND UNDERSTOOD. THE BRAIN COULD BE **REPTILIAN**, THAT'S HOW COLD THE EYES WERE. TESTS ON A DEAD ONE, FOR MAN HAD NEVER CAPTURED ONE ALIVE, SHOWED A **COMPLEX BRAIN** AS LARGE AS MAN'S, BUT FLATTER AND LONGER. THE CREATURES' CIRCULATORY SYSTEM WAS **VAGUELY SIMILAR** TO MAN'S.

THE BUTTERFLIES WERE MIGRATING TO A CONTINENT THROWN UP WHEN THE EARTH WAS TWISTING AND WARPING AND COOLING FROM THE HEAT OF CREATION. A CONTINENT THAT ROSE UNDER AN ICEBERG IN THE NORTH AND JOGGED TO AN ABRUPT END AT THE **EQUATOR**. THE BUTTERFLIES WOULD MAKE THE FLIGHT ACROSS THE OCEAN IN LESS THAN A WEEK, FOR IT WAS ONLY TWO THOUSAND MILES. THERE WAS NO ISLAND, NO REEF, NO VOLCANIC PEAK ON WHICH TO REST AND THEY WOULD USE NEARLY ALL THEIR STRENGTH IN THE **PASSAGE**. AT THE END, BITS AND PIECES OF WINGS WOULD TRAIL THEM LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES. BUT MOST WOULD MAKE IT, FOR THEY WERE DRIVEN BY A **MEMORY**, AN **INSTINCT** THAT THE LAND AHEAD WOULD BE THEIR **MATING GROUNDS**. THEY ALSO KNEW THE LAND AHEAD WOULD BE THEIR **BURIAL GROUNDS**. THESE BUTTERFLIES WERE AT THE END OF THEIR **LIVES**.

FIVE THOUSAND MILES AWAY, PRESGO THE SCIENTIST POINTED AT HIS INSTRUMENTS.

WIDTHE, THE LEADER OF HIS NATION OF FIFTEEN MILLION PEOPLE, NERVOUSLY WATCHED THE NEEDLES. HIS VOICE STRAINED, HE ASKED,

"EAST," SAID PRESGO. "THANK GOD FOR THAT," SAID WIDTHE. "THERE'S STILL A CHANCE, THEN."

LOOK, THE TRADE WINDS ARE SHIFTING, DEGENERATING AND TURNING. THE MONSTERS MUST BE IN FLIGHT.

WHICH WAY ARE THEY GOING?

THE BUTTERFLIES HAD MIGRATED EVERY FIVE YEARS FOR AS LONG AS ANYONE COULD REMEMBER. ANYWAY, SINCE THE WAR, BUT THEY WERE INCREASING GEOMETRICALLY AND WITHIN THE LAST GENERATION, THEY HAD REACHED SUCH NUMBERS THAT THEY STRIPPED ENTIRE CONTINENTS BARE WHEN THEY HATCHED INTO HUGE AND HUNGRY CATERPILLARS. THE WORLD'S ECONOMY WAS RUINED, GUNS, POISONS, FIRE, BOMBS—ALL HAD FAILED. THE CREATURES WERE TOO STRONG FOR THESE ORDINARY METHODS. THEY HAD THE ABILITY TO MUTATE AT WILL.

KROOOM!

BLAM

FOR SEVEN DAYS, PRESGO'S INSTRUMENTS MONITORED THE FLIGHT OF THE BEINGS, THOUGH THE MEN KNEW EXACTLY WHERE THEY WERE GOING. TO THE ONLY OTHER PLACE LEFT FOR THEM; THE ONLY GREEN CONTINENT BESIDES THIS ONE, ON WHICH LIVED THE REMNANTS OF MANKIND.

THEY'RE LANDING NOW. IT'S A 74 FORCE ON THE SEISMOGRAPH. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE LAND DOESN'T COLLAPSE UNDER THEM.

THE BUTTERFLIES WOULD BEGIN A TRANS-CONTINENTAL MATING FRENZY THAT WOULD LAST FOR WEEKS. THEIR WINGS EXHAUSTED AND RUINED AND THEIR MINDS INTENT ON COPULATION, THEY WERE AT THEIR MOST VULNERABLE.

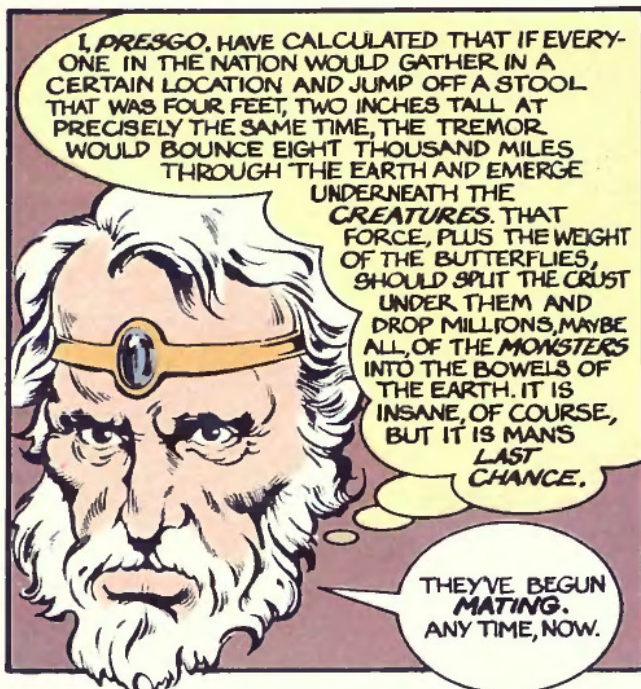
"THIS IS IT, THEN," SAID PRESGO, TURNING. "ARE YOU SURE IT WILL WORK?" ASKED WIDTHE. "NO, IT WORKS MATHEMATICALLY, BUT THERE'S NO WAY IT COULD HAVE BEEN TESTED. BESIDES, WHAT ELSE—"

"CAN WE DO?" FINISHED WIDTHE. "FIFTEEN MILLION PEOPLE—EVERYONE LEFT IN THE WORLD—ARE WAITING IN THE FIELDS WHERE YOUR MACHINES SAID THEY SHOULD BE. THE LOUD-SPEAKERS ARE ALL TESTED AND WORKING."

STOOLS, CHAIRS, TABLES, ROCKS—EVERYTHING'S ALL SET UP.

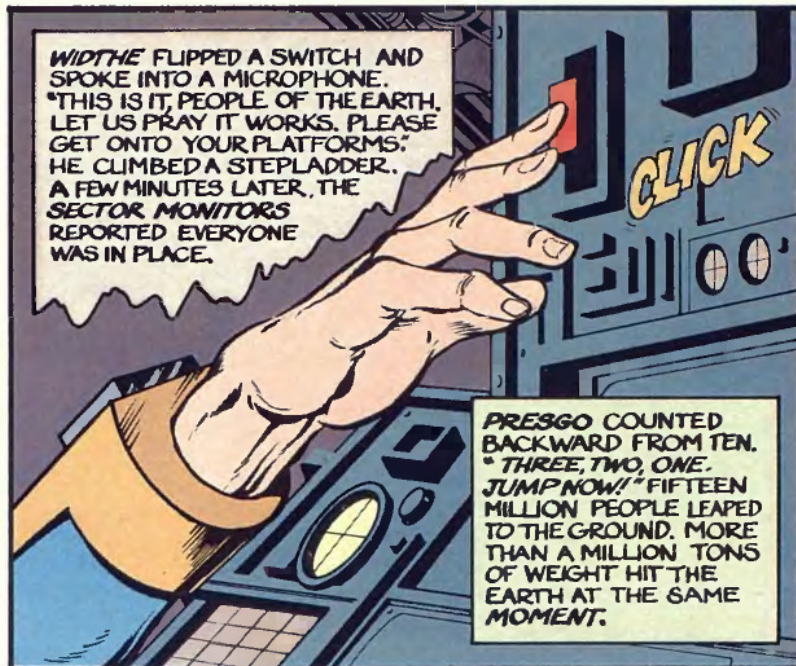
ARE THE STOOLS IN POSITION?

I, PRESGO, PROPOSED THIS IDEA TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. BUT MAN'S EGO WAS SURE THERE WAS A MORE TECHNICAL, A MORE SOPHISTICATED, SOLUTION. TODAY, IT IS THE LAST IDEA ANYONE HAS HAD. FIVE YEARS FROM NOW, WHEN THE OFFSPRING OF THESE BUTTERFLIES ARE ENDING THEIR CYCLE, THEY WILL COME HERE, TO THE LAST LAND ON EARTH WITH VEGETATION.



I, PRESGO, HAVE CALCULATED THAT IF EVERYONE IN THE NATION WOULD GATHER IN A CERTAIN LOCATION AND JUMP OFF A STOOL THAT WAS FOUR FEET, TWO INCHES TALL AT PRECISELY THE SAME TIME, THE TREMOR WOULD BOUNCE EIGHT THOUSAND MILES THROUGH THE EARTH AND EMERGE UNDERNEATH THE CREATURES. THAT FORCE, PLUS THE WEIGHT OF THE BUTTERFLIES, SHOULD SPLIT THE CRUST UNDER THEM AND DROP MILLIONS, MAYBE ALL, OF THE MONSTERS INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH. IT IS INSANE, OF COURSE, BUT IT IS MAN'S LAST CHANCE.

THEY'VE BEGUN MATING. ANY TIME, NOW.



WIDTHE FLIPPED A SWITCH AND SPOKE INTO A MICROPHONE. "THIS IS IT, PEOPLE OF THE EARTH. LET US PRAY IT WORKS. PLEASE GET ONTO YOUR PLATFORMS." HE CLIMBED A STEPLADDER. A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE SECTOR MONITORS REPORTED EVERYONE WAS IN PLACE.

PRESGO COUNTED BACKWARD FROM TEN. "THREE, TWO, ONE. JUMP NOW!" FIFTEEN MILLION PEOPLE LEAPED TO THE GROUND. MORE THAN A MILLION TONS OF WEIGHT HIT THE EARTH AT THE SAME MOMENT.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD, A GREEN, WRITHING MASS OF WINGED CREATURES REGISTERED THE VIBRATION. THEY HESITATED A MOMENT AND TURNED COLD, WHITE EYES TO THE SKY.

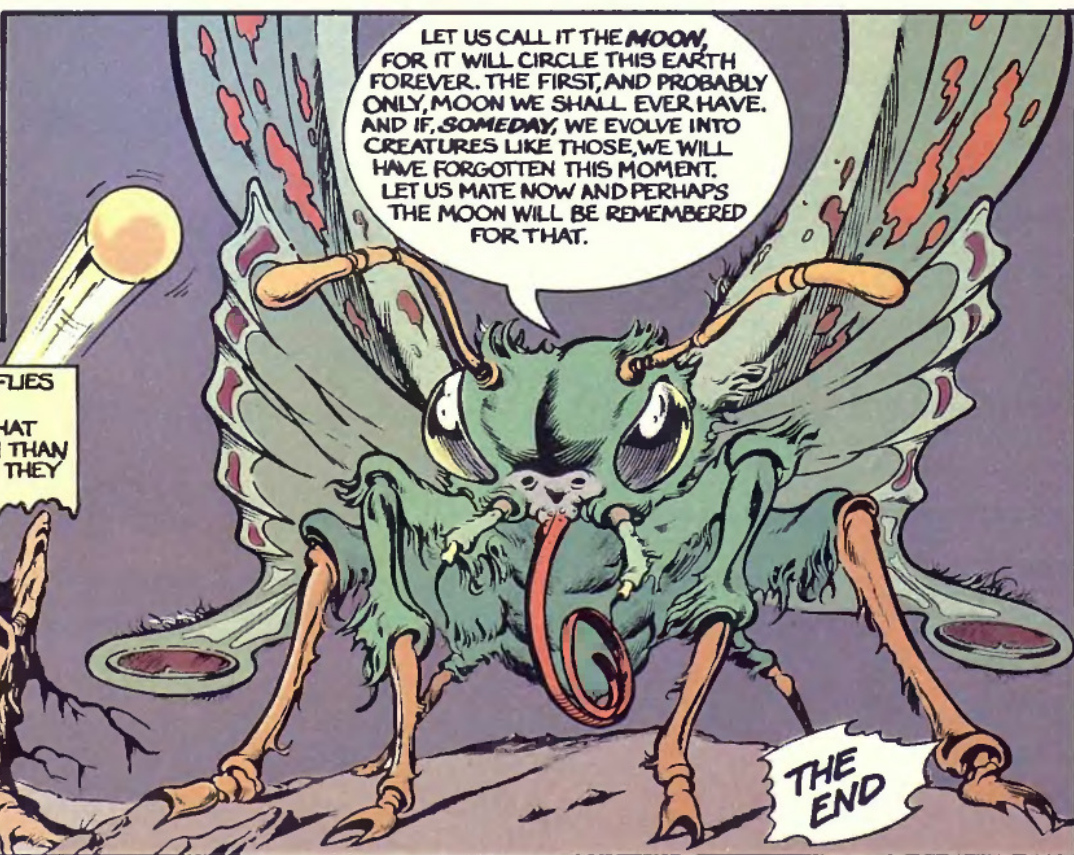


A GREAT RIPPING AND TEARING NOISE CIRCLED THE EARTH. THE ENTIRE PLANET SHUDDERED AND WOBBLLED LIKE AN OLD MAN WITH A STROKE. THE SOUND OF A WORLD PULLING ITSELF APART WAS LIKE NO OTHER SOUND BEFORE AND LIKE NO OTHER SOUND WOULD EVER BE.

THE COLD, WHITE EYES WATCHED AS AN ENORMOUS LAND MASS FLUNG ITSELF OFF THE FACE OF THE PLANET. A BLOCK OF EARTH THE SIZE OF A CONTINENT FELL INTO THE CLOUDS.



THE COLD, WHITE EYES SAW FIFTEEN MILLION PEOPLE STARING AND THEN SCREAMING AS THE LAND ON WHICH THEY STOOD TURNED AND ROLLED INTO SPACE.



LET US CALL IT THE MOON, FOR IT WILL CIRCLE THIS EARTH FOREVER. THE FIRST, AND PROBABLY ONLY, MOON WE SHALL EVER HAVE. AND IF, SOMEDAY, WE EVOLVE INTO CREATURES LIKE THOSE, WE WILL HAVE FORGOTTEN THIS MOMENT. LET US MATE NOW AND PERHAPS THE MOON WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR THAT.

BEFORE THE BUTTERFLIES RETURNED TO THEIR LOVEMAKING, ONE THAT WAS A LIGHTER GREEN THAN THE OTHERS SAID, FOR THEY COULD TALK IN THEIR OWN WAY ...

THE END

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ROBERT SCOTT HOOPER

Sometimes it pays to go a little out of your way. For instance, if you were driving to Houston, it might pay to take a side trip for about 80 miles to the city of Beaumont. We know the trip is worth while because that's where we found Debra Jo Fondren. Beaumont is far enough west so that your best suit can be made by Levi Strauss and far enough south so that a one-syllable word gets stretched into two or three. That's the way Debra Jo talks. As though every sentence is a song. Beaumont isn't what you'd call a slow town, just easygoing. It is, after all, bayou country; more like Louisiana than the Texas the movies



**DEBRA JO'S THE ONE THEY SING ABOUT
DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS**



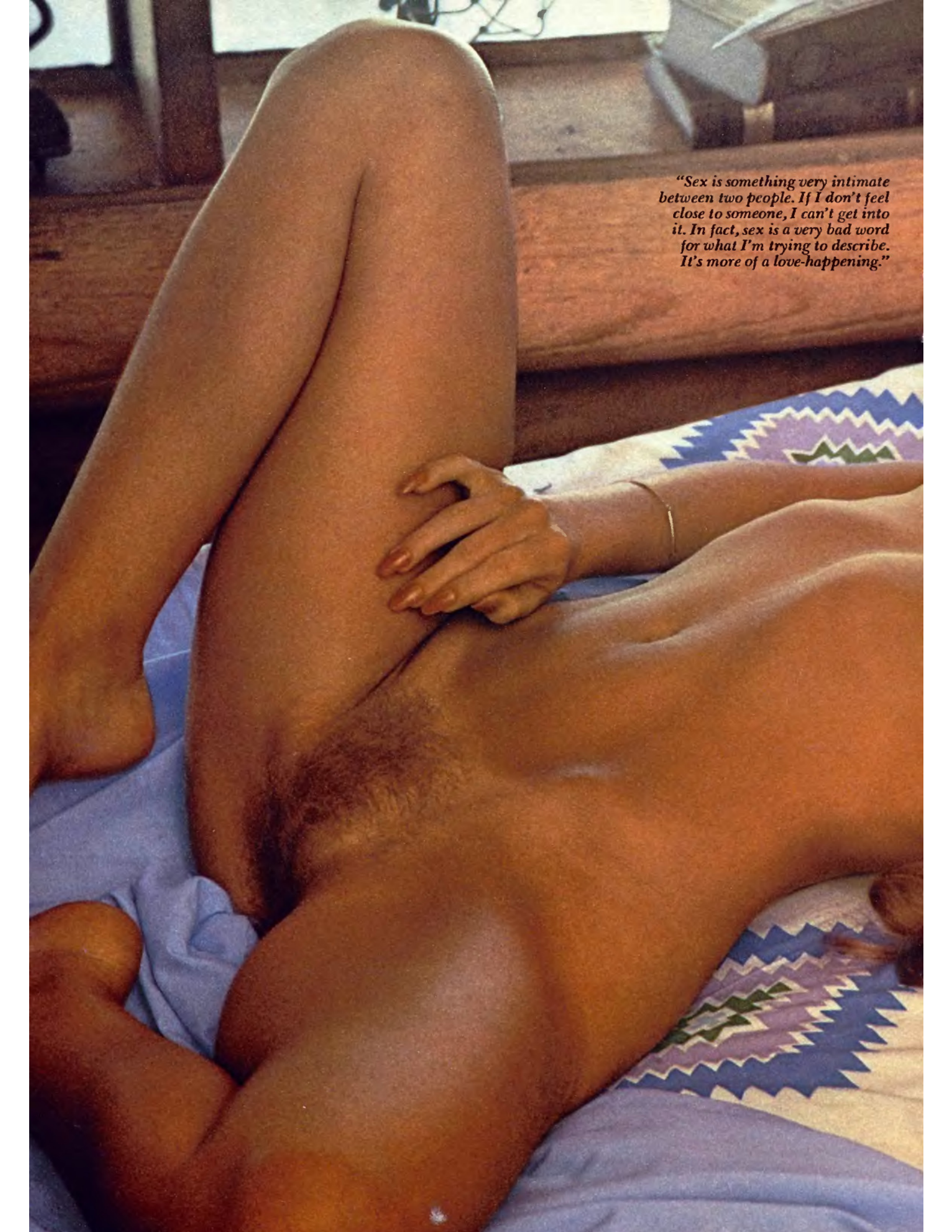
THE BELLE OF BEAUMONT



"To me, a woman's hair is her glory, and my long hair is my trademark. It's what sets me apart from everyone else. It makes me feel more feminine. I love to have a guy run his fingers through it."

bring to mind. The boys in Beaumont grow up to be very big boys and the girls grow up feminine and unaffected. You might say it's a life well suited to the growing of hair. Otherwise, how do you explain the luxuriant growth that is Debra's? That golden mane took her a full eight years to grow and, to hear Debra talk, it was worth every minute. "To me, a woman's hair is her glory, and my long hair is my trademark. It's what sets me apart from everyone else. It makes me feel more feminine and I love it when a guy runs his fingers through it." Of course, there's more to do in Beaumont than grow hair. A warm breeze off the Gulf Coast might find Debra on the rifle range. Trap and skeet shooting is one of her passions and she's good at it. "I think I'm as good as any man, and I always beat my boyfriend. In fact, this year we went duckhunting for the first time and I was the only one to bag any. Unfortunately, the bird dog we had wasn't used to working for me and he refused to retrieve them. I guess he expected me to swim out and get them myself." A lot of Debra's life centers on the water: skiing, swimming, deep-sea fishing or just





*"Sex is something very intimate
between two people. If I don't feel
close to someone, I can't get into
it. In fact, sex is a very bad word
for what I'm trying to describe.
It's more of a love-happening."*





"I'm not a feminist, but I do feel there are things a woman can do as well as a man. My relationship with my boyfriend is one of sharing. We share everything. Sometimes he cooks. Sometimes I do. And we both help with the dishes. We know what each other's needs are and we're learning how to fulfill those needs."

sun-bathing. "Once, some deep-sea-fishing friends left me on a secluded offshore drilling rig and I took off my clothes to get an all-over tan. But the spot I picked just happened to be a helicopter landing platform. Before I knew what was happening, a chopper was trying to land and blew my clothes off the platform into the water. When the pilot and I stopped laughing, he was nice enough to lend me something to wear."

You get the feeling little mishaps like that don't bother Debra Jo. "I'm just an honest, natural person and I like others to be that way with me. Of course, I do have a temper, but most of the time I keep it under control."

Right now, Debra's still undecided about her future, partly because she hasn't done much traveling. "I've got to see what's out there before I know what I want. The big cities may be a problem for me because I don't like crowds. I'm not what you'd call shy, but if someone does get overly aggressive, I just go right into a shell."

Debra's plan for seeing the world includes some practical experience. "I'd like to get into photography. That seems like it would be the ideal life, just to travel and shoot pictures. First I want to see Hawaii and its







"I could eat all day, but I'd spend the rest of the week suffering for it. It's no fun trying to work it off."

beautiful beaches and then I have to go to Africa 'cause that's where the big animals are." Animals are special to Debra—not the common household variety but the big ones. "I feel very close to large animals, almost as if I'd been one in a previous life. It's as though they know me and I can talk to them as you would talk to another person." The reincarnation theory notwithstanding, it's clear Debra has the kind of gentle personality that would appeal to man or beast. And it'll probably help her a lot when, as is inevitable, she leaves Beaumont for the opportunities a bigger city can offer. But she's not likely to lose that small-town charm that has molded her life. "Even if I do eventually have to live in a big city, I'd still like to keep a place in the country. It's important to remember where you came from." Right now, however, there's no rush. Debra's goal is to be "totally happy and satisfied with myself" and she knows that achieving that goal is a lot like growing hair; there's no way you can hurry the process: it just takes time.



"Animals know when you fear them and they fear you, too. So you have to be very gentle with them. Sometimes it seems as if they can sense a friendly spirit."





MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Olivia de
Londren

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Delra Jo LondonBUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 114 SIGN: AquariusBIRTH DATE: 2/5/55 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles, CaliforniaGOALS: To be eternally happy. I'd like to continue modeling and then I'd like to try my hand at Photography-- perhaps doing a centerfold someday. I think I'd be good at it.TURN-ONS: Beautiful men and women, big animals, bareback riding, a gentle touch.TURN-OFFS: Pussy people, opinionated people, loud people, being rushed, being told what to do.FAVORITE MOVIES: "Rocky", "Network", "Romeo and Juliet", "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest".FAVORITE RECORDING ARTISTS: Leon & Mary Russell, Fleetwood Mac, Barry White, Daryl Hall & John OatesFAVORITE READING: "Everything You'd Always Wanted to Know About Energy But Were Too Lazy to Ask" by Naura Hayden, "Playboy", "Power" by Michael Korda.FAVORITE SPORTS: Tennis, Gymnastics, Water Skiing, Trap and Steel Shooting, Deep Sea FishingFAVORITE FOODS: Steaks, Escargots, Red Snapper, Chocolate Mousse, Cherries jubilee, Strawberries and French Vanilla Ice Cream.FAVORITE FANTASY: Meeting a mysterious, sexy stranger with gentle eyes, having a sexual interlude, and then leaving without ever having said a word.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

In the murkiness of a skid-row alley, a drunken floozy mistook a Salvation Army man for a soldier and propositioned him. "You may perhaps be forgiven, woman, as a pitiable victim of circumstances," intoned the saver of souls. "Tell me, are you familiar with the concept of original sin?"

"Maybe and maybe not," muttered the floozy. "but if it's really original, it's gonna cost ya an extra ten."



A shapely housewife was in the gynecological stirrups and the medical man was in the middle of his examination when he suddenly said brusquely, "Look, madam, I'm a happily married man . . . so please stop squeezing my hand!"

*They have no head for figures," he said,
"So my girls keep the firm in the red.
But I don't fret or frown,
Since I love to go down,
And they sure have the figures for head!"*

Since there was no reply to his knock, the burly young deputy sheriff pushed open the outside door, looked around the living room and then walked over and opened the door to the bedroom. Addressing a woman lying languidly in bed, he flashed the arrest warrant and said, "This is for your husband, ma'am."

The woman looked him up and down, slowly peeled back the bedclothes and even more slowly hiked up her nightgown. "So is this, sheriff," she rejoined with a smile. "Now, just which one would you prefer to serve?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wake-up erection* as morning thickness.

Unfortunately, you're just not right for us," the hard-bitten female art director told the egotistical male model after she had checked him out as a nude-centerfold prospect.

"What's my best bet elsewhere?" asked the disappointed chap as he reached for his briefs. "I'm sure a display of my masculinity would be a sensation in any publication."

"I'd suggest," replied the woman, "that you try *Reader's Digest*."

While leading a group of boy scouts through the woods in silent Indian fashion, the scoutmaster suddenly came upon a clearing in which a young man was performing oral sex on a girl. "Back, men, back!" cried the scoutmaster. "There's a dangerous beast out there!"

But it was too late. Several of his charges had more or less seen what was going on before the couple jumped up and hurried off, and they kept asking just what it was. "Well, if you—er—if you really must know," the scoutmaster finally said, "they were practicing a brand-new type of artificial respiration."

"Wow!" exclaimed one of the oldest of the boys. "I sure know which merit badge I'm going for next!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *frozen sperm* as ice-cold pop.

I trust that—what's the word?—oh, yes, *macho* young man who took you out last night behaved decently," fussed the mother.

"You have my word on it, Mom," replied the daughter, smiling inwardly, "that he put his best foot forward."

A TV talk-show man named Herschel is date-rated "quite controversial,"

*For his dates think it sick,
His withdrawing his prick
To briefly insert a commercial.*

There are those who maintain that anal sex is a bum trip.

Don't just stand there," the supervisor snarled at the demonstrator of feminine-hygiene products. "Douche something!"



Hey, Mom," shrilled the youngster as he bulleted into the kitchen for breakfast, "were you very sick last night?"

"I wasn't sick at all," replied the woman. "What made you think I was?"

"Well, I was up for a drink of water, Mom," said the boy, "and as I passed your bedroom, I'm sure I heard Pop tell you to roll over and take your medicine."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"It's—it's just that I'm so happy. This beautiful hotel,
the music, the margaritas and the anticipation of soon being in our
room screwing all night long."*

SPIRO AGNEW

(continued from page 108)

"The former Vice-President of the United States was stumbling around in front of the stage."

how he thought Nelson Rockefeller was doing in Agnew's old job. The former Vice-President said he had only one complaint: Right after he resigned, Agnew had approached Rockefeller to ask his help in securing a foundation grant for a legal study he wanted to undertake. What subject did he want to look into at the expense of the Rockefeller family? One very dear to his heart, one on which he was already something of an expert: plea bargaining.

Agnew said he thought prosecutors abused their powers when they resorted to offers of immunity to put pressure on witnesses. He told us that using plea bargaining to get dope pushers was all right, but using it against politicians was a crime. He called the practice a form of "corruption." Supported by a Rockefeller grant, Agnew had hoped to become a well-paid expert on this type of corruption.

Rockefeller got in touch with him and said the foundation's board members were concerned about funding Agnew. There wouldn't be any grant. That was bad enough, according to Agnew, but even worse was the disclosure made at Rockefeller's confirmation hearings. Rocky told the Senators that Agnew had come to him with a request for money. Agnew thought Rockefeller made it sound as if he were looking for a hand-out. Driving along the Tiber, Agnew complained about how the press had played up the story. Lesley and I both said we hadn't read, seen or heard anything about it. Agnew seemed disappointed.

When we got to the Colosseum, we drove around it but didn't stop. This wasn't quite what Agnew had in mind, either. Despairing that Lesley and I would never catch on to his hints about all the women in Riyadh wearing veils, the former Vice-President took charge of the tour.

"Carlos, we'd like something to drink," he said.

Driving toward refreshment, Agnew finally showed an interest in Rome's ancient heritage. Lesley and I had been asking Carlos tourist questions all evening, but the former Vice-President had remained dumb. Now, at last, he asked his first question:

"What do you know about Caligula's horse? *The Washington Post* once compared me to him."

Carlos pleaded ignorance. Lesley diplomatically said nothing. I, on the other hand, rushed in to tell him that Caligula

had appointed his horse consul. Then I remembered the context of *The Washington Post* comparison: When Nixon named Agnew his Vice-Presidential candidate, the paper compared the choice of running mate to Caligula's choice of consul—implying an insult to the nation. Lesley later upbraided me for that one.

We drove up Via Veneto and stopped in front of a charming sidewalk café.

Agnew said, "This isn't what I had in mind."

Carlos stepped on the gas, turned a couple of corners and halted in front of the Jicky Club at the foot of the Via Veneto. We walked down a flight of stairs that twisted and turned as they led us deeper and deeper into the ground, like entering the catacombs. On the way down, we passed the door to the men's room.

"Due to my age and infirmity, I have to stop here," said Agnew.

Lesley and I finished our descent alone. At the bottom of the stairs, we found an incredibly seedy bar with loud music and a mirror ball with a spotlight on it. Looking around, we were embarrassed for Agnew: Imagine how he would feel when he discovered what sort of dive he had led us into! The maitre de tried to lead us to a table up front near the stage. We insisted on being seated in a dark corner as far away from the stage as possible. A few minutes later, we saw the former Vice-President of the United States stumbling around in front of the stage, looking for us.

As I led him to our distant table, Agnew said, "It's OK. We'll move up when the show starts."

In the dark corner, the former Vice-President opened up a new theme: how many big people still treated him the same, in spite of his "trauma." The big people included Milton Berle, Frank Sinatra and the late King Faisal.

Agnew said he had visited Faisal officially when he was Vice-President. He wanted to take the oil monarch a present, but choosing one was a terrible problem.

"What do you get a king?" Agnew asked.

At last, he chose a book of contemporary American art, which he apprehensively presented to Faisal. While he was talking to the king, he slowly realized that the old ruler was not paying any attention to him. But this time it was not because Agnew was just another interchangeable American Vice-President. Rather, the ancient desert monarch was lost deep in the bizarre labyrinth of the

modern American art world. He was like an American kid discovering camels.

After his resignation, Agnew had returned to Riyadh on business. A limousine met him and drove him to the guest palace. Agnew told Faisal that he was no longer in office, that this was not an official visit and that he should therefore stay at a hotel. Faisal would not hear of it. The king said, "You are our friend and that does not change." Agnew said that the only favor he sought was permission to call upon some of Faisal's ministers. The king said that permission was denied. "You will not call on my ministers," Faisal ordered. "My ministers will call on you." Spiro Agnew held profitable court in the guest palace.

Frank Sinatra, the monarch of the Palm Springs desert, also treated Agnew as if he were still in office. The former Vice-President told us that the guesthouse in the Sinatra compound was still called the Agnew House, in spite of everything.

Up on stage, a female vocalist started singing Sinatra's hit *My Way*. Agnew asked me if I weren't offended to hear a woman sing that song. I said no.

After the vocalist stopped singing, she was replaced by a Sinatra album. Agnew went on and on about what a great singer and a great friend Sinatra was.

Then the music changed and a woman came on stage and started dancing. In the middle of one of Agnew's stories echoing with self-pity, Lesley announced:

"I don't want to interrupt, but do you realize there's a striptease show going on?"

She might just as well have said, *Eyes right*, for Agnew immediately turned toward the stage. And he almost never looked back. The show reminded the former Vice-President of the ones he used to see at the old Gayety Theater in Baltimore. He recalled that he was 13 years old when he started going to the Gayety to stare up at the naked ladies. He said the Roman strippers were better looking than the Baltimore strippers.

Another woman came on stage and took her clothes off. Her act involved a round table on which she rotated like a Lazy Susan. As Agnew watched her turn, he complained once more that there would be no night life in Riyadh.

At 1:30 A.M., Lesley and I said we had to go. I paid the bill, which came to 20,000 lire—or about \$34—for four Scotches and a Coke.

As we were getting up to leave, Agnew said, "Before you go, I've got to dance with CBS."

And he did. Lesley and Spiro danced two slow dances, the strippers by then having vacated the dance floor to make room for amateurs.

Finally, we left Spiro Agnew sitting in the Jicky Club deep in the ancient Roman earth.



BACK TO CAMPUS

*the right course to
a top-grade wardrobe*

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

WE DON'T KNOW whether your trip back to the campus of your choice will be quite as much fun as the ones pictured on these pages; but we do know that once you've unpacked your duds and headed storeward to replenish those areas of your wardrobe that have worn a bit thin, you'll find the fashion pickings both plentiful and good-looking. (text concluded on page 172)

It's Boston or bust for these thumb-happy Bean Town undergrads wearing (ot back) a hooded pullover, by Jockey International, \$40; ploid shirt, by Wrangler, \$18; ribbed-trim turtleneck, by Jockey International, \$24; denim jeans, by Wrangler, \$17; trock sneakers, by Converse, \$16; and fringed scarf, by Pendleton, \$10; and (up front) a poplin hooded parka, about \$76, by Levi's; Western-style snap-front shirt, by Career Club, \$17; ond prefaded denim jeans, by Levi's Fresh Produce, about \$22. (Her sunglasses, from In Focus, about \$35.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE LAURANCE,
PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE





Left: Parting is such sweet sorrow—but not too sad when you head back to campus in a quilted hooded jacket with attached knapsack, by Scotts-Grey, about \$75. The long goodbye continues, above, with the same lad (at right), who, besides the jacket, also has on a knit crew-neck, by CollageMan, \$28; striped shirt, by Career Club, \$15; and tweed slacks, by Jupiter of Paris, \$40. His benchmate is more colorfully attired in a plaid blazer, \$65, matching vest, \$22, and corduroy jeans, \$16.50, all by Lee Co.; plus a plaid shirt, by Mad Man, \$17; cotton turtleneck, by Jockey International, \$16; and lizard cowboy boots, by Sanders Bootmakers, about \$125.

LUGGAGE, OPPOSITE, COURTESY OF CROUCH & FITZGERALD

Below: Ah, youth! Two B.M.O.C.s head campward in a coed-driven 1977 MGB. The flaskmaster wears a mohair topcoat, by Rubin Bras., about \$210; wool crew-neck, \$26, and flannel shirt, \$23, both by Robert Stock for Country Roads; wool slacks, by B. Jeffrey Madoff for Benje, about \$55; and sunglasses, from In Focus, about \$45. His brew-loving buddy favors a tweed suit with sweater-vest, by Cricketeer, about \$195; plaid shirt, by Eagle Shirtmakers from McGee, \$22.50; wool tie, from the Rooster Ruffler Collection, \$7.50; fringed scarf, by Gant, \$17.50; and aviator sunglasses, from In Focus, about \$40.



Below: Anyone for a wayward buss? This collegian looks game in his polyurethane hooded zip-front parka, by Scotts-Grey, about \$35; corduroy jeans, by Levi's Fresh Produce, about \$20; ring-neck pullover, by José Delgado for The Acme Top Co., \$13; cowhide calf-high slip-ons, by Acme from Hawkeye, \$27.95; and Bausch & Lomb aviator sunglasses, from In Focus, about \$45.

Here's another college-bound undergrad who's definitely no dumbbell. He's going to make the trip in an acrylic knit hooded sweat shirt with contrast canvas trim, D-ring epaulets and drawstring waist, by José Delgado for The Acme Top Co., \$16; straight-legged denim jeans, by Shadow Jeans, about \$23; and cotton rib-knit turtleneck, by Pierre Cardin for Eagle Shirtmakers, \$20.



Below: Two more go the college route. The guy at left is wearing a belted sweater coat, by Jontzen, \$32; tweed slacks, by Jupiter of Paris, \$45; and polyester-cotton striped shirt, by Van Heusen from Hennessy, \$18. At right: A wool suit, by McGregor Sportswear, about \$130; velour pullover, by Van Heusen, \$20; plaid shirt, by Van Heusen from Baracuta, \$20; and wool cap, by Dobbs, about \$10.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 94)

and I said no. Shook me down and brought me back in.

PLAYBOY: What was the first thing they said to you?

RAY: They said not to move or they'd shoot me. 'Course, that wasn't inappropriate.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you were caught? Like crying?

RAY: I wouldn't want to give them the satisfaction of crying. Of course, there's no point in crying, anyway. It's disappointing being caught, but it's not the end of the world. There's tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: You mean you might be going out again?

RAY: There's always something that comes along later on. Naturally, I wasn't happy about being run down. But the hunger really kind of dulls your emotions in some ways.

PLAYBOY: There were some people who wanted to go out and use bullhorns, asking you to give up. Your attorney, for example. What would you have done if you had heard your lawyer calling down at you from a helicopter?

RAY: Ask him to throw down his I.D.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to sleep out there?

RAY: Yes, an hour or two at a time. I slept in the daytime and traveled at night. I never saw any caves up there, but there are a lot of cliffs with ledges on them. You can sit under the ledges. There are coal mines up there, but it would be foolish getting into one of those things. That's usually what they shake down first.

PLAYBOY: Were your cellmate, Earl Hill, or your friend Larry Hacker running with you?

RAY: No; Hill and Hacker and all of them got very close to the same area, but Hacker got arrested by some FBI men in a church. They spread-eagled him. Some FBI men were looking for me and Hacker said they knocked him in the head with a pistol. They were trying to find out where I was, but I was arrested by the prison authorities.

PLAYBOY: Why did those FBI men hit Hacker in the head?

RAY: They were trying to make him tell them where I was.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying they used brutality to get it out of him?

RAY: Yeah. I think the reason the FBI didn't beat him up more was because they had two Anderson County deputy sheriffs with them. And they drove him down the road by a food store or something and he said the FBI was trying to get the sheriffs away from him. I suppose so they could beat him some more. They thought he knew where I was at. Actually, I probably only spoke to Hacker two or three times on the volleyball court in

prison. He wouldn't have known where I was at, anyways.

PLAYBOY: But you were arrested by the prison authorities, right?

RAY: Yeah. The FBI arrested two or three of the prisoners. They were looking for me. When I was brought back, the prison official that arrested me, Warden Stonney Lane, he kept me away from them and took me right on in. And he told me later that I wouldn't be in contact with the Federals. See, they didn't have any jurisdiction and Governor Blanton told them he didn't want them down here. The only thing he wanted was for the FBI to watch the Tennessee borders, but they barged right on in.

PLAYBOY: What if you'd been shot? Have you ever felt that you'd rather be dead than spend the rest of your life in prison?

RAY: Well, I've never looked at this as a long-term thing. There's no way of knowing what's going to happen tomorrow, so I'll take it on that basis. As for being

"I don't consider myself a professional criminal any longer, because I was retired—if that's the right word for it—in 1967."

shot, I think I'd be doing something of a favor to the Government, or something. I'd rather be alive than dead.

PLAYBOY: You'd rather stay alive and take your chances that something will come along?

RAY: Well, yes, for something worth while.

PLAYBOY: Such as getting over the wall again?

RAY: Yeah, like getting over the wall. Ah, I didn't have to say that.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to your early days and talk about how you got started. Why did you become a thief?

RAY: I don't know; that's very difficult to explain. I guess to supplement my income. It started in 1951, 1952. I held up a few liquor stores, smalltime stuff. I recall one time I robbed one with a sawed-off shotgun. When I ran out the door, through the back of the place, I tripped on a wire and shot myself in the foot.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever kill anyone?

RAY: No.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever shoot anyone?

RAY: No.

PLAYBOY: Stab anyone?

RAY: I can't remember ever stabbin' any-

one. Of course, I've been in a few fights.

PLAYBOY: Would you have any qualms about killing someone?

RAY: Yes, sir.

PLAYBOY: Would you kill to escape?

RAY: I can't see myself killing anyone to get out of the penitentiary both for moral and for legal reasons.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever shoot your way out?

RAY: No, I'd get out in a surreptitious manner.

PLAYBOY: Ever think of any crimes besides robbery? There was a report recently that you and your brother John discussed kidnaping someone for ransom after you escaped from Missouri.

RAY: That's completely false. I can think of a long line of offenses, maybe even including homicide, but kidnaping would be the last thing I would ever enter into. Chances of success are just nil, you might say.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel there's much chance for success in liquor-store robberies?

RAY: That type of robbery is nonsense. You don't get any money, plus you get just as much time as if you rob something substantial.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider substantial?

RAY: Well, a supermarket. That's really a corporation's money and they're probably gougin' it out of somebody else, anyway. Better to rob them than an individual.

PLAYBOY: So you have a set of principles?

RAY: See, you have to understand that when I got out of the Missouri penitentiary in 1967, I was in my late 30s. Crime isn't worth while then. So I had no intention of committing a crime again. My intention was to escape, not to go back out and start a series of petty robberies. I just can't think of any crime you could commit and get away with—well, who's this guy who jumped out of the plane with \$200,000—D. B. Cooper? Now, then you could quit and go about your business.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider that an ideal crime?

RAY: Tolerable.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a professional criminal?

RAY: I don't consider myself a professional criminal any longer, because I was retired—if that's the right word, for it—in 1967. I'd done enough time. Let someone else take over from there on.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you're making a moral argument and you mentioned a moral argument against killing. Do you have your own set of rights and wrongs?

RAY: I think you have to live with some type of code—or right or wrong, or whatever it is—in order to succeed in what you're trying to do. I don't know

(continued on page 174)



EVERYTHING



YOU



ALWAYS



WANTED



TO



KNOW



ABOUT



AMERICAN



PUBLIC

*a nationwide telephone poll
of general knowledge, beliefs and
off-the-wall fantasies*

MOST PUBLIC-OPINION POLLS are deadly serious and quite specific. That's why, out of a sense of mischievous curiosity, we decided to commission a poll to ask the American public the sort of questions many of us discuss over cocktails, or in dormitory bull sessions, or with friends anywhere. Some questions touch on how much Americans *know*, the rest about what they *think* and *feel* on a variety of issues. If you've ever wondered aloud during a conversation, "How many



OPINION

other people do you suppose feel that way?"—well, wonder no more.

Several months ago, Market Facts, Inc., a respected research-and-opinion firm based in Chicago, agreed to conduct a nationwide poll for us that included questions that ranged from the light to the seriously provocative. It completed interviews with 999 men and women—the figure most widely accepted as a reliable cross section of the U. S. population. Its method of polling was the same as that of firms you've probably heard of—such as Gallup or Harris—and included breakdowns as to age, sex, geography, etc. At no time were the respondents told the poll was

(BUT ONLY "PLAYBOY" WOULD ASK)

being conducted for PLAYBOY. In fact, the only difference between this and other statistically valid polls is that the questions were thought up by a group of magazine editors, rather than statisticians.

The following are the highlights of PLAYBOY's poll (unless significant, "Don't know" and "No opinion" answers have been omitted). Individuals or organizations desiring the full summary of demographic results may write to Playboy Reader Service for a copy, at a cost of \$2.

WHAT WE BELIEVE...

Do you believe in the Biblical God?

Definitely believe67%
Tend to believe19%
Tend not to believe6%
Definitely do not believe6%

Do you believe in the Biblical Devil?

Definitely believe46%
Tend to believe18%
Tend not to believe14%
Definitely do not believe20%

It's God over the Devil by 3-2.

Do you believe in psychic powers—ESP or clairvoyance?

Yes75%
(Yes, but not me)59%
(Yes, including me)16%
No25%

Are you certain that the moon landings occurred?

Absolutely certain75%
Fairly certain18%
Somewhat uncertain3%
Very doubtful4%

And you thought only the TV game shows had been rigged.

BLACK AND WHITE

Do you believe white people in America are still prejudiced against blacks, and if so, what percentage of them is?

Said the percentage of white people who are prejudiced against black people is:	Total %	Race	
		White %	Black %
1-10%	3	2	9
11-20%	4	4	3
21-30%	9	9	8
31-40%	7	7	10
41-50%	24	25	18
51-60%	11	11	9
61-70%	7	7	8
71-89%	17	18	11



90-99%	7	7	5
100%	1	1	6

These figures can be broken down in a number of ways, but it should be noted that about two thirds of the population, both black and white, believe that 40% or more of American whites are prejudiced against blacks.

There has been much discussion of intelligence and race these past few years; without regard to causes, do you believe white people are more intelligent than black people, or vice versa, or is there any difference at all?

White Respondents:	Whites more intelligent	24%
	Blacks more intelligent	0%
	No difference	74%
Black Respondents:	Whites more intelligent	10%
	Blacks more intelligent	1%
	No difference	89%

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE, GENERAL IGNORANCE

Who said, "To Be or Not to Be?"

Shakespeare (<i>Hamlet</i>)	46%
Don't know	43%
Patrick Henry	2%
Julius Caesar	2%
John F. Kennedy	1%
Abraham Lincoln	1%

A vocabulary question: What does the term homo sapiens mean?

Human being (Correct)	52%
Don't know	38%
Queer/homosexual/bisexual	3.3%
Something to do with sex	1%
Something weird or nasty	1%
A sex maniac	0.2%
A flower	0.1%

What do these initials stand for?

IRS	Internal Revenue Service	77%
NBC	National Broadcasting Company	73%
CIA	Central Intelligence Agency	55%
N.B.A.	National Basketball Association	49%
HEW	Health, Education and Welfare	47%
S.L.A.	Symbionese Liberation Army	37%
G.O.P.	Grand Old Party	35%

Who was the second President of the U. S.?

John Adams (Correct)	39%
Don't know	35%
Thomas Jefferson	16%
Abraham Lincoln	4%

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROGER HUYSSSEN

(continued on page 230)





OVER THE YEARS, PLAYBOY has presented pictorials such as *The Girls of the New South*, *The Girls of Washington*, *The Girls of New York*. It's all part of our never-ending search for Truth, Beauty and The American Way. It's a tough job, but we don't complain. For the most part, neither do our readers. (Never mind the few civic-minded chaps who occasionally feel that we've slighted their cities. Would you believe *The Girls of Oshkosh*?) So, we were totally unprepared for the reaction Photographer David Chan encountered when he toured the Midwest to recruit *Girls of the Big Ten*. A group of women's libbers picketed his motel in West Lafayette, Indiana, bearing signs that read: RAISE OUR SALARIES, NOT OUR SKIRTS. BITE THE HAND THAT FEELS US. CHAN, CHAN, IS A DIRTY OLD MAN. HE AND HIS PICTURES BELONG IN A CAN. (We've known David for the 12 years he's been taking pictures for PLAYBOY and we can attest that his bathing habits are immaculate. So is his eye for beauty.) The protestors claimed that they represented the women of Indiana and that if Chan did not leave town immediately, they would return in force the next day. (One would almost assume that we'd sent him there to rape, pillage, plunder and (text concluded on page 227)

GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN

*gophers, badgers,
wildcats, wolverines,
buckeyes, boilermakers,
hoosiers, hawkeyes,
illini, spartans — put
them all together,
they spell . . . women!*

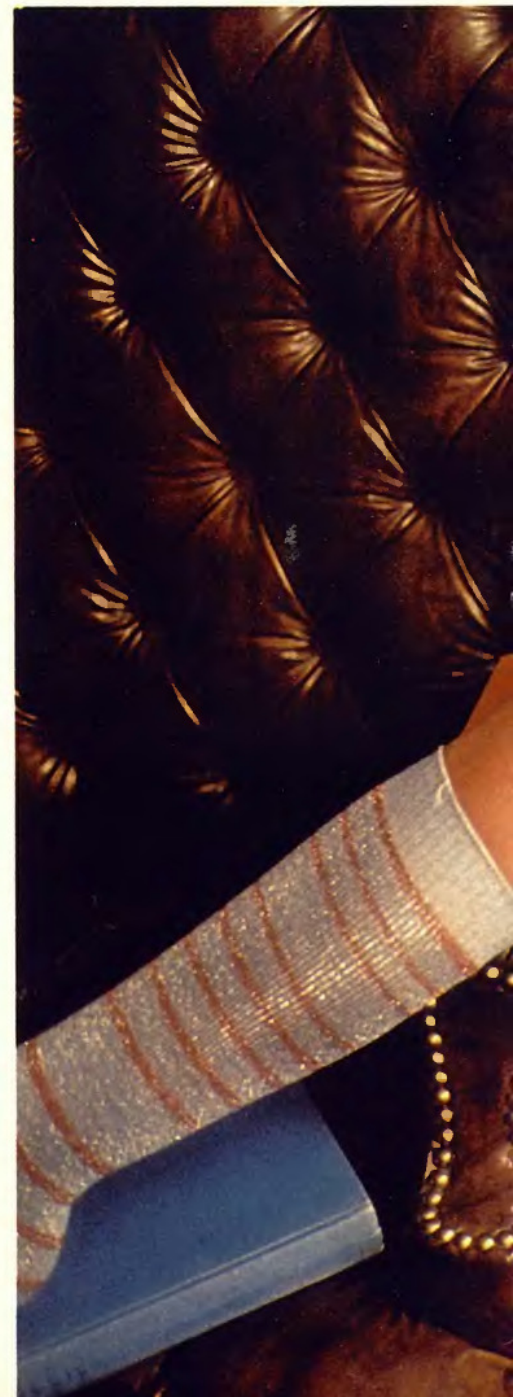


The high-flying Hawkeyes shown above are Lisa Van Slyke (left) and Laura Dunscombe (right). Besides a mutual interest in cheerleading, the two friends like dancing, acting, water-skiing and athletic men. Janice Grider (near right), who attends Michigan State, is down to earth. She sky-dives. Gorgeous Gopher Anita Kirchner (far right) likes "men with romantic eyes, and being a little kinky."

Grace Packard (below) is a zoology student who fights to save whales, if not wolverines, at Michigan. "I hate plastic," she says. "When future archaeologists uncover our culture, they'll think Ronald McDonald was a god."



The young Badger surrounded by boys is Nicole La Nelle, a student at Wisconsin and a part-time bartender. Her hobbies are swimming and dancing. (She is dressed for the former.) Betsy Beutler is the Boilermaker on the bike (right). A lab assistant in Purdue's entomology department, she likes jogging, weight lifting and tennis.



University of Michigan's Caprice Wolfer (above left) hopes to become a lawyer. She lived on a farm for 20 years, where she raised Arabian horses and had dogs, cats, mice and birds for pets. Kristin Blair (above right) is a junior at Purdue. The former farm girl wants to be U. S. Secretary of Agriculture.



Northwestern's Melissa Ann Rudel (left) and Iowa's Kathryn Sue Benson (below) are equestriennes par excellence. Melissa has worked as an exercise girl for thoroughbreds raced at Belmont. Kathryn is a jumper and wants to join the U. S. Equestrian Team. These cow-girls don't get the blues.





Cynthia Benedict (opposite) studies interior design at the University of Illinois. A self-described sensualist, the part-time model also likes motorcycles and modern dance. Buckeye Sandy Bires (below left) is into C.B. radio, driving (she's visited 43 states) and ESP (in case the C.B. radio goes on the blink). She plans to sell real estate. Hoosier Kathy Ball (below right) has great moves. She is a cheerleader, a dancer (ballet and jazz) and a gymnast. She also likes playing tennis, meeting other people and modeling.



Indiana's Ariele Shirley (above left) has an eye for detail and a head for figures. Her hobbies include photography and sewing. She plans a career in accounting and she likes men who are "intelligent and assertive." Caroline Csuri (above right) is a student at Ohio State University. She spends most of her time singing, writing, playing the guitar and/or speaking her mind. A sample: "I like being outdoors, animals, pizza, old movies, performing and staying up late. I dislike inflexible people, vegetables, religious fonatics and smoke."

Lisa Joy Steele (below left) is at home on both sides of the camera. She has studied acting and television production at the University of Michigan and plans a career in TV or advertising. When she's not working as a part-time legal secretary, Susan Morton (below right) is a student in communications at Purdue. Her primary passion: "Skiing."



Sylvia Jean Hogan (above) hopes that her A— average at Indiana will get her into medical school. The future doctor balances her studies by running, playing piano and practicing karate. Iowa's Mary Schnack (right) has already earned awards for her feature writing in local papers. She wants to be a reporter for a city daily.



Tobi Lee (above) is a grad student at the University of Illinois. She plans to teach speech, drama and English at a junior college. Dawn La Motte (left) is a Minnesotan who gets along with people, especially on a racquetball court. Eventually, she wants to work in public relations.



The Midwest believes in sound minds and bodies. Minnesotan Sheila Grogan (near right) is pursuing a Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Her hobbies: gymnastics and tennis. Iowa's Susan Jahnsan (far right) works in an emergency room. Her sports: swimming, riding.



Spartan Gail Palmer (left) is a student film maker who wrote, produced and directed an X-rated movie. Ingrid Lin (below left) is a Hoosier who loves horses. She bought and trained a four-year-old thoroughbred. Badger Barbara Dell (below right) has studied journalism at Wisconsin, plans to work as a free-lance writer.



Britt Nielsen (above) has an M.A. in theater from the University of Iowa. Her aspiration? "To play Desdemona in a Zeffirelli production of *Othello*." Northwestern's Nadia Nedzel (left) recently earned a B.A. in comparative literature. She speaks French, Russian and Spanish. Not surprisingly, she wants to be an interpreter.

Yet another Hoosier: Pamela Jean Bryant (below left) is majoring in telecommunications and film production at Indiana University. She'll be out in time to cover the 1980 Olympics—that is, if she's not participating. (Her favorite sport happens to be gymnastics.) The Wildcats of Northwestern are seldom at the top of the Big Ten, but not through lack of effort on the part of cheerleaders. Eve Dorothy Sutherland is head captain of the varsity cheerleaders. She is shown (below right) working out with Larry Gene Lawrence. Give me an N.



Karla Potts (above right) can sometimes be found on the campus of the University of Iowa. More often, she's out backpacking in the wild green yonder. "I'm really the outdoors type. Sleeping in a warm sleeping bag on a cold clear night is an absolute turn-on." Her activities include rafting, scuba diving and dancing till five A.M. Vicky Witt (opposite) works as a salesclerk in the daytime so that she can attend evening classes at Michigan State. Later in the night, you might find her singing—by herself or for friends. Give me a G.





FIRST LOOK

at a new novel

beggarman, thief

fiction

By Irwin Shaw

*he loved a girl with tangled black hair,
blue eyes and a body to enchant him,
loved her enough to become a terrorist—
a sequel to the novel "rich man, poor man"*

PART ONE

FROM BILLY ABBOTT'S NOTEBOOK

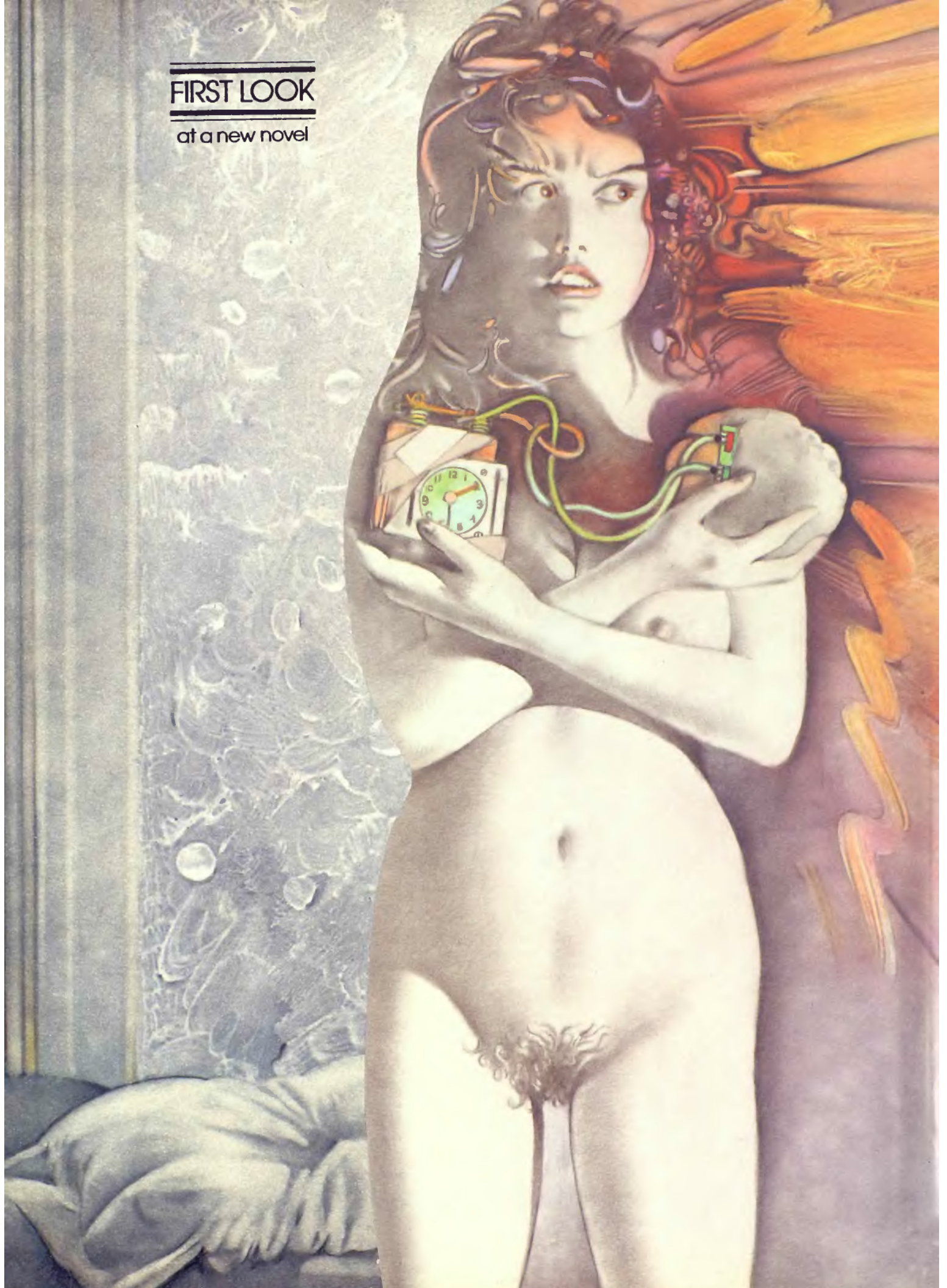
I am worthless, Monika says. She says it only half-seriously. But I agree with her seriously. She once asked me what I write in this notebook. I told her that the colonel keeps saying we are on the firing line of civilization. It is important for future generations, I told her, to know what it was like to be on the firing line of civilization in Brussels in the second half of the 20th Century. Maybe some dusty, irradiated scholar will dig around in the ruins of the city and come upon this notebook, charred a little around the edges and perhaps stiff with the rusty stains of my blood, and be grateful to William Abbott, Jr., for his forethought in jotting down his observations of how the simple American soldier lived while defending civilization on the edge of Europe. What the price of oysters was, the shape and dimensions of his beloved's breasts, his simple pleasures, like fucking and stealing gasoline from the Army. Things like that.

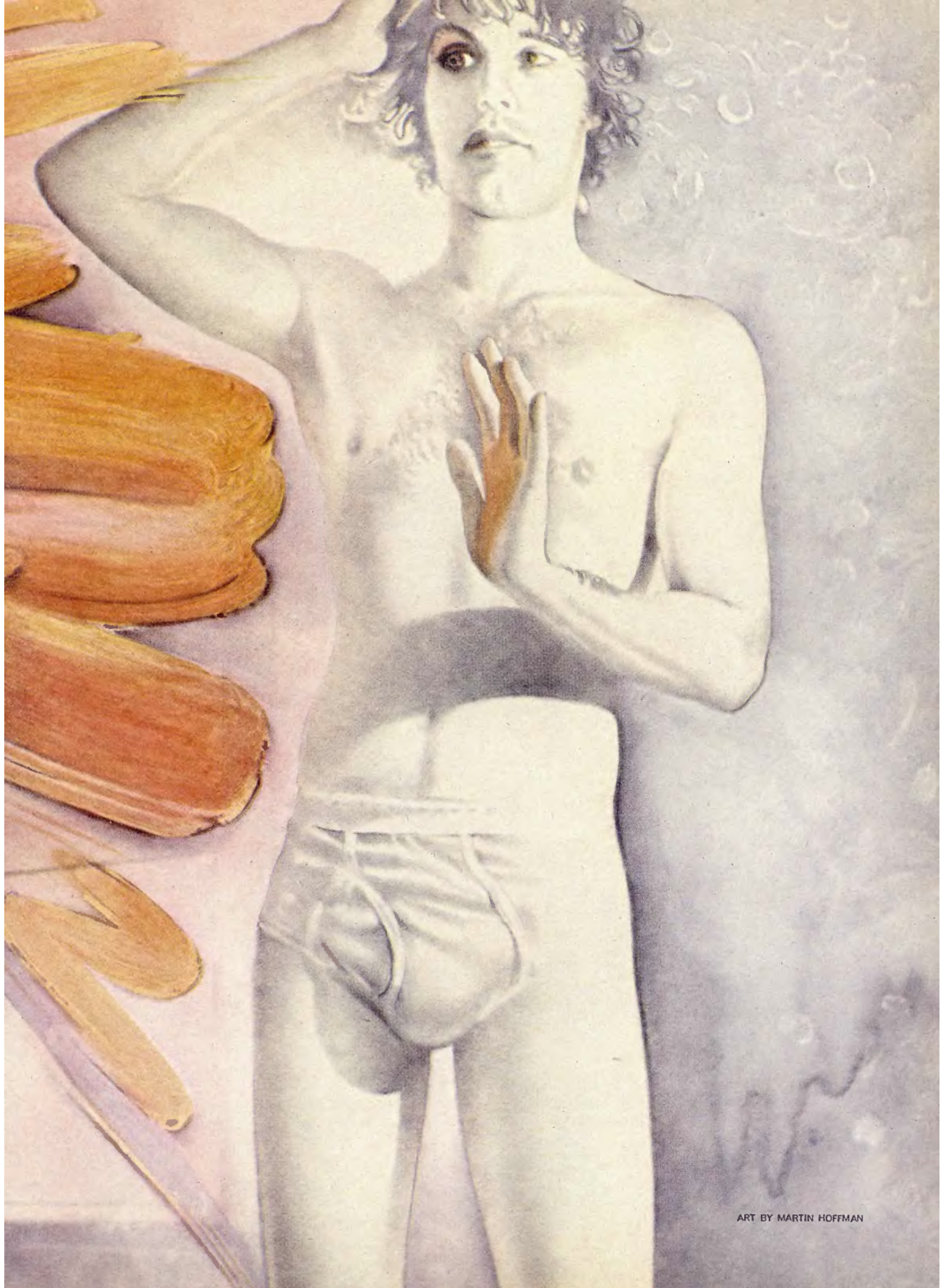
Go back to your scribbling, Monika said. Scribbling perhaps is the word for what I'm doing. I come from a literary family. Both my mother and my father are—or were—writers. Of a sort. My father was a public-relations man, a member



ART BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

FIRST LOOK
at a new novel





ART BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

of a profession not held in particularly high esteem. Still, whatever his merits or failures, he achieved them at the typewriter. He lives in Chicago now and writes to me often, especially when he is drunk. I reply dutifully. We are great friends when we are 4000 miles apart.

My mother used to write criticism for nasty little magazines. She does something for the movies now. I grew up to the music of typewriters and it seems normal for me to put my thoughts, such as they are, on paper. The amusements are limited here, though it's better than 'Nam, as the colonel keeps saying.

I play tennis with the colonel and praise his backhand, which is awful, but that's one way of getting ahead in the Army. If the pre-emptive Russian strike doesn't hit NATO, as the colonel warns it will, I'll keep scribbling. It gives me something to do when things get slow at the motor pool where I work.

A telegram from my mother has come. "YOUR UNCLE TOM HAS BEEN MURDERED," the telegram reads. "SUGGEST YOU TRY TO COME TO ANTIBES FOR THE FUNERAL. YOUR UNCLE RUDOLPH AND I ARE AT THE HOTEL DU CAP D'ANTIBES. LOVE, MOTHER."

I have seen my uncle Tom just once, the time I flew from California to Whitby for my grandmother's funeral, when I was a boy. I liked him the night we stayed together in my uncle Rudolph's guest room. I was impressed by the fact that he carried a gun. He thought I was sleeping when he took the gun out of his pocket and put it away in a drawer before he undressed and got into the other bed. It gave me something to think about during the funeral the next day.

If an uncle had to be murdered, I would have preferred it to be Rudolph. We were never very friendly and, as I grew older, he showed me, very politely, that he disapproved of me and my views on society. But he is rich and there might be a mention of me in his will someday; if not out of any fondness for me, then out of brotherly love for my mother. From what I've heard, Thomas Jordache was not the type of man to leave a fortune.

I showed the telegram to the colonel and he gave me ten days of compassionate leave to go to Antibes. I sent a telegram of condolence to my mother and my uncle and said that the Army wouldn't let me off for the funeral.

Monika got time off from her job and we went to Paris. We had a marvelous time. Monika is exactly the sort of girl you want to have with you in Paris.

Monika, who is German, speaks German, English, French, Flemish and Spanish and she says she can read Gaelic. As far as I can tell, she is as

peaceful as myself, but, because of her job as NATO translator, she gets to hurl the most awesome threats, composed by belligerent old men, at other belligerent old men in the opposite wing of the great lunatic asylum we all inhabit.

I spent the day in bed with her. We do that occasionally.

Happened to pick up a copy of the international edition of this week's *Time* magazine. Lo and behold, under "Crime," there was the saga of the Jordaches, with a nude photograph of Jean—that is, Mrs. Rudolph—and the whole unpleasant history of the family. Failure, disgrace and murder in several dozen well-chosen words, as follows:

About the last place you'd expect to find the three children of a Hudson River town German immigrant suicide baker would be a yacht on the Riviera. But after the recent Antibes waterfront killing of Thomas Jordache, better known years ago as middleweight boxer TOMMY JORDAN, a number of names from the past bubbled to the surface of a French police dossier. Among them: RUDOLPH JORDACHE, 40, Tom's brother, millionaire, ex-mayor of Whitby; Jordan's teenage son; and Mrs. Colin Burke, an erstwhile radio critic.

Sources in Antibes say that Jordan was bludgeoned to death only days after his wedding and after extricating his tipsy sister-in-law from the clutches of a harbor ruffian in a seedy Cannes night spot.

Staying at the plush Hôtel du Cap while police continued their investigation, Mrs. Rudolph Jordache says she was accosted while having a solitary quayside nightcap. Jordan, appearing on the scene, savagely beat the man. Later, Jordan was found murdered on his yacht.

French police will confirm only that they have a list of suspects.

Luckily, the piece doesn't mention me. It would have to be an outside chance for anyone to connect me with Mrs. Burke, once married to an eminent director, now dead, and before that to an obscure flack named Abbott. Monika would, of course, because I've talked to her about my mother, but, fortunately, Monika doesn't read *Time*.

Monika's not home—a note on the table. Will be gone a few days. She believes in the double standard, all right—but in reverse.

I miss her already.

Families. There's a subject. The *Time* story reminded me of my cousin.

Have never met Wesley Jordache. Poor little bastard. Lost in the shuffle. Will the

murder of his father turn out to be an enlarging experience for his soul? It would be interesting to meet Cousin Wesley, compare notes. The same blood running in our veins.

Lately, Monika has become edgy. I find her watching me with a speculative look in her eye and it bodes no good. It would be the height of blind egotism if I believed that the speculation included sorrow at the thought of losing me, which could easily happen if the colonel got transferred and took his useful tennis partner with him.

I am that essential, forlorn modern figure, the seasonal laborer at the mercy of flood and drought, supply and demand.

I make do as well as I can, the sly valet expert at pilfering his master's time and treasure.

If Monika leaves me, I will screw the colonel's wife.

This will be the last entry in this notebook for some time.

I had better not write anything about Monika anymore.

There are snoops and authorized burglars everywhere. Brussels abounds in them.

Monika edgier than ever.

I love her. She refuses to believe me.

BILLY ABBOTT, in civilian clothes, feeling at peace with the world after an excellent meal at the restaurant that overlooked La Grande Place of the city of Brussels, came out into the cool night air, holding on to Monika's arm. The meal had been expensive, as the restaurant was overpraised in all the guidebooks, but it had been worth it. Besides, he had won \$60 that afternoon playing tennis with the colonel as his partner. Tennis and the colonel had changed Billy's life in the Army. The colonel was a tennis nut and tried to play at least an hour a day and, as befitted a true graduate of West Point, liked to win. The colonel had seen Billy play when Billy was only a corporal and had liked Billy's style, which was cool and tricky, so that he could beat players who hit the ball twice as hard as he did. Billy was also very quick and could cover three quarters of the court in doubles. Since the colonel was 47 years old, he needed a partner who could cover three quarters of the court. So now Billy was no longer a corporal but a master sergeant in command of the motor pool, a job that meant considerable extra money beyond his sergeant's pay, what with an occasional grateful tip from officers who had motorized business to conduct that was not officially Army business and the not-so-occasional opportunity to sell Army
(continued on page 179)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

pre-season prognostications for the top
college teams and players across the nation

sports By ANSON MOUNT



Quarterback Rick Leach (7) shows his deceptive skills as he fakes into the line before handing off to running back Rob Lytle (41) as Michigan, PLAYBOY's pick as the nation's top team, churns out yardage against Southern California in the Rose Bowl.

DR. BOYD MCWHORTER, commissioner of the Southeastern Conference and erstwhile professor of English literature at the University of Georgia, sat in his spacious Birmingham office on a sweltering summer afternoon and explained why college football could soon blow apart.

It is a situation of which most football fans aren't even vaguely aware. The big football powers and the smaller ones are at loggerheads, and the big schools may soon abandon the National Collegiate Athletic Association and form their own organization, making their own rules, playing their own game and—just incidentally—gobbling up all the television money.

"The problem," said McWhorter, "stems from the fact that there are only about 75 to 80 truly major football schools. The rest of the institutions officially classified Division One by the N.C.A.A. are schools that should really be in a lower classification. But they want to play with the big boys, even (text continued on page 158)

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Michigan . . . 11-0	11. Pittsburgh . . . 9-2
2. Oklahoma . . . 10-1	12. Arizona St. . . 10-1
3. Notre Dame . . 10-1	13. Mississippi St. . 9-2
4. Southern Cal. . 10-1	14. Penn State . . . 9-2
5. Colorado 9-2	15. Florida 8-3
6. Texas Tech . . . 10-1	16. Nebraska 8-3
7. Alabama 9-2	17. Georgia 8-3
8. Ohio State . . . 9-2	18. Houston 8-3
9. Maryland 9-2	19. UCLA 8-3
10. Texas A & M . . 9-2	20. Cincinnati . . . 10-1

Possible Breakthroughs: Kentucky (8-3), North Carolina (7-4), North Carolina State (7-4), Iowa State (8-3), Arkansas (8-3), San Diego State (10-1), Colorado State (8-3).

OFFENSIVE TEAM on sculpture, left to right: Walt Downing (72), center, Mich.; Frank Myers (60), lineman, Texas A & M; James Taylor (76), lineman, Mo.; Earl Campbell (20), fullback, Texas; Ken MacAfee (81), tight end, ND; Dan Irons (60), lineman, Texas Tech; Mark Donohue (60), lineman, Mich.; Terry Miller (43), running back, Okla. St.; Fran Curci, Coach of the Year, Ky.; Guy Benjamin (7), quarterback, Stanford; Wes Chondler (89), receiver, Fla.; Ozzie Newsome (82), receiver, Ala.; Tony Franklin (1), kicker, Texas A & M.

DEFENSIVE TEAM on ground, left to right: Randy Hallaway (70), lineman, Pittsburgh; Dennis Thurman (7), safety, USC; Lucius Sanford (89), linebacker, Georgia Tech; Ralph Stringer (9), defensive back, North Carolina State; Ross Browner (89), lineman, Notre Dame; Walt Underwood (95), lineman, USC; Art Still (97), lineman, Kentucky; Jerry Robinson (84), linebacker, UCLA; Bill Krug (42), rover, Georgia; Russell Erxleben (15), punter, Texas; John Anderson (86), linebacker, Michigan; Zac Henderson (19), defensive back, Oklahoma.



PLAYBOY'S 1977 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA TEAM



THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: Matt Cavanaugh (Pittsburgh), Jack Thompson (Washington State), Gifford Nielsen (Brigham Young), Mark Monges (Maryland), Rodney Allison (Texas Tech)

RUNNING BACKS: George Woodard (Texas A & M), Ben Cowins (Arkansas), Johnny Davis (Alabama), Ted Brown (North Carolina State), Charles Alexander (Louisiana State), Elvis Peacock (Oklahoma), Al Hunter (Notre Dame), David Turner (San Diego State), Kevin McLee (Georgia), John Pagliaro (Yale)

RECEIVERS: John Jefferson (Arizona State), Mike Renfro (Texas Christian), Joe Stewart (Missouri), Preston Dennard (New Mexico), Mike Levenseller (Washington State), George Freitas (California)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Ernie Hughes (Notre Dame), Chris Ward (Ohio State), Tom Brzoza (Pittsburgh), Bob O'Gara (Miami, Florida), Steve Lindquist (Nebraska), Eric Smith (Southern Mississippi)

CENTERS: Leon White (Colorado), Larry Tearry (Wake Forest), Al Pitts (Michigan State), Tom Davis (Nebraska)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Willie Fry (Notre Dame), Reggie Kinlaw (Oklahoma), Dennis Harrison (Vanderbilt), Ruben Vaughan (Colorado), Dee Hardison (North Carolina), Manu Tuiaasopu (UCLA), Larry Gillard (Mississippi State), Bubba Green (North Carolina State), Aaron Brown (Ohio State)

LINEBACKERS: Tom Cousineau (Ohio State), Ron Hostetler (Penn State), Daryl Hunt (Oklahoma), Ben Zambiasi (Georgia), Tom Perry (Colorado), Carl McGee (Duke), Brad Carr (Maryland)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Gerald Small (San Jose State), Ray Griffin (Ohio State), Dwight Hicks (Michigan), Luther Bradley (Notre Dame), Gary Petercuskie (Penn State), Anthony Francis (Houston), Mike Kramer (Alabama), Ron Burns (Baylor)

KICKERS: Gavin Hedrick (Washington State), Steve Little (Arkansas), Jim Breech (California), Dave Jacobs (Syracuse), Mike Deutsch (Colorado State)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make it big)

Rooster Jones, running back	Pittsburgh
Robert Alexander, running back	West Virginia
Jay Palazola, quarterback	Boston College
Robert Crowley, quarterback	Colgate
Tony Elliott, defensive lineman	Wisconsin
Major Ogilvie, running back	Alabama
James Otis Doss, running back	Mississippi State
Steve Rogers, quarterback	Georgia
George Atiyeh, defensive lineman	Louisiana State
Benjy Thibodeaux, defensive lineman	Louisiana State
Amos Lawrence, running back	North Carolina
Ben Evans, running back	Duke
Kennon Taylor, quarterback	Arkansas State
George Rogers, running back	South Carolina
Bobby Kimball, split end	Oklahoma
Eddie Walker, running back	Colorado
Jerry Washington, cornerback	Iowa State
Carmen Collazo, offensive tackle	Oklahoma State
Brian Bethke, quarterback	Kansas
Bobby Duckworth, wide receiver	Arkansas
Mike Ford, quarterback	Southern Methodist
David Caldwell, running back	Texas Christian
Pat Graham, defensive lineman	California
Dave Rieber, offensive tackle	Oregon State
Willie Blasher, linebacker	Oregon
Jeff McIntyre, running back	Arizona State
Jim Freitas, quarterback	Long Beach State
Brad Vassar, linebacker	Pacific
Dennis Pearson, wide receiver	San Diego State
Mark Halda, quarterback	San Diego State

though they don't have the facilities, the following or the money to compete. So, to protect their own finances, they have rammed through legislation that is designed to bring the big schools down to their level—things like limitations on the size of coaching staffs and on the number of scholarships that can be given out."

The scholarship limitation is especially onerous to the big schools, some of which once passed out as many as 80 free rides a year. Now no school can give out more than 30 and only 95 players can be on scholarship at any one time. The mathematical discrepancy is supposed to be taken care of by natural attrition. If not, a coach must get rid of excess players either by making their lives miserable or by not renewing their scholarships. If a player loses his scholarship, he must sit out a year before becoming eligible to play in a post-season game.

The big institutions are now demanding that the N.C.A.A. allow them to make their own rules and let the little schools upgrade or get out.

"We—the major schools—are accused of being the bully on the block, of wanting to take all the limits off," said McWhorter. "But that's simply not true. We just want to make the rules rational. In fact, we want to increase and standardize academic requirements for football players, something many of the small schools resist. If a player's grades are too low to get him into one school, they should be too low anywhere else.

"It's the oldest of classical political issues—it's a demand for self-rule. If a significant reorganization doesn't take place in the N.C.A.A., it will take place outside. That's not a threat—it's an educated prediction."

And so, while we're waiting breathlessly for further developments, let's take a look at what will be happening on the fields of play this autumn.

Don't believe the widespread speculation that Pittsburgh will be a much weaker team because coach John Majors and runner Tony Dorsett have departed. The Panthers probably won't repeat as national champs, but the squad is still loaded with talent in all areas. New coach Jackie Sherrill (who, as Majors' assistant, was instrumental in building the Pitt powerhouse) will emphasize the aerial game in order to better utilize the as yet untapped ability of quarterback Matt Cavanaugh. Dorsett will be missed, of course, but veteran Elliott Walker and freshman Rooster Jones will still give Pitt the best running in the East.

Penn State's unusually poor performance last fall (it won only seven games) was the result of a plague of injuries and a dearth of experience. The Lions should

(continued on page 202)

JUG TIME

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

*what's red, white and pink,
hails from california
and is a big hit?*

IF YOU SHOULD overhear a virile young Californian sounding off on the subject of jugs, do not put one and one together. Chances are, the guy's talking about wine—the kind that comes in large containers. California is jug country. The guesstimate is that West Coast vintners produce about 90 percent of the jug wine consumed in this country—and some of it never leaves the state. The quest for an agreeable, inexpensive, everyday wine challenges the sophisticated palate, and California's knowledgeable sippers have discovered that jug wines fill the niche. If that surprises you, then you haven't sampled the large, economy-size bottles lately.

Not so long ago, jug wines came in three flavors—red, white and pink. They were “mellow,” a euphemism for sweet, (continued on page 234)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT



WE DROVE INTO ARKANSAS, my wife and I, drinking cheap wine and singing "Row, row, row your boat," on a perfect April weekend. She stuck her head out the window like a puppy and filled her lungs with spring and squealed with the relief of having left city congestion behind. I stuck my head out and a bug hit my chin; and whereas that should have been an omen, I laughed it off, saying better a good, clean country bug than a cockroach.

The previous evening, we had been lying in bed reading and a cockroach ran across the ceiling of our apartment. I rolled a newspaper and knocked it onto my wife's stomach. She jumped up and banged her head on a hanging lamp, then washed her stomach to prevent disease. The cockroach got lost in the sheets. I got the four corners of the bedding and ran to the balcony and shook the cockroach out, and it fell 15 floors to its death. Neither of us could sleep after that, for fear of cockroaches dropping into our open mouths.

We decided on a weekend of camping as therapy for the pressures of city life, and the next morning I bought two sleeping bags, a flashlight, wine, beer and a six-pack of Spam. As those who have camped out before can tell, this is an incomplete list; instead of two bottles of wine and a case of beer, I should have bought hard whiskey and a pond of beer.

Another reason we went camping was

CAMPING OUT

thoreau may have had a way
with words, but he never came up
against an arkansas mosquito

article By JAY CRONLEY





that we thought we were missing something. Everybody we know has camped out and returned from the wilds with armloads of flowers and snapshots of wild-life and a healthy glow and stories about how wonderful it is to take your shoes and socks off and wiggle your toes in the soil.

When I tried this maneuver after we had established our camping base, pissants boarded my feet in waves and stung the piss out of me, which is why, an aunt of mine who lives on a farm says, they are called pissants. I used to spend summers with this relative when I was in high school and the lessons I learned about how to peacefully coexist with nature's little wonders, like pissants, came in very handy on our camping trip. When pissants attack most people, the natural inclination is to brush the things away with your hand, but that is a very good way to get your hand stung. As they started to eat away my flesh, I calmly ran three blocks to the water, spraining both ankles on rocks, then I jumped into the lake and tangled the fishing lines of six people, one of whom was so irate because I had scared the fish, he cast a purple worm at my face. So much for the pissants, however.

I never would have survived the camping trip had it not been for those summers at my aunt's farm. She taught me, among other things, how not to scratch poison ivy. This is done simply by drinking yourself into the twilight zone.

We had selected Arkansas as our destination because of its reputation for clean air and clear water, and shortly after we crossed into that state from Oklahoma, I pulled into an area where information for tourists could be had for the asking. I parked next to a trailer from Texas. The driver was checking his tires.

"Nice rig," I said in passing.

"Been in every damn state there is with this trailer except the District of Columbia, and I went around it on purpose," he said proudly. I explained that this was our first camping episode and he told me to go inside his home away from and have a look around.

I hit my head on the doorframe and stumbled forward into a bed. It was wide enough to sleep two brooms comfortably. I got down on my hands and knees and peered into a small icebox. It contained one quart of milk, two beers, a pack of rectal suppositories and four dead flies.

"Well?" the owner asked.

"Nice," I wheezed.

I leaped outside, breathing heavily. "Doesn't it get awfully warm in that thing in the summer?"

"The goddamn pioneers didn't seem to mind in the covered wagons," he said. "And they didn't have twelve cubic feet of storage."

"Or cold beer," I said.

"Fairly cold beer. The icebox is broke."

The parking lot was full of all types of recreational vehicles. I looked inside a van, which was almost big enough to shoot free throws in, and a camper, which had all the comforts of home, even a dog. The dog was vomiting on the shag carpet.

"A small price to pay for freedom," said the owner of the camper, shoveling puke.

I nodded.

The people with the tourist information were very glad we had chosen Arkansas, Land of Opportunity, home of fast horses and loose fish, as a site for our first camping episode, and a woman handed me a pile of information about the facilities.

It is imperative, when you are camping in an unfamiliar location, to be specific about your requirements.

"We would like to camp by water," my wife said.

"Most people do," the woman with the maps nodded.

"Where there are no bugs," I mentioned.

The woman laughed, for reasons that would soon become obvious. (When we got to the lake and set up housekeeping, I took a deep breath to celebrate the good life and swallowed a dozen fireflies. As my aunt would have said, remain calm. Most any bug a person swallows will come out in the wash.)

We were directed toward Lake Ouachita, pronounced Washita. Much of its shore line is in a national forest and, according to all the brochures, there wasn't much commercial development around to defile the scenery, but the thing the beginning camper must remember is: As there is no sound without ears, there is no scenery without eyes.

We blew sundown.

The road running west to east through the center of Arkansas is curvaceous and any foreigner going more than 45 miles an hour runs the risk of plunging to his death into the bowels of the Ozark Mountains, which are really mountainettes but still high enough to kill you. These roads, and particularly the bridges, were constructed before the advent of mobile homes and trailers, so when you meet a recreational vehicle coming the other way, you must pull to the shoulder on your side of the bridge, or else you might catch a side-view mirror in the throat. After we had entered the guts of Arkansas, ours was the only plain old car I saw for about an hour. Once, I tried to pass a pickup truck pulling a boat and my wife flung herself to the floor and began reciting the Lord's Prayer.

Darkness overwhelmed us and I pulled into a bait store for directions to a spot on Lake Ouachita where we could peace-

fully rest our weary bodies under a blanket of stars as sweet water gracefully lapped the land and lulled us to sleep.

"Hell, man," the owner of the bait store said, "all I know of like that is to take a rowboat and paddle out to the middle of the lake and hope to Christ one of them fancy houseboats don't ram you."

I said that we would settle for a peaceful valley where we could feed deer and things.

"Number one, this is Saturday. Number two, it is night. Number three, everybody and his dog camps out on Saturday night and those that haven't got dogs bring the neighbors' kids."

He told me that our only hope in hell was about 12 miles away. "Never can tell. You hit it just right, maybe you can get a spot where somebody just died."

I thanked him. He sold me some extra insect repellent. "Mosquitoes that live around pine trees are mean as yard dogs."

I found the dirt road in question. It went for seven miles through dark forest. A sound we thought was a flat tire turned out to be the bugs hitting the hood and windshield. The dirt road forked and there was a sign advertising a motel to the right and the camping area was to the left. The trail through the camping area made a circle and as I swung onto the left fork, my headlights focused on tents and vehicles of all types, wedged in between the pine trees. My bright lights glared inside a tent and a man in an undershirt bolted upright and threw a tin can at us. The outdoor vehicles were packed so closely together it looked like a drive-in theater. Somebody had a campfire going off to the left.

I said that it was probably an old-fashioned weenie roast.

"The hell it is," my wife answered. "They're using the fire to sterilize the knife so they can cut somebody's toe or ear off. This place is a leper colony."

I made another circle. What was more depressing than the crowd was that nobody seemed to notice the dust I was scattering. I stopped and got out of the car and squinted at what appeared to be some camping space.

"There," I said.

"Where?"

"Between the silver Airstream from Illinois and the blue camper from Michigan."

There was a tent hooked to the side of the Airstream; and the back of the camper from Michigan was open and two boys were in there with the interior light on, hitting each other in the face with their fists. The man and woman from Michigan were sitting on the hood of their camper. The people with the Illinois

(continued on page 228)



Wal, I went home one night,
As drunk as I could be,
A strange horse in th' stable
Whar mah horse orter be!

Come hyar, mah liddle wifie,
An' explain this thing t' me;
How come this horse in th' stable
Whar mah horse orter be?

Oh, now, my dear husband,
I'll explain th' thing t' thee;
Hit's nothin' but a milk cow
That your folks sent t' me.

Wal, I've traveled this hyar world over,
A hunnert mile or more,
But a saddle on a milk cow's back
I ain't never seen before!

Wal, I went home one night,
As drunk as I could be,
A strange coat was ahangin'
Whar mah coat orter be!

Come hyar, mah liddle wifie,
An' explain this thing t' me;
How come this coat ahangin'
Whar mah coat orter be?

Oh, now, my dear husband,
I'll explain th' thing t' thee;
Hit's nothin' but a bedquilt
That your folks sent t' me.

Wal, I've traveled this hyar world over,
A hunnert mile or more,
But pockets on a bedquilt
I ain't never seen before!

Wal, I went home one night,
As drunk as I could be,
A pair o' pants on the chair
Whar mah pants orter be!

Come hyar, mah liddle wifie,
An' explain this thing t' me;

How come these pants alayin'
Whar mah pants orter be?

Oh, now, my dear husband,
I'll explain th' thing t' thee;
Hit's nothin' but a dishrag
That your folks sent t' me.

Wal, I've traveled this hyar world over,
A hunnert mile or more,
But buttons on a dishrag
I ain't never seen before!

Wal, I went home one night,
As drunk as I could be,
I seen a head on th' piller
Whar mah head orter be!

Come hyar, mah liddle wifie,
An' explain this thing t' me;
How come this head on th' piller
Whar mah head orter be?

Oh, now, my dear husband,
I'll explain th' thing t' thee;
Hit's nothin' but a cabbagehead
That your folks sent t' me.

Wal, I've traveled this hyar world over,
A hunnert mile or more,
But a mustache on a cabbagehead
I ain't never seen before!

Wal, I went home one night,
As drunk as I could be,
A bare arse under th' covers
Whar mah arse orter be!

Come hyar, mah liddle wifie,
An' explain this thing t' me;
How come this arse alayin'
Whar mah arse orter be?

Oh, now, my dear husband,
I'll explain th' thing t' thee;
Hit's nothin' but a pumpkin
That your folks sent t' me.

Wal, I've traveled this hyar world over,
A hunnert mile or more,
But hair on a pumpkin
I ain't never seen before!

Wal, I went home one night,
As drunk as I could be,
A strange stick in th' puddin'
Whar mah stick orter be!

Come hyar, mah liddle wifie,
An' explain this thing t' me;
How come this stick in th' puddin'
Whar mah stick orter be?

Oh, now, my dear husband,
I'll explain th' thing t' thee;
Hit's nothin' but a cucumber
That your folks sent t' me.

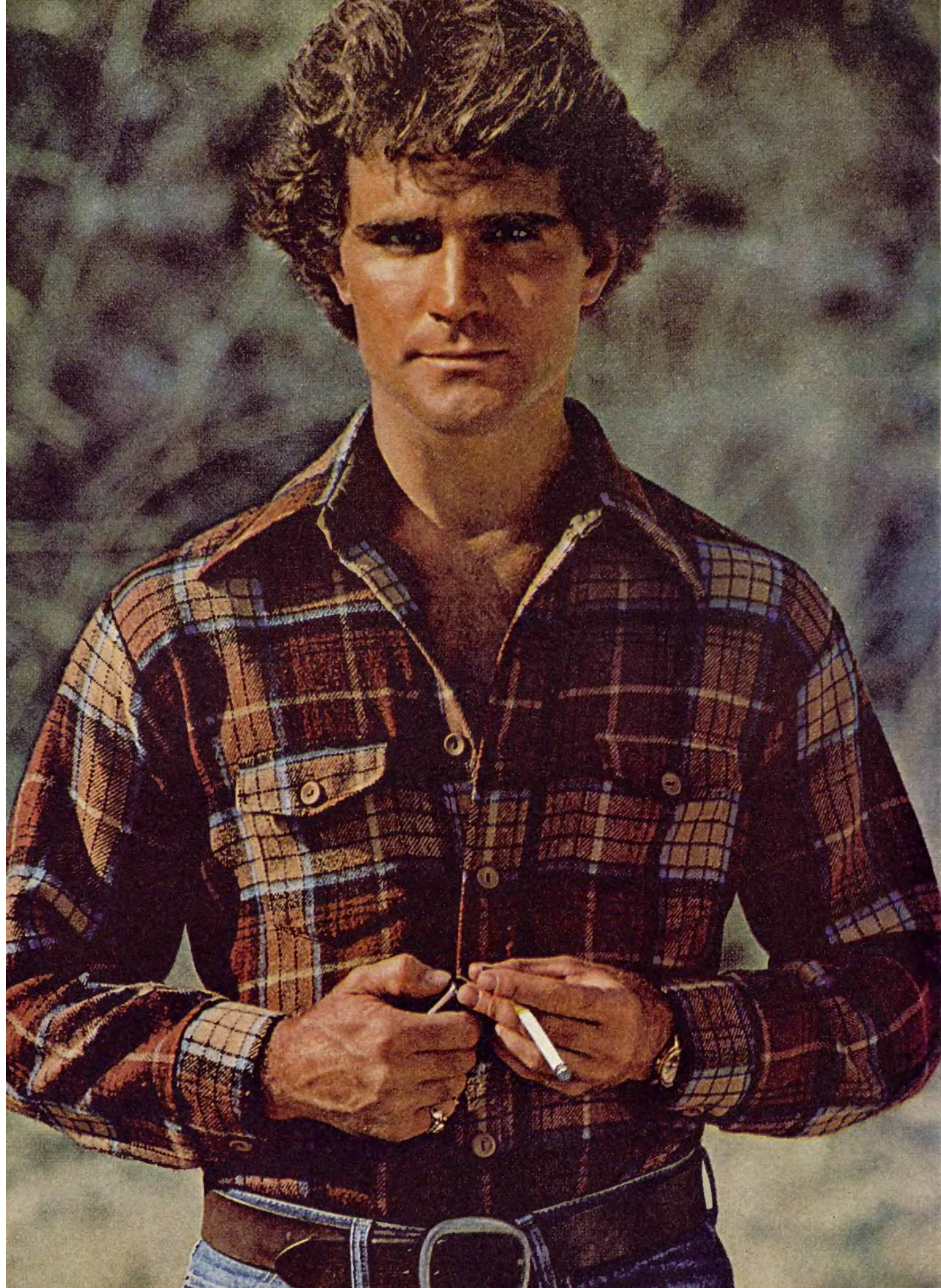
Wal, I've traveled this hyar world over,
A hunnert mile or more,
But balls on a cucumber
I ain't never seen before!

Wal, I went home one night,
As drunk as I could be,
Th' whole room was ashakin',
Scared th' Devil outa me!

Come hyar, mah liddle wifie,
An' explain this thing t' me;
Who's that thar red-haired man
Alayin' on top of ye?

Oh, now, my dear husband,
I'll explain th' thing t' thee;
He's nothin' but my dear brother
That come hyar to visit me.

Wal, I've traveled this hyar world over,
A hunnert mile or more,
But that dead, red-haired brother
Won't come round hyar no more!
—Retold by Doug Hodge



Smoking is one thing. Taste is everything.

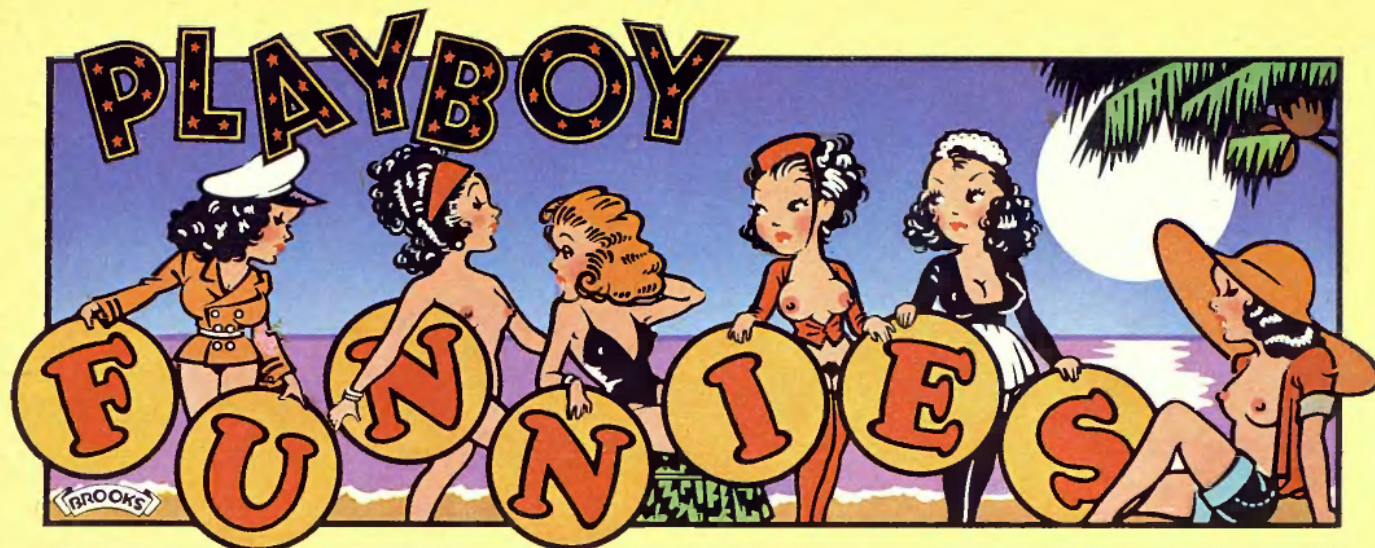
For me, it's taste or nothing. That's why I smoke Winston. Look, whether it's Winston King or Winston 100's, taste is everything in a cigarette. And Winston is nothing but good taste all the way.



Winston King. Winston 100's.

KING, 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

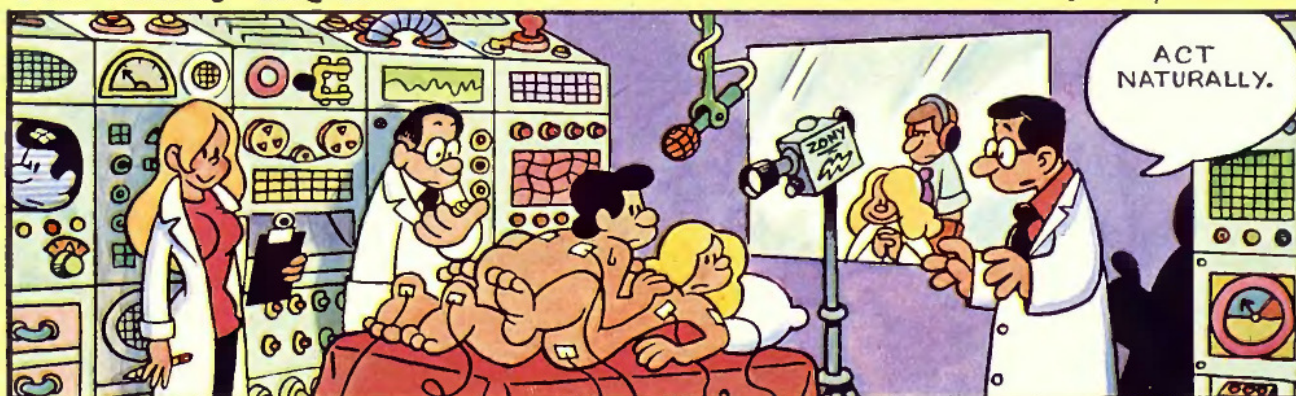


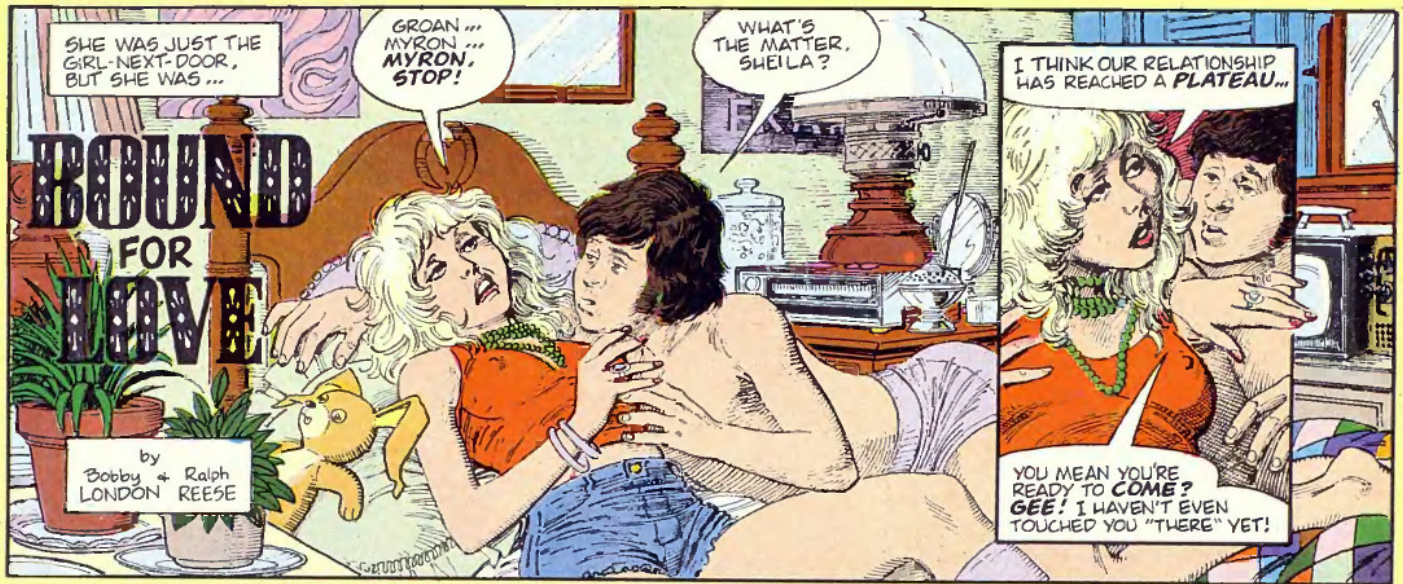
carnal comix, soft-core satire, and illustrated classics from the sexual underground

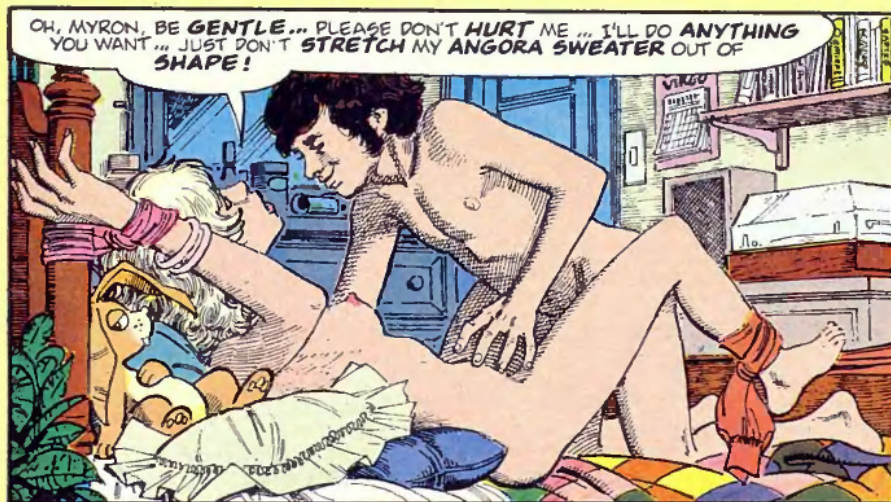


The Kinky Report

by Christopher Browne

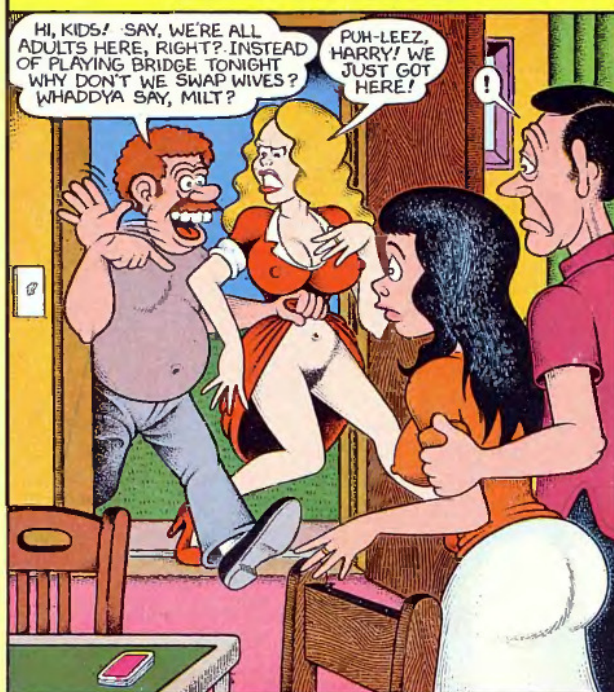




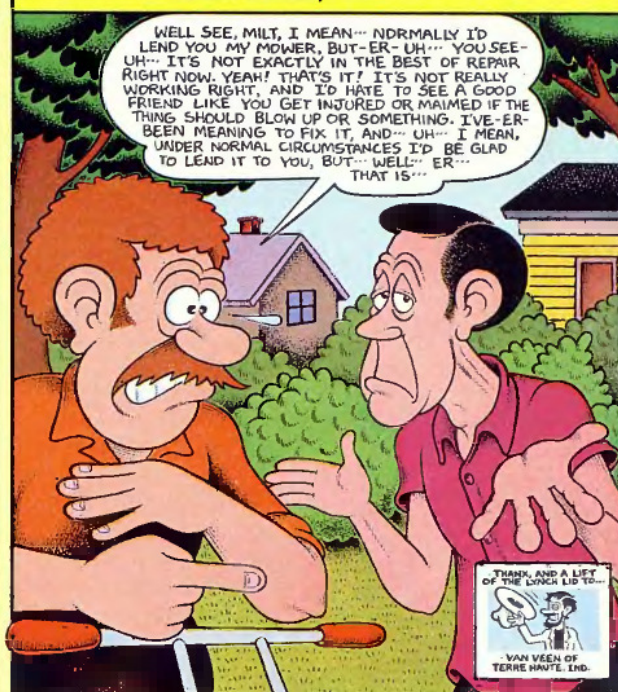


GIVE 'EM AN INCH... by JAY LYNCH

NEIGHBOR HARRY IS ALWAYS TRYING TO INTEREST MILTON AND MARGE IN SPOUSE SWAPPING!



BUT JUST LET MILT TRY TO BORROW HARRY'S NEW LAWN MOWER, AND...



TEASERS Educational Humor by Lou Brooks

IT'S TRUE! The Mystical Squirting SNAKE!



ANSWER TO RIDDLE: Because then it would be a foot!



RIDDLE Why isn't the average penis 12 inches long?

HERE'S A FUNNY TRICK THAT'S EASY TO PERFORM AND IS A GENUINE PLEASER AT ANY GATHERING. CUT A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF AN OLD SHOE BOX. PAINT YOUR PECKER GREEN AND STICK IT THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE BOX, THEN FILL THE BOX ABOUT HALF-WAY WITH WOOD SHAVINGS. COVER THE BOX WITH A LID AND CASUALLY SIT AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS. SURE AS SHOOTIN', A LONELY LASS WILL SOON APPROACH YOU AND ASK WHAT'S IN THE BOX. REMOVE THE LID, AND AS THE "SNAKE" IS PETTED, WATCH HER LIGHT UP WITH AMAZEMENT AS IT SEEMS TO GROW IN SIZE AND EVENTUALLY "SPITS" RIGHT IN HER EYE!

DOWN THE SEINE

(continued from page 92)

"President Johnson sent me a Hereford cow in gratitude for naming his domestic program."

sometimes disagreed with each other on the major issues of the day, we had a mutual admiration rarely seen among Washington pundits.

When President Johnson moved into the White House, he asked me to go down to the ranch for breakfast. "I want to put my own imprint on the Presidency," he said. "I want to help the poor and the blacks and the disenfranchised. But I need a name for my program—something that will grab the imagination of the American people."

I put some butter on my toast. "Lyndon, why don't you call your program 'The Great Society?'"

Lyndon stopped eating his scrambled eggs. "'The Great Society.' I like the ring of it."

Jack Valenti was pouring coffee for us. "Jack," the President said, "how do you like the name The Great Society?"

Valenti said, "Mr. President, I'll sleep better at night if that's what you call your program."

Johnson later sent me a Hereford cow in gratitude for naming his domestic program.

But there were dark clouds on the horizon. The people around him were dragging him into the Vietnam war, step by step. I tried to warn Johnson that the war would destroy everything he wanted for the American people, but he told me, "I want to nail a coonskin to the wall."

One night, when a White House secretary and I were sharing a sleeping bag, she whispered, "Lyndon's mad at you because you won't support his policy in Southeast Asia."

"Tell him," I said, as I kissed her ear, "that it could cost him the election in 1968."

She pressed closer to me. "He says that if you go along with his bombing plans, he might appoint you to the next opening on the Supreme Court."

"I wouldn't mind serving on the Court," I replied. "But the price is too high. We can't win that war, and the sooner he knows it, the better off we'll all be."

I was right, of course, and Johnson decided not to run in 1968.

Much to my horror, Nixon defeated Hubert Humphrey in the election. I never trusted Nixon and while he made several attempts to get me to go to Key Biscayne and San Clemente, I felt we had little to say to each other.

My only contact with the Nixon Administration was through Henry Kissinger. I liked Henry and I was always available to him when he sought my advice.

I don't remember if it was at my house or his when I broached the question to him of normalizing relations with Red China.

In any case, Henry grasped the value of it, but he was stumped as to how to do it.

"Why don't we send a ping-pong team to China?" I suggested. "It would be a small gesture, but I think it would break the ice."

Henry went to Nixon with the plan, not mentioning it was mine. He knew that Nixon would never accept an idea if it came from me. The rest is history. After ping-pong came Henry and after Henry came Nixon, and by recognizing the existence of China, the U.S. was able to play Mao against the Soviet Union.

While I also suggested the policy of *détente* with the Soviet Union, I wasn't

happy with the way Henry was winding down the war. I told him as much and our relations cooled after that. I knew he had my phone tapped, but it didn't bother me, because a telephone operator, whom I used to meet for *après-ski* at the Marriott Motel, told me everything Henry had heard.

Watergate came as no surprise to me. I knew Nixon had a bunch of plumbers working for him in the White House. But I must admit that even I was surprised at the lengths everyone in the White House went to to cover up a third-rate burglary.

The problem was that the story was hard to break. Two young reporters from *The Washington Post*—Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein—were working night and day on it. I used to meet with Woodward in a garage at three o'clock in the morning and tell him what I had found out about the case. I don't know if I was any help or not. Woodward wanted to give me credit for my role in his getting the Pulitzer Prize, but I preferred to remain anonymous. "Just call me Deep Throat," I told him. "That will be credit enough."

One day, when I was at a wild Congressional orgy up on Capitol Hill, a girl who couldn't type told me that her boss, an important Senator on the Watergate committee, had found out that Nixon had taped all his conversations in the White House. That was the "smoking gun" I had been looking for. I called Archibald Cox, the special prosecutor, and told him about it. He told Elliot Richardson, who was then Attorney General, and Bill Ruckelshaus, the Deputy Attorney General.

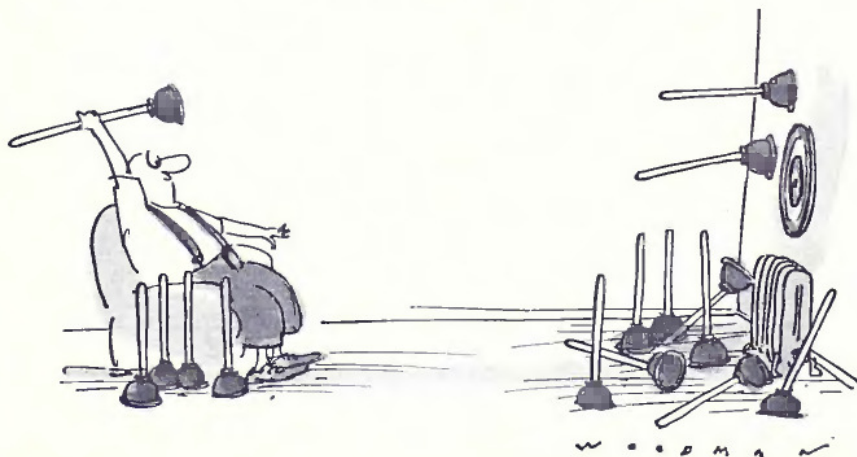
Nixon found out about the call and, after stonewalling for three months, ordered everybody fired. I called it the Saturday Night Massacre.

I knew it would just be a matter of time before Nixon would have to resign.

My next two years were uneventful. Jerry Ford was a nice guy, but he stumbled a lot. I was angry about the pardon he had given Nixon, but I kept those feelings to myself.

It came as no surprise to me when he was defeated by Jimmy Carter, whom I had served with on a nuclear submarine. Jimmy and I used to lust in our hearts after the same women, and I imagine I'll be seeing a lot of him during the next four years.

I can't say the past 30 years haven't been fun, because they have. Who knows what I'd be doing now if I hadn't gotten that telephone call from Harry Truman back in 1946? Someday I'll probably put it all down in a book, but in the meantime, this will have to do, because I don't want to hurt too many people still alive who are taking credit for most of the things I did.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND • 80 PROOF • IMPORTED AND
BOTTLED BY THE WINDSOR DISTILLERY COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The smooth Canadian.

This Canadian has a reputation for smoothness. So you won't catch him drinking anything less than the smoothest whisky around.

Windsor. A whisky made with glacier-fed spring water and aged in the clear, clean air of the Canadian Rockies.

Try Windsor. It's got a reputation for smoothness.



BACK TO CAMPUS

(continued from page 129)

Fantasy, it seems, will play a major role in dictating styles for the coming year (and what college man doesn't have fantasies?).

You say, for example, that it's the jocks who have taken over from the radicals as this year's B.M.O.C.s. Well, even if you don't know which end of the football is up, you can still come on like a jock (and no athletic-supporter jokes, please) by choosing from an immense array of sports-oriented garb, including pullover sweat shirts, bulky sweaters and all manner of hooded outerwear.

Or maybe it's a way-out Western look you fancy. Narrow cigarette jeans, cowboy boots, trim-fitting snap-front cowboy shirts—even ten-gallon hats—will be worn on various campuses from good old Boston U. to Berkeley. (The look has not only been acceptable but *de rigueur* at schools in Texas since Jim Bowie went down swinging at the Alamo.)

Fonz duds, it seems, are not just coveted by zit-conscious teeny-boppers. That old black magic of black-corduroy jeans worn with something semioutrageous, such as a brick-red pullover and a shiny-silver polyurethane hooded parka—plus, perhaps, a pair of mirrored sunglasses—is just the kind of kinky self-expression that turns on some male undergrads. (Not to mention a surprising number of coeds.)

On the other hand, perhaps it's the boss look of classic tweed that suits your needs. Our pun, incidentally, is perfectly appropriate, as you can expect to find a wide variety of two- and three-piece tweed and flannel suits in stores this fall at surprisingly reasonable prices. Don't ask us how the manufacturers have done it, just buy; the cost of quality tweeds and flannels, like everything else worth while, can't go any way but up. And for that classy finishing touch, we suggest you add something truly spiffy to your wardrobe; perhaps a camel-color belted topcoat or a herringbone chesterfield (with a black-velvet collar, of course).

Last, but not least, expect to see one more bit of self-expression appearing on campuses this fall—the happy-wanderer look. Survival gear has been gaining influence ever since the threat of an energy crisis and clever designers have taken the cue and come up with such items as a hooded and quilted jacket that features an attached knapsack (it's pictured on page 130). Not only will the quilting keep you warm on freezing days but, should you fail to maintain a C average, you can always hit the road in it for warmer climes, carrying some socks and a change of underwear on your back. So whatever your fantasy clothing needs are, it shouldn't take much effort to satisfy them this fall.



FITTING AND PROPER

how to turn a tailor and a three-way mirror into a winning suit

NOTHING HAS AS MUCH universal fashion appeal these days as the suit. For the young, who until recently still regarded suits as the uniform of the establishment, putting one on has revealed the psychological pleasure that's derived from a trim-fitting two- or three-button once the prejudice against the look is overcome. And as one grows older, it becomes obvious that tailored clothing is the most versatile way to minimize the errors of nature on the male physique.

High costs and a dwindling supply of skilled custom tailors have made it just about a certainty that your suit purchases will be off the peg rather than bespoke. Alas, all too many males regard a ready-made suit as being a *fit accompli*, giving little or no thought to the tailoring details that separate the well-dressed men from the boys.

The over-all effect you want to create is that you're wearing a suit that *looks* comfortable. It should allow freedom of movement without being baggy. And it should hang smoothly, with the coat always covering your posterior while being long enough to rest in the bend of your fingers when you cup your hand at your side.

Case in point is our Beau Brummell at left who sports a trim-fitting wool worsted three-piece, by GGG, \$325, with a polyester/cotton shirt, by Hennessy for Van Heusen, \$17, a silk tie, by Cerruti CXIII, \$16.50, and a pair of calfskin slip-ons, by Johnston & Murphy, \$77.50. At right are eight examples of the wrongs and rights of suitsmanship.

WRONG



RIGHT



There are eight deadly suit-fitting sins and surely the flyaway jacket collar is the one most frequently committed. A good tailor will correct it to lie properly on the neck. A pressing helps, too.



Popping lapels are for the fair sex. You should play your suit hand close to the chest by insisting that your tailor adjust the coat so that it lies smoothly on your upper torso. Groovy!



Your shirt cuffs should extend one half inch beyond your suit sleeves. Too-long sleeves make you appear rather Chaplinesque; too-short sleeves have that my-how-you've-grown! look.



The correct length of a suit jacket is dependent on one's body proportions. Ideally, the jacket should extend to the bend of your cupped fingers—and it should always cover your seat.

WRONG



RIGHT



Floppy wings on any suit are for the birds—and they also indicate that the armhole seam isn't correctly positioned. Use the three-way mirror to spot this sin, then fix it, pronto!



The suppressed waist has been a standard in suits ever since Cardin discovered America. But wrinkles at the waist mean the jacket is too tight. Correct it before the button pops off.



Is that a gun in your pocket or just the result of sloppy tailoring? Either way, the crotch of your pants should be trim but not too tight. Liberated females, today, are crotch watchers.



Puddle-jumper pants are still a cardinal fitting sin. The correct length in front is for the pants to break slightly where they touch the shoe. At back, they should extend to the heel-top.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 134)*

about morals. That's just a personal feeling. I don't have any fixed ideas on what's right and wrong. If I did, I would probably be writing editorials in newspapers.

PLAYBOY: Is it wrong that you're in prison for killing King?

RAY: I believe that's wrong, but, on the other hand, I can't just sit here dwelling on the fact I'm innocent. I'm here, they got me framed. I look at it a different way. I had my opportunity when I escaped from Missouri. I should have stayed in Canada. It's difficult for me to explain all these things. I'm just looking at it this way: They've got me in here and it's up to me to get out. Guilt or innocence is inconsequential. Of course, from your point of view and the public's point of view, that's the wrong way to look at it. But they got me in here, either rightly or wrongly, and it's up to me to get out—rightly or wrongly. I've read some of these philosophy books, like the *History of Philosophy*, and in one of them I read that a handful of might is a bagful of right. I go along with that. I may have the right, but that doesn't mean anything. See, there's something about always saying you're innocent: I don't like to keep saying I'm innocent. That seems like you're crying or something.

PLAYBOY: Are you religious? Do you believe in God?

RAY: I don't disbelieve in Him, but I really don't give too much thought to the other side. I was christened a Catholic. I went to church when I was living in Illinois. My grandmother was Irish and was hooked on the Catholic religion. My mother was Catholic.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man was your father?

RAY: That's hard to describe; I don't like to be making judgments on others. I've always gotten along with him fine.

PLAYBOY: Did he treat you well?

RAY: Yeah, I can't complain. Of course, that was during the Depression. Everyone wasn't doing well. I'd say about 90 percent wasn't working. He had various jobs, mostly labor jobs.

PLAYBOY: And what did you do?

RAY: Other than going to school, I went to work when I was 15 and went into the Army when I was 17. I went to work in a shoe company in Hartford, Illinois; that's where my maternal grandparents lived. That's a suburb of St. Louis.

PLAYBOY: What was your dad in prison for?

RAY: It had something to do with money. I think it was for grand larceny. I believe.

PLAYBOY: Your father was a thief and both of your brothers have done time. In fact, one—John—is in prison now for bank robbery. It kind of runs in the family, doesn't it?

RAY: The relatives on my mother's side were immigrants from Ireland and none of them had any criminal records, except one. But on my father's side, there was this outlaw stuff. I think Jimmy Carter said one of his ancestors was a horse thief. It's no big deal.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about your brother Jerry? He obviously feels a great deal for you?

RAY: Well, Jerry's all right. I like him and I assume he likes me, too. I just don't like to get too expressive, these terms love and all that stuff.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

RAY: There are just certain terms that I don't care about using, because they sound mushy or something. Your mother might use that term or something, but I don't think that a man sits around talking about love and so on. It sounds sort of odd to me.

PLAYBOY: Were your family ties close?

RAY: Yes, I think they always were. When I was ten or twelve years old, I used to

*"They got me in here, either
rightly or wrongly, and it's
up to me to get out—
rightly or wrongly... I don't
like to keep saying I'm
innocent. That seems like
you're crying or something."*

spend most of my time in Quincy, Illinois. My grandfather used to run a tavern and I used to hang around there quite a bit.

PLAYBOY: Were you always a loner?

RAY: There are degrees between being an introvert and an extrovert. You can't just associate with everyone that comes along. But most people, whether they're man, woman or in between, don't want to get associated with me in any manner. I can understand that.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a girlfriend on the outside?

RAY: No, most of my associates are in jail.

PLAYBOY: Do you have some good friends in prison?

RAY: Yes, but I don't like to mention any names. I have some people I associate with more closely than others. You have something in common with them.

PLAYBOY: You've expressed yourself very coldly throughout this interview. Do you have any strong emotions? Can you get angry or love someone?

RAY: No, I can't explain about the emotions. I understand certain types of

individuals, say the Latins, are more expressive than others. But I can't compare myself to someone else, to how emotional they get. For instance, women—they'll break down and cry and all that stuff.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever cried?

RAY: Not for a long time, since I was 12 or 14.

PLAYBOY: Were you more expressive then than you are now?

RAY: I don't believe so. I don't think I've changed too much between now and when I was 12 or 13. You may look at things in a different perspective, where you get more critical of things. I think that a person can be emotional and still be cold and hardhearted; the emotions don't have to be on the surface.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in love with a woman?

RAY: I've never been married or anything like that. I lived with them a few times.

PLAYBOY: Did you love those women?

RAY: I doubt that very much, because I never had a long period of association. I mean, usually just two or three months with most of them. I respect them and think they're probably more of a higher human than the man is. They seem more independent than the man is. I'm not saying anything about women's lib. I don't agree with that. You know, women were more concerned with appearances than men 20 years ago. Now it seems things have been reversed. I'm just basing this on observing them professionally. For instance, Dan Rather interviewed me once. He gave me the impression that he was concerned with what the producers wanted. On the other hand, I was interviewed by Nancy Becker and she was less concerned about what the producers wanted.

PLAYBOY: When you lived with a woman, was it just an arrangement of convenience?

RAY: I think it was instinctive to be involved with the opposite sex.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel affection for any of them?

RAY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What ended the relationships?

RAY: I'm usually moving quite a bit when I'm outside.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel sad leaving those women?

RAY: Not particularly; but when you leave any place, if someone was there, you get kind of an emotional feeling about leaving, because you know you won't be back.

PLAYBOY: You said you liked Latins. Is that because of your trip to Puerto Vallarta?

RAY: In Mexico, they have a different culture, but I don't have any objections. I kind of like Mexico and Mexicans. I been down there two or three times. It's an earthy place.

PLAYBOY: Was the living good down there?



*“ ‘Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
when first we practice to deceive’ . . . !”*

RAY: Fairly good, yes. You know, you get used to living with what you're unaccustomed to, I guess.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that you had serious girlfriends down there, even proposed marriage to one.

RAY: No. Oh, I was in and out of various red-light establishments, but down there they're different from the United States, more acceptable.

PLAYBOY: Throughout this interview, you've claimed to be innocent of King's assassination. You've just escaped and been caught again. Your legal options seem almost exhausted. What chance do you think you have of ever getting out?

RAY: I don't think that I'll have too much of a chance getting out legally unless the FBI information is declassified. If all this material would be declassified in some kind of proceeding, I'd be willing to forget the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: You mean if everything were declassified and you saw that there was nothing that would clear you, you'd give up attempts for a new trial?

RAY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think the FBI has material that would clear you?

RAY: I'm positive. I told the House committee the only thing I wanted was to get this material declassified in the Justice Department. Judge John Lewis Smith, Jr., in Washington sealed a lot of the material. Get him to unseal it. That's the only thing I want. I don't want any type of immunity or any type of favors. Only thing I want is to get this material made public. See, we've never been able to get a scrap of evidence in eight years, so I wrote them a letter and told them that I didn't think I would testify fully before the committee until we got some assurances from General Bell and this Judge Smith that they would make all these records public. That's the only thing I care about.

'Course, I'm not even sure the files would help me. I believe they would, because if they wouldn't, they wouldn't make such an effort to suppress them.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone ever tell you anything or show you anything that would lead you to believe there is material in those files that would help your case?

RAY: Fact is, when I was jailed in Memphis, I had two policemen guarding me all the time. A couple of times, they told me they'd investigated the case and a lot of them had been right on the scene of the crime. They told me the government's case wasn't like that being published in the newspapers. For instance, one time they told me that every policeman in Memphis within four miles of King when he was shot was required to make a sworn statement of just what the policemen were doing at that particular time—because

there was some concern that the Memphis authorities might be blamed for the shooting. They said those statements didn't support the government.

PLAYBOY: You sound indomitable, despite your situation. And you've spent more years in solitary than many inmates ever spend in prison. How do you survive?

RAY: In Nashville, I was in solitary for five years [*prison officials say it was four years*]. Corrections Commissioner Harry Avery told me there was a possibility I'd get out of solitary if I didn't make any efforts to get the case overturned. He said he was speaking for the highest authority, which I assumed was the governor. The only way solitary affected me is my concentration. For example, normally if I read a book, I just read it straight through. In segregation, though, you can only read 30 or 40 pages at a time and then you have to stop. Of course, it runs you down physically, but when you're out two or three months, you get recuperated.

"I'm gonna fight a transfer to a Federal prison. They're going to have to use physical force to get me out of here. The FBI has agents in these prisons. An individual could kill you."

PLAYBOY: That sort of isolation didn't affect you mentally?

RAY: I don't know if it did or not. I may have gotten funny in the head.

PLAYBOY: You've come off as a very tough character. Is anybody going to get the best of James Earl Ray?

RAY: I don't know. Legally they have, I know that.

PLAYBOY: As of this moment, the Tennessee governor is asking that you be put in Federal prison. How do you feel about that?

RAY: Oh, I'm gonna fight that. They're going to have to use physical force to get me out of here. See, the FBI has agents in residence in all these different prisons. An individual could kill you.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that if you were in a Federal penitentiary, you think the FBI would have someone kill you?

RAY: Yeah, I think it might be similar to the King operation. They'd get the security off or they might put you on one of those drug projects or something. They tried to transfer me once to the Springfield, Missouri, behavior-modification program, a mental program where they give

you drugs. This was at Nashville. The deputy warden called me down and said they were sending me there. I told him he had no such authority and he said he was going to do it anyway. So I sued. In the end, nothing happened.

PLAYBOY: Let's ask this once again: What would you say is the single most important fact that proves your innocence?

RAY: As I said, the suppression of all the evidence by the Government.

PLAYBOY: Not that you didn't pull the trigger to kill King?

RAY: Well, yes, but not from a legal point.

[*The prison guards entered the room to take Ray back to his cell. As Ray began to walk away, there was a final, hurried exchange.*]

PLAYBOY: You're sure, James, that you didn't kill Martin Luther King?

RAY: Well, I'm not sure until I get the evidence out of the Justice Department.

PLAYBOY: What? You have to know if you did it.

RAY: I'm really serious. I don't think anything will be resolved until we get that. I'll just be making denials and the Justice Department will be saying I'm guilty and that'll be it. This is an unusual case.

JUNE 25, 1977

PLAYBOY: You've just heard that the results of the polygraph test you took at our request show you were not telling the truth. If the test is reliable, it means you did kill King and you did it alone. What's your reaction?

RAY: Well, I don't know if there's anything accurate about these lie-detector tests. Senator Sam Ervin, I think, called it a medieval contraption or something. See, when I took the test, I had a headache all day. I took a bunch of aspirin. I don't know if that would affect the test or not. They also asked me a series of [*control*] questions about other robberies—a lot of those questions can cause certain anxiety if you've been accused of them.

Another time, I was given a psychological-stress test that showed the opposite. [*The psychological-stress evaluation, or P.S.E., is a test in which a tape of the subject's voice is analyzed for stress. Although neither polygraph nor P.S.E. results are generally admissible in court, the P.S.E. is widely considered to be the more controversial.*] I think you could get someone to argue that this one's false and the P.S.E. is correct. It was done without me being there, so I wouldn't have worried one way or the other. I think it's best to answer questions when you're not hooked up and all that stuff—machines. But I'm still more concerned about the Justice Department files and this Rosen business than I am with this test.



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Lovely
sail.

Winch handle over the side.
Mrs. Davidson over the side.
Thank goodness the sun's
over the yardarm.

**Build me
a Booth's®
martini**

High,
dry and...

What do
you mean
we forgot
the ice?





BEYOND SPECS



Finish: Simulated walnut grain

How our new front loading system improves sound and helps keep heads cleaner.

When people first see our new cassette decks, many will say in surprise: "Hey, no lid!" And when they first hear our decks, they'll exclaim: "Incredible! Incredibly clean sound!" Now read on to discover the important connection between the two.

Sansui will do anything to achieve the finest sound quality possible, and one of our latest innovations is Direct-O-Matic front loading. This new system does away with the lid. Does away with "eject." And does away with countless devices and springs—fewer moving parts mean greater reliability, easier handling. You always see the entire cassette and tape mechanism—100% visibility.

"Wonderful," you say. "But what," you ask, "does Direct-O-Matic have to do with improved sound quality?"

To begin with, the frequency response of our cassette decks is truly outstanding. (That's what you'd expect from an audio leader who has over half a decade of cassette deck making experience under its belt.) But we consider excellent specs are only the beginning. We've taken countless special steps to insure superior sound. We've even cleverly applied technology to solve a psychological problem.

A lamentable and indisputable fact of life is that the frequency response of *every* tape head is drastically reduced unless the head is periodically cleaned. But most people don't clean their tape heads because it's too awkward to do and because they forget.

Sansui's new cassette decks have changed that forever.

Now you see those heads all the time. You're more aware of them so you'll take better care of them. They're totally accessible and really easy to get at. So your heads will be cleaner and all the subtle nuances of recorded sound will be brilliantly clear the day you buy your Sansui deck. And for years after.

We'd need this whole magazine to tell you in specific detail about the meticulous care that went into the design,

engineering and technology of our cassette decks. Every aspect shows Sansui's original approach to unparalleled sound quality. That's why Sansui decks, like all Sansui audio components, offer performance that goes far beyond ordinary specs. Trust your ears, and you'll come to trust the audio maker for whom specs are the beginning and the beauty of music the worthy end.



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PLAYBOY

ADDOLFO



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PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 104)

know. If amnesty is what it takes to bring our people home, then give it and forget it.

Charles D. Horton
Petersburg, Virginia

It's clear to me that Landers is attempting to speak for all Vietnam veterans. I am a totally disabled veteran of Vietnam and do not share his views.

Chuck Moore
Canal Winchester, Ohio

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ATHEISTS

It's widely believed that the separation of church and state is strictly upheld by Government and is even supported by religion, but open and subtle attempts are made to undermine or illegitimize the lifestyle of atheists. We have laws requiring oaths in court to end with "So help me, God"; the words "under God" appear in our Pledge of Allegiance; "In God We Trust" is our national motto; atheists are denied equal broadcast time for antireligious propaganda; the rules of the Boy Scouts of America, which gets some Federal funds, states that a boy must believe in God to join.

Religious sects and ethnic groups organized, spoke out against discrimination, endured pain and hardship and won. Atheists must similarly support their lifestyle and not let God and his string pullers continue to rip them off.

Thomas Helms
Malvern, Pennsylvania

DIVINE DEBATE

Robert C. Dell states, "Karl Marx, for example, rebelled against religion because it did not support his all-consuming dedication to war, bloodshed and world enslavement" (*The Playboy Forum*, June). I suspect he hasn't read much Marx. In his *Critique of Hegel's "Philosophy of Right"*, Marx criticized as superficial those who rebel against religion, arguing that reformers should attack not religion itself but the conditions that lead to religion. Marx's goal was to create a society in which people would be so satisfied they wouldn't have to turn to religion for comfort. Dell may disagree with Marx's ideas, but he shouldn't distort them.

Barry Krusch
Atlanta, Georgia

Dell asks, "What does any humble and honest person have to fear from God?" Well, this humble and honest person fears such acts of God as earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, lightning, droughts, famine, volcanoes and birth defects.

James E. Harrigan
Des Moines, Iowa

Dell says that religion teaches "tolerance, love and humility." How about Northern Ireland? What about Lebanon? Need I go on? I am a member of

the Society of Separationists. We atheists are fighting to bring this country back into a balance of separation of church and state. If Dell knew how much of his taxes go to organized religions and what they do with it, he might support us in our legal battles.

Harry Mainzer
Quogue, New York

Dell makes a point of putting down Marxism and praising traditional religion. Actually, the two movements have more in common than he would probably like to admit. Like most religions, Marxism claims to have a corner on the ultimate truths about man and the universe, has a holy book that must be accepted on faith, promises to solve all human problems in the sweet by-and-by and demands that people sacrifice themselves to something bigger than they are. Dell really should look

into Marxism; he would probably find it quite congenial.

J. Green
New York, New York

MARXISM

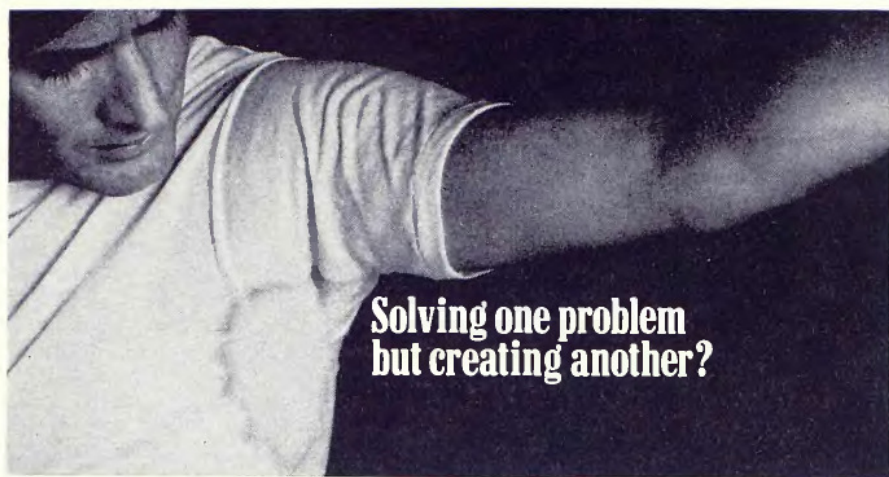
In order to build a base of public support as wide as possible, the anti-abortion movement is generally silent about contraception. Now, however, a prominent anti-abortion spokesman, Father Paul Marx, executive director of the Human Life Center at Saint John's University in Collegeville, Minnesota, has called upon the movement to attack contraception as well.

In an essay titled *Who Is Really Pro-Life?* distributed in churches around the country, Marx writes, "I am convinced that contraception is a chief cause of the present moral chaos. . . . Widespread contraception is the gateway to abortion, which is not 'one' issue as so many have been brainwashed to believe."

He goes on to assert that the I.U.D.



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and the pill induce millions of "silent" abortions each year and insists that the "prolife" position "excludes contraception." He declares, "Prolifers who work toward the day when we no longer kill our unborn are only kidding themselves if they condone contraception. . . . I am overwhelmingly convinced that at least 97 percent of those who intelligently fight abortion see it as an outgrowth of contraception."

If Marx is right about that last figure, then those who support the anti-abortion forces under the delusion that they represent no threat to contraception are also kidding themselves. Unless supporters of free choice make themselves heard in Congress and state legislatures, there is a possibility that our right to practice birth control may be trampled upon by this band of religious fanatics.

Roger Johnson
Chevy Chase, Maryland

It may surprise you, but we agree with Father Marx that to be logically consistent anyone who believes that abortion is murder would be against contraception. Here's why: Anti-abortionists are always saying that we cannot draw a line, that any organism belonging to the human species—no matter how undeveloped, even a newly fertilized ovum—is entitled to a full set of human rights. It follows that the sperm and the unfertilized ovum are equally human by virtue of their biological potential. Sure, it's possible to

make distinctions, but anti-abortionists tell us that making such distinctions is just what we may not do. Human life is human life, period. Of course, this position carries logic to the point of insanity. Which is precisely why we reject it and why we believe it is morally permissible to draw lines and perform abortions.

THE SPIRIT AND THE LETTER

I believe that abortion should be legally available to any woman, even though I am not convinced that abortion is morally right. One's stand on the issue should be based not on the morality of abortion itself but on one's belief in the function of law in our society. In a society as diverse as ours, we cannot expect that law will coincide with everyone's personal morality. Some women have always sought, and some will always seek, abortions; it would seem wise to ensure that they be performed as safely as possible.

Martin Holladay
Sheffield, Vermont

ANTI-ABORTION SENTIMENT

I'm intrigued by PLAYBOY's provocative comment that the values reflected in the law "ought to be those on which there is general agreement, not those of a particular sect or faction" (*The Playboy Forum*, May). Am I to assume PLAYBOY favors submitting the question of legal abortion to a vote—a national referen-

dum—to determine the direction of general agreement on the issue? Such a referendum could lead to the death of legal abortion as it exists today.

In 1972, voters in Michigan and North Dakota rejected abortion in some cases by 63 percent and 77 percent, respectively. And only 27 percent of the population of North Dakota is Catholic. Unfortunately, just a few months later, a very small minority (seven Supreme Court Justices) forced its moral values concerning unborn children on millions of Americans.

A further clue to the depth of anti-abortion sentiment may lie in Lawrence Lader's *Forum* letter (May), in which he bemoans the fact that "82 percent of all public hospitals and about 60 percent of all private and voluntary hospitals have refused to obey the 1973 Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion." Apparently, Lader wants to force prolife medical personnel to perform abortions against their will.

Louis Hausheer Pumphrey
Greater Cleveland Right
to Life Society
Shaker Heights, Ohio

We were referring to the general values on which society is based—axiomatic principles that are accepted by people of every denomination or of no denomination at all. The belief that abortion is murder obviously doesn't enjoy such universal acceptance.

The Right to Life position, calling for a ban on all abortions, would fare badly in any national referendum. In 1975, the Gallup Poll reported that only 22 percent of Americans favored making all abortions illegal. In 1976, Gallup reported that 49 percent of Americans opposed a constitutional amendment that would prohibit abortion except to save the life of the mother (the Right to Life movement would not allow even that exception), as opposed to 45 percent in favor. As it happens, seven Justices out of nine is a very large majority, and, in any case, the Justices weren't imposing their morals but asserting women's right to act according to their individual beliefs.

The suggestion that anyone in the abortion movement would wish to see medical personnel act against their conscience is absurd. The whole idea of abortion rights is to guarantee women the freedom to choose. The Abortion Rights Mobilization seeks to ensure that public hospitals in each community have facilities for abortion staffed by willing doctors and nurses.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between editors and readers of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



beggarman, thief

(continued from page 154)

"Billy had resigned himself to the fact that she was a mysterious girl."

gasoline clandestinely at prices cannily just below the prices in the city. The colonel also invited Billy to dinner. He liked to know what the enlisted men were thinking, as he often said, and the colonel's wife thought Billy was a charming young man and behaved like an officer, especially in civilian clothes. The colonel's wife liked to play tennis, too, and lived in hope of the day when the colonel would be sent off on an assignment for a month or two, leaving Billy behind.

It was not the Old Army, the colonel sometimes thought, but you had to keep up with the times. While the colonel was his commanding officer, there was no danger that Billy would be sent to Vietnam.

Billy knew that it was through his uncle Rudolph's good offices in Washington that he had been spared the unpleasant sound of hostile fire and one day he would show his gratitude. Right now, he had in his pocket a letter from his uncle that contained a check for \$1000. Billy's mother had run dry as a source of funds and Monika, to whom Billy had spoken about his rich uncle, had pushed him into writing for money. She had been mysterious about why she needed it, but Billy had long ago resigned himself to the fact that she was a mysterious girl. She never told him anything about her family in Munich or why she had taken it into her head at the age of 18 to take a degree at Trinity College in Dublin. She was always going off on secret appointments but, except for that, most of the time was extremely agreeable to live with. That had been the condition on which she had moved into his cozy little flat off the *Place*. He was to ask no questions when she said she had to be away for an evening or sometimes a week. There were some delicate meetings among the delegates to NATO that could not be talked about. He was not a curious young man when it came to matters that did not concern him.

Monika was not really pretty, with her black, tangled hair and low-heeled shoes and sensible stockings, but she had large blue eyes that lit up her face when she smiled and a lovely small figure. The small was important. Billy was only 5'6" tall and slightly built and he didn't like the feeling of inferiority taller women gave him.

If he had been asked on this evening

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what profession he intended to follow, he would most probably have said that he was going to re-enlist. Every once in a while, Monika would get angry at him and denounce him for his lack of ambition. With his engaging youthful athlete's smile, he would agree with her that he had no ambition. The melancholy darkness of his eyes, fringed by heavy black lashes, gave his smile an extra value, as though he had made a special sad effort at gaiety for its recipient. Billy knew enough about himself not to turn the smile on too often.

Tonight was one of the times Monika had a mysterious appointment. "Don't wait up for me," she said as they gazed at the spotlighted magnificence of the *Place's* walls and windows. "I may be late, maybe all night."

"You're ruining my sex life," he said.

"I bet," she said. Trinity College, plus the troops of NATO, had given her an easy command of both the English and the American languages. She had written a paper on Swift and another one on Raymond Chandler. The Irish, she had told Billy, had liked the one on Chandler better. She was full of surprises, Monika, and it was one of the things he liked best about her. She was not the sort of girl to tear a passion to tatters, either, and she brought home interesting books for him to read. Although he had balked at Marx

and Jung. There were limits to what a girl could expect of a man.

He kissed her lightly and watched her get into a cab. She sprang into it as if she were doing the running broad jump at a track meet. He admired her energy. He couldn't hear the address that she gave the driver. It occurred to him that he never heard where she was going when he put her in a cab.

He shrugged and strolled toward a café. It was too early to go home and there was nobody else he especially wanted to see that night.

In the café, he ordered a beer and took out the envelope with the check and his uncle's letter in it. There had been an exchange of letters, quite cordial, since Billy had seen the item in *Time* about Tom Jordache's death and the awful photograph of Rudolph's wife naked that they'd dug up somewhere. He hadn't mentioned the photograph in the letter to Rudolph and had been sincere, or as sincere as he could be, with his condolences. Uncle Rudolph had been chatty in his letter, with all the family news. He sounded like a lonely man who didn't know quite what to do with himself and he had written sadly, if reticently, of his divorce and the claiming of Cousin Wesley by the lady from Indianapolis. He had not mentioned the police record of Wesley's mother as a common prostitute, but

Billy's own mother had not been sparing in details. His mother's letters tended to be stern and admonitory. She had never forgiven him for his refusal to keep away from the Army—she would have enjoyed playing the honored martyr, he felt resentfully, if he had gone to jail for five years as a conscientious objector. Everyone to his or her principles. For himself, he preferred playing tennis with a 47-year-old colonel and living in comparative luxury with a bright, shapely, multilingual and—admit it—beloved *Fräulein* in the civilized city of Brussels.

His letter to his uncle asking for a loan had been graceful and rueful rather than importunate. There had been some unlucky poker games, he had hinted, an expensive automobile breakdown, the necessity to buy a new car. . . . Rudolph's letter, which had arrived that morning, had been understanding, though he had made it clear that he expected to be repaid. Monika wanted the cash the next morning and he would have to go to the bank. He wondered what she might need it for. What the hell, he thought, dismissing the subject, it's only money and it's not even mine. He ordered a second beer.

In the morning, he discovered what she wanted the money for. She woke him up when she came in at dawn, made him a cup of coffee, sat him down and told him the \$1000 was to be used to bribe a sergeant at the Army arms depot, so that the people she was working with, whom she wouldn't name or describe, could go in with a U. S. Army truck, which he, Billy, was expected to supply from the motor pool, and lift an unspecified num-

ber of guns, grenades and rounds of ammunition. He himself was not to be involved in the deal. Only to the extent of driving the truck out of the pool one night, with authentic orders, and delivering it half a mile down the road to a man who would be dressed as a U. S. Army MP lieutenant. The truck would be back before dawn. She said all this calmly, while he sat in silence, sipping his coffee, wondering if she had been on drugs all night. In the course of her explanation, given in the same even tones she might have used back at Trinity at a seminar on an obscure Irish poet, she also explained that he had been picked as her lover because of his job at the motor pool, though she admitted that she had become fond of him, very fond, since then.

He tried to control his voice when he finally spoke. "What the hell is all this stuff going to be used for?"

"I can't tell you, darling," she said, stroking his hand across the kitchen table. "And you'll be better off never knowing."

"You're a terrorist," he said.

"That's a word like any other," she said, shrugging. "I might prefer the word idealist, or a phrase like seeker after justice or an enemy of torture or just plain lover of the ordinary, traumatized, brainwashed common man. Take your pick."

"What if I just went to NATO and told them about you? About this crazy scheme?" He felt silly sitting there naked, shivering in a small, cold, bourgeois kitchen, dressed only in an old bathrobe that was half open, with his balls hanging out, talking about blowing people up.

"I wouldn't try that, darling," she said. "First of all, they would never believe you. I'd say that I had told you I'd leave you and this was your weird hippie way of getting revenge. And some of the boys I know can be very nasty customers, indeed. . . ."

"You're threatening me," he said.

"I guess you could call it that."

By the look in her eye he knew that she was not joking, that she was deadly serious. Serious was exactly the word. And deadly. He felt cold and frightened. He had never posed as a hero. He had never even had a fistfight in his life. "If I do this, this once," he said, trying to keep his voice from quavering, "I never want to see you again."

"That's for you to decide," she said evenly.

"I'll tell you at noon," he said, his mind racing, searching for a way he could get out of the whole thing, fly to America, hide out in Paris, London, escape the whole insane, surrealist plot in six hours.

"That will be time enough," Monika said. "The banks are open in the afternoon. But I must tell you, for your own sake—you will be watched."

"What the hell kind of woman are you?" he shouted, his voice out of control.

"If you weren't so superficial and frivolous and self-satisfied," she said, without raising her voice, "you'd know by now, after living with me as long as you've done."

"I don't know what's so frivolous and self-satisfied about not wanting to kill people," he said, stung by her description of him. "Don't be so goddamned smug."

"Every day," she said, "you put on a uniform. In the same uniform, thousands of young men your age go out every day to kill hundreds of thousands of people who never did them any harm. I consider *that* frivolous." As she talked, her eyes finally were darkening with anger.

"And you're going to stop that?" he said loudly. "You and five or six other murderous thugs?"

"We can try. Among other things that we will try. At least we'll have the satisfaction of knowing that we tried. And what satisfaction will you have?" She sneered at him, her mouth an ugly grimace. "That you played tennis while it all was happening? That there isn't a single human being alive who has any respect for you? That you sat idly by while the men whose boots you licked morning, noon and night were plotting to blow up the world? When everything goes up in the final explosion, are you going to be proud of yourself as you die because you ate well and drank well and fucked well while it all was being prepared? Wake up! Wake up! There's no law that says you have to be a worm."

"Rhetoric," he said. "So what'll you



"Damn it, I know who she is! Who's he!?"

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**12:34 AND 56
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12:3456

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Lake Geneva, Wisconsin 53147



do—hijack an Israeli plane, break some windows in an embassy, shoot a policeman while he's directing traffic? Is that your idea of saving the world?"

"First of all, this has nothing to do with the Israelis. We—my group and I—have varying opinions on that subject, so don't worry about your Jewish friends, or my Jewish friends, for that matter."

"Thank you," he said sardonically, "for your German forbearance of the Jews."

"You bastard." She tried to slap him across the table, but he was too fast for her and caught her hand.

"None of that," he said. "You may be wonderful with a machine gun, but you're not a boxer, lady. Nobody's going to get away with hitting me. You've yelled at me and yelled at me and threatened me and asked me to do something that might get me killed or land me in prison for life and you haven't explained anything yet." Recklessly, he went on, raving now. "If I'm going to help you, it's not going to be because you're scaring me into it or bribing me or anything like that. I'll make a deal with you. You're right—there's no law that says I have to be a worm. You convince me and I'm with you. You sit down and keep your goddamn hands and your goddamn threats to yourself and calmly explain. Otherwise, no soap. You understand that?"

"Let go of my hand," she said sullenly.

He dropped her hand. She stared at him furiously. Then she began to chuckle. "Hey, Billy boy, there's something there, after all. Who would have guessed that? I think we need some fresh coffee. And you're cold. Go in and get dressed and put on a sweater and we'll have a nice little talk over the breakfast table about the wonder of being alive in the 20th Century."

In the bedroom, while he was getting dressed, he started shivering again. But even while he was shivering, he felt crazily exhilarated. For once, he hadn't backed down or slid away or evaded. And it could be a matter of life and death, he was sure of that. There was no sense in underestimating Monika's toughness or passion. The papers were full of stories of hijackings, bombings, political murders, theatrical massacres, and they were plotted and carried out by people who sat at the next desk from yours, who stood by your side in a bus, who went to bed with you, ate dinner with you. It was his tough luck that Monika was one of them. As she had said, he should have guessed *something*. Her insults had wounded him; it was one thing to know that you were worthless, it was another to be told by a woman whom you admired, more than that—much more—loved, who acted as though she loved you, that you had no value.

The chuckle in the cold, dawnlit

kitchen had been a gift of respect and he accepted it gratefully. In Monika's eyes now, he was a worthy opponent and had to be treated accordingly. Until now, he had let the world go its own way and had been satisfied to find a snug Government-issue corner for himself. Well, the world had caught up with him and he had to deal with it. Frightened and wounded as he was, somehow he had found the strength to do so. He was involved, whether he liked it or not, and ready to deal. From one moment to another, almost instinctively, he had put a new price on his existence.

The hell with her, he thought, as he put on a sweater. Loss is the risk of breathing. The hell with all of them.

Monika was heating a fresh pot of coffee when he went back into the kitchen. She had taken off her shoes and was padding around in her stockinged feet, her hair a dark mess, like any housewife newly risen from the marital bed to make breakfast for her husband on the way to the office. Terror in the

kitchen, bloodshed over a hot stove, victims designated among the clatter of pots and pans. He sat down at the scarred wooden table, rescued from some Belgian farmhouse, and Monika poured the coffee into his cup. Efficient German *Hausfrau*. She made good coffee. He tasted it with relish. She poured some coffee for herself, smiled at him gently. The woman who had told him that he had been selected as her lover because he happened to run a motor pool from which trucks could be obtained for dead-end errands had disappeared. For the time being. For ten minutes on a cold morning, he thought, as he drank the scalding coffee.

"Well," he said, "where do we begin?" He looked at his watch. "It can't take too long. I have to be at work soon."

"We begin at the beginning," she said. "The state of the world. The world's in a mess. The fascists are everywhere. . . ."

"In America . . . ?" he said. "Come on, Monika."

"In America, it's still disguised," she said impatiently. "They can still afford



"And get this. We're not dogs anymore. From now on, we are to be known as Canine Americans."

to disguise it. But who gives them the arms, the money, the smoke screens, finally, the real support? The fat cats in Washington, New York, Texas. If you're going to insist on being naïve, I won't bother talking to you."

"You sound as though it all comes out of a book."

"Why not?" she said. "What's wrong with learning from a book? It wouldn't do you any harm to read a few books, either. If you're so worried about your beloved native land, you'll be relieved to hear that we're not operating in America now, not the people I'm with, anyway, though I'm not saying there aren't some who do. There're bombs going off in America, too, and there'll be more, I promise you. America's at the base of the pyramid and in the end it will be the prime target. And you're going to be surprised how easily it will crumble. Because the pyramid is shaky; it's based on lies, immoral privileges, stolen wealth, subjugated populations; it's based on sand beneath the surface."

"You sound more like a book than ever," he said. "Why don't you just get it out of the library and I'll read it myself?"

Monika ignored his gibe. "What we have to do," she went on, "is show that it's vulnerable as well as evil."

"How do you plan to do that with a few crazy gangsters?"

"Don't use that word," she said warningly.

"Whatever you want to call them. Gunmen. Assassins. Whatever."

"Castro did it in Cuba with twelve men."

"America's not Cuba," he said. "And neither is Europe."

"They're near enough. Both of them. The attacks will multiply. The men in power will get uneasy, uncertain, finally frightened. They'll act out of fear, make one mistake after another, each one worse than the last. They'll apply pressure. They'll make disastrous concessions that will only make people realize that they were close to defeat and will inspire more incidents, more cracks in the walls."

"Oh," he said, "turn off the record, will you?"

"A bank president will be assassinated," she chanted, rapt in her vision, "an ambassador kidnaped, a strike paralyze a country, money lose its value. They won't know where the next blow is coming from, just that there will be a next blow. The pressure will build up, until the whole thing explodes. It won't take armies . . . just a few dedicated people. . . ."

"Like you?" he said.

"Like me," she said defiantly.

"And if you succeed, then what?" he said. "Russia takes the whole pot. Is that what you want?"

"Russia's time will come," she said. "Don't think I'm fool enough to want that."

"What do you want, then?"

"I want the world to stop being poisoned, stop being headed toward extinction, one way or another. I want to stop the warriors we have now, the spies, the nuclear bombers, the bribed politicians, the killing for profit. . . . People are suffering and I want them to know who's making them suffer and what they're getting out of it."

"All right," he said, "that's all very admirable. But let's speak practically. Supposing I get you the truck; supposing you put your hands on a few grenades, *plastique*, guns. Just what, specifically, are you going to do with them?"

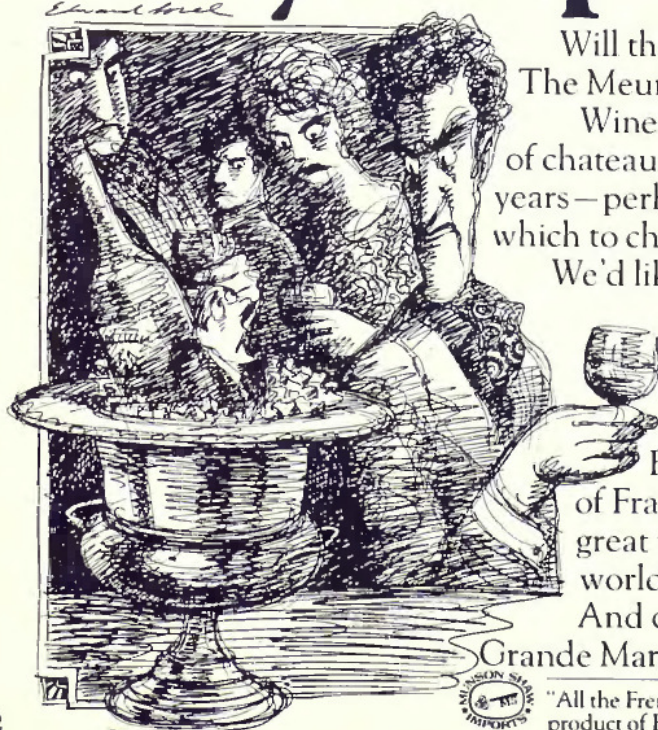
"Specifically," she said, "we are planning to blow in the windows of a bank here in Brussels, get some explosive inside the Spanish embassy, wipe out a judge in Germany who's the biggest pig on the Continent. I can't tell you more than that. For your own sake."

"You're ready to do a lot of things for my sake, aren't you?" he said. He bowed sardonically. "I thank you, my mother thanks you, my colonel thanks you."

"Don't be flip," she said coldly. "Don't ever be flip with me again."

"You sound as though you're ready to shoot me right now, dear little gunlady," he said, mocking her, pushing himself to

Will your chilled wine get a chilly reception?



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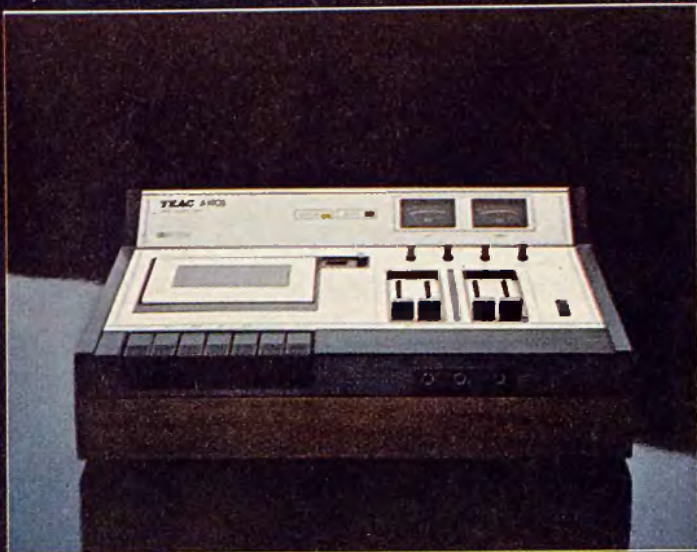
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courage, though he was shivering again, sweater and all.

"I've never shot anybody," she said. "And don't propose to. That is not my job. And if your scruples are so delicate, perhaps you'd like to hear that we plan to operate in such a way here in Belgium that nobody will get killed. What we do is merely unsettle, warn, symbolize."

"That's Belgium," he said. "What about other places?"

"That doesn't concern you," she said. "You don't have to know anything about it. Later on, if you are convinced and you want to take a more active part, you will be trained, you will be in on the discussions. Right now, all you are to do is go to the bank and cash your uncle's check and make a truck available for a few hours one night. Christ," she said fiercely, "it's nothing new to you, with your bribes—don't think I don't know how you live so high on a sergeant's pay—with your black-market gasoline..."

"My God, Monika," he said, "do you mean to say you can't tell the difference between a little petty larceny and what you're asking me to do?"

"Yes," she said. "One is cheap and distasteful and the other is noble."

"First you tell me there's nobody in the whole world who respects me," he said, "then you ask me to be noble. Don't you think you're asking too much?"

"No," she said. "You're intelligent..."

"Thanks again, lady."

"You're intelligent," she repeated, "but

you're uninformed. You've been leading your life in a trance. You don't like what you are, you despise everybody around you, I've heard you talk about your family, your mother, your father, your uncle, the animals you work with. . . . Don't deny it." She put up her hand to stop him as he tried to speak. "You've kept everything narrow, inside yourself. Nobody's challenged you to face yourself, open up, to see what it all means. Well, I'm challenging you now."

"And hinting that something very nasty will happen to me if I don't do as you want," he said.

"That's the way it goes, laddie," she said. "Think over what I've just said as you work this morning."

"I'll do just that." He stood up. "I've got to get to the office."

"I'll be waiting for you at lunchtime," she said.

"I bet you will," he said, as he went out the door.

The morning in the office passed for him in a blur. As he checked out orders, requests, manifests, operation reports, he made dozens of decisions, each one over and over again, each one discarded, the next one reached and discarded in turn. Three times he picked up the phone to call the colonel, spill everything, ask him for advice, help, then put the phone down. He looked up the schedule of the planes flying out of Brussels to New York, checked the notation with a pencil for the earliest flight to New York, decided to go to the bank, cash his uncle's check and get on the plane that morning. He

could go to the CIA in Washington, explain his predicament, get Monika put behind bars, be something of a secret hero in those secret corridors. Or would he? Would those men, deft in murder and complicated underground maneuvers and the overthrow of governments, congratulate him and secretly, in their own style, scorn him for his cowardice? Or, even worse, turn him into a double agent, order him back to join whatever band Monika belonged to, tell him to report weekly on their doings? Did he want Monika behind bars? Even that morning, he could not honestly tell himself that he didn't love her. Love? There was a word. Most women bored him. Usually he made an excuse, after copulation, to jump out of bed and go home. With Monika, the night's entwining could never be called copulation. It was absolute delight. Had she learned what she knew about how to use her body to enchant a man at Trinity College, Dublin? The thought, even now, of losing her was desolation. To put it coarsely, he told himself, I can come five times a night with her and look forward eagerly to seeing her naked and rosy in bed at lunchtime.

He didn't want to be killed. He knew that, just as he knew he didn't want to give up Monika. But there was something titillating, deeply exciting, about the thought that he was daring enough to make love to a woman, make her gasp in pleasure and pain, at six in the morning and know that she was ready to order his execution at noon.

His life until now, he realized, had been drab, usual, without real emotion or feeling. She had disturbed him to whatever depths he was capable of. Was he going to be content, all his life, to be just a member of the herd, docile, imposed upon, shuttling between monotonous work and monotonous entertainment? Seasonal laborer, he had written.

He had thought that Monika was a romantic girl. At first it had amused him. She had read too many books, had studied too many old plays, he had told himself. But now, in the routine comings and goings of the military office, she seemed to him to be living her life at a pace that made him and all around him seem like slugs.

What would it be like to say to her, "I'm with you"? To slide in and out of shadows? To hear an explosion somewhere nearby while he was playing tennis at the immaculate club with the colonel and know that he had scheduled it? To pass a bank on whose board his uncle Rudolph sat and stealthily depose a bomb that would explode before the bank opened its doors in the morning? What brilliant fanatics would he meet, who flitted from one country to another, who would be heroes in the history books, perhaps, a century from now, who killed with poison, with their bare hands, who



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But there was good old Charlie with his good old Alka-Seltzer. There was another incredible din as the two tablets hit the water — plop, plop, and suddenly the room was filled with the glorious roar of bubbles — bubbles bursting, rushing to the top of the glass like a thousand gallant soldiers coming to the rescue.

I could scarcely believe the speed with which they calmed my crazy stomach and soothed my aching head. But they did, Charlie, and if you're reading this, thanks.

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could teach you those mysteries, who could make you forget you were only 5'6" tall?

In the end, he did not call the colonel, he did not cash the check, he made no arrangements at the motor pool, he did not go out to the airport.

What he did was drift, dazed, through the morning and when the colonel called and said there was a game on at 5:30 that afternoon, he said, "Yes, sir, I'll be there," though he felt that there was a good chance he'd be dead by then.

She was waiting for him when he came out of the office. He was relieved that she had combed her hair, because the other men streaming past to go to lunch all looked at them speculatively, leers suppressed, mostly because of his rank, and he didn't like the idea of their thinking he consorted with a slob.

"Well?" she said.

"Let's have lunch," he said.

He took her to a good restaurant, where he knew the other men who wanted a change from the food in the Army mess were not likely to go. He also wanted the reassurance of crisp tablecloths, flowers on the tables, attentive waiters, a place where there was no suggestion of the world tottering, desperate plotters, crumbling pyramids. He ordered, for them both, oysters and sole.

They ate quietly, talking politely about

the weather, about a conference that was to start tomorrow at which she was to act as translator, about his date for tennis with the colonel at 5:30, about a play that was coming to Brussels that she wanted to see. There was no reference to what had passed between them that morning until the coffee came. Then she said, "Well, what have you decided?"

"Nothing," he said. Even in the overheated cozy restaurant, he felt cold again. "I sent the check back to my uncle this morning."

She smiled coldly. "That's a decision, isn't it?"

"Partially," he said. He was lying. The check was still in his wallet. He hadn't known he was going to say it. It had come out mechanically, as though something had pushed a lever in his brain. But even as he said it, he knew he *was* going to mail the check back, with thanks, explaining to his uncle that his finances had taken a turn for the better and there was no need at the moment for help. It would prove useful later on, when he really needed something from Uncle Rudolph.

"All right," she said calmly, "if you were afraid that the money could be traced, I understand." She shrugged. "It's not too important. We'll find the money someplace else. But how about the truck?"

"I haven't done anything about it."

"You have all afternoon."

"No, I haven't made up my mind yet."

"We can handle that, too, I suppose," she said. "All you have to do is look the other way."

"I'm not going to do that, either," he said. "I have a lot of thinking to do before I decide one way or another. If your friends want to kill me," he said harshly, but keeping his voice low, because he saw their waiter approaching with more coffee, "tell them that I'll be armed." He had had one morning's practice with a .45, could take it apart and reassemble it, but had had a very low score when he had fired at a target for the record. Gun fight at the Brussels OK Corral, he thought. Who was it—John Wayne? What would John Wayne have done today? He giggled.

"What're you laughing about?" she asked sharply.

"I happened to think of a movie I once saw," he said.

She smiled at him strangely. "You don't have to pack a gun. Nobody's going to shoot you. You're not worth a bullet."

"That's nice to hear," he said.

"Does *anything* ever make an impression on you, touch you?"

"I'll make out a list," he said, "and give it to you the next time we meet. If we meet."

"We'll meet," she said.

"When are you moving out of the

"I've tasted a variety of experiences in my career.

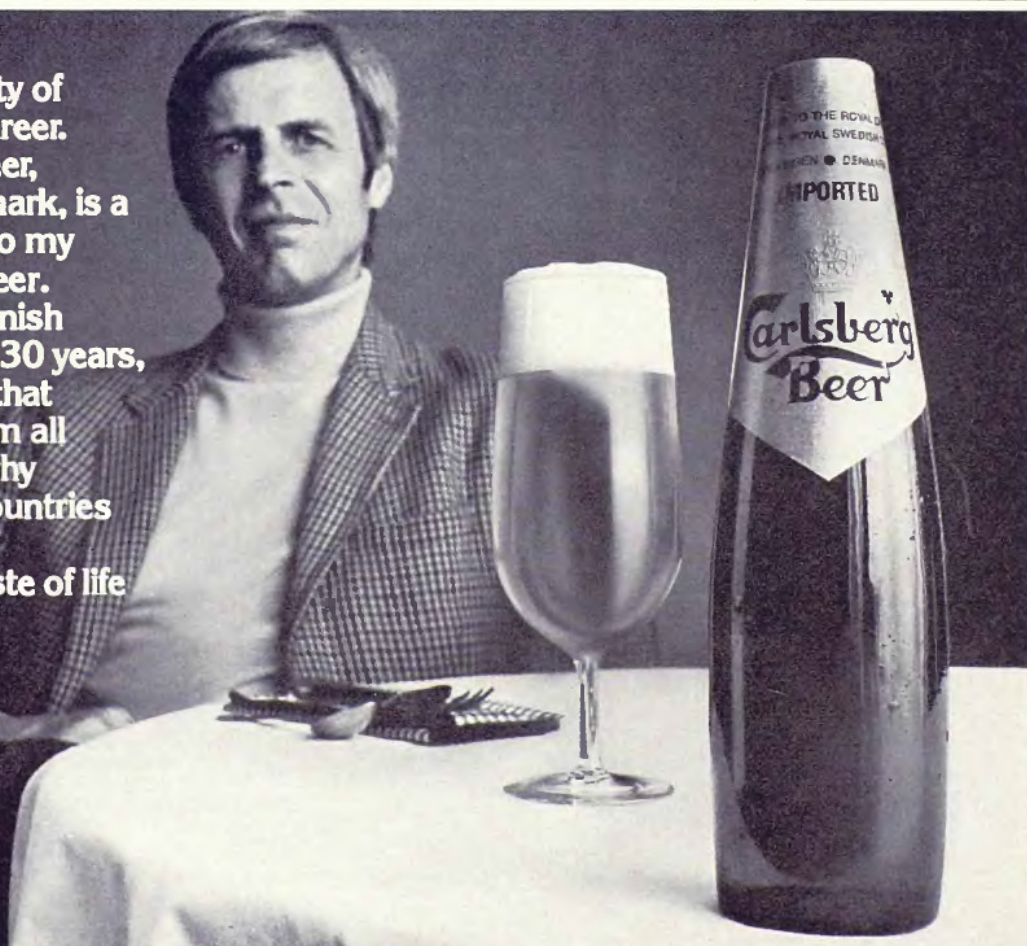
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apartment?" he asked.

She looked at him in surprise. He couldn't tell whether the surprise was real or feigned. "I hadn't intended to move out. Do you want me to move out?"

"I don't know," he said. "But after today. . ."

"For the time being," she said, "let's forget today. I like living with you. I've found that politics has nothing to do with sex. Maybe with other people, but not with me. I adore going to bed with you. I haven't had much luck in bed with other men. The orgasms are few and far between in the New Left—at least for me—and in this day and age, ladies have been taught that orgasms are a lady's God-given right. You're the answer to a maiden's prayer for that, darling, if you don't mind my being a little vulgar. At least for this particular maiden. And I like good dinners, which you are obliging enough to supply. So"—she lit a cigarette. She smoked incessantly and the ashtrays in the apartment were always piled with butts. It irritated him, as he did not smoke and took seriously the warnings of the magazine articles about mortality rates for smokers. But, he supposed, you couldn't expect a terrorist who was constantly on the lookout for the police or execution squads to worry about dying from cancer of the lungs at the age of 60—"So," she said, exhaling smoke through her nostrils, "I'll divide my life while it lasts into compartments. You for sex and lobster and *pâté de foie gras* and others for less serious occupations, like shooting German judges. Aren't you glad I'm such a sensible girl?"

She's cutting me to pieces, he thought, little jagged pieces. "I'm not glad about anything," he said.

"Don't look so mournful, laddie," she said. "Everybody to his or her own talents. And now, I have most of the afternoon off. Can you sneak away for an hour or two?"

"Yes." He had long ago perfected a system of checking into and out of the office without being noticed.

"Good." She patted his hand. "Let's go home and get into bed and have a perfectly delicious afternoon fuck."

Furious with himself for not being able to stand up, throw a bill onto the table for the check and stalk out of the restaurant, he said, "I have to go back to the office for ten minutes. I'll meet you home."

"I can't wait." She smiled at him, her large blue eyes lighting up her Bavarian-Trinity face.

Billy watched with interest as George, which Billy knew was not the man's real name, carefully worked at the table on the timing device. Monika, whom George addressed as Heidi, stood on the other side of the table, her face in shadow, above the sharp V of light the work lamp cut over the table. "Are you follow-

ing this closely, John?" George said in his Spanish-accented English, looking up at Billy. John was the name assigned to Billy in the group. Monika called him John, too, when members of the group were around. He always had to repress a tendency to laugh when she called him John, because it reminded him of the hocus-pocus of secret societies he had started in the yard of the progressive school in Greenwich Village when he was a small boy. Only George wasn't a small boy and neither was Monika. One laugh, he thought, and they'd kill me.

There were only two other associates of George and Monika-Heidi whom Billy had met, but they were not present this afternoon in the small room in the slum section of Brussels where George was working on the bomb. Billy had never seen George in the same room twice. He knew from various references in George's conversation that there was some kind of network of cells like the one Billy had joined in other cities of Europe, but so far he had no notion of where they were or exactly what they did. Although for his own safety he was not particularly anxious to know any more than he was told, he could not help resenting the fact that he was still treated as an untested and scarcely trusted outsider by the others, even though he had twice supplied them with a half-ton from the motor pool and had driven the car in Amsterdam the night George had bombed the Spanish tourist office there. He didn't know what other bombings George and Monika had been in on, but aside from the tourist office, there had been explosions that he had read about in the papers in a branch of an American bank in Brussels and outside the office of Olympic Airways. Various revolutionary groups had written letters to the papers, each of them taking credit for the bombings: Basques, Palestinians, Cypriots, Turks, whatever. As Monika said, there were always plenty of organizations ready to get the publicity; the more the merrier—it added to the general uneasy confusion. If Monika and the man he knew as George had been responsible for one or all of them, Monika was keeping her promise. No one had been hurt in either Amsterdam or Brussels.

"Do you think you could put this together yourself, if necessary?" George was saying.

"I think so."

"Good," George said. He always spoke quietly and moved deliberately. He was dark and small, with gentle, sad eyes, and looked totally undangerous. Regarding himself in the mirror, Billy couldn't believe that anyone could imagine that he was dangerous, either. Monika was a different story, with her tangled hair and her eyes that blazed when she was angry. But he lived with Monika, was frightened of her and loved her more than ever. It was Monika who had said he must re-

enlist. When he said that he couldn't face three more years in the Army, she had turned furiously on him and had told him it was an order, not a suggestion, and that she would move out if he didn't do as she said. "Next time we meet," George said, "I'll let you put together a dummy, just for practice."

George turned back to his work, his fine, small hands moving delicately over the wires. Neither he nor Monika had told Billy where the bomb was going to be used or when or for what purpose and by now he knew that it would be useless to ask any questions.

"There we are," George said, straightening up. "All done." The small plastic charge with the clockwork attachment and detonator lay innocently on the table under the harsh light. "Lesson over for the day. You leave now, John. Heidi will remain with me for a while. Walk to the bus. Take it in the direction *away* from your apartment for eight blocks. Then get off, walk for three more blocks and get a taxi. Give the driver the address of the Hotel Amigo. Go into the hotel. Have a drink at the bar. Then leave the hotel and walk home."

Sitting in the bus going in the opposite direction from the house where he lived, surrounded by women going home after a day's shopping to prepare the family dinner, by children on the way home from school, by old men reading the evening newspaper, Billy chuckled inwardly. If only they could guess what the small, mild-looking young American in the neat business suit had just been doing on one of the back streets of their city. . . . Although he hadn't shown it in front of George and Monika, while he was watching the bomb being assembled, he had felt his pulse race with excitement. Coldly, now, in the everyday light of the rumbling bus, he could call it by another name—pleasure. He had felt the same weird emotion racing away from the tourist office in Amsterdam, hearing the faint explosion six blocks behind him in the dark city.

He didn't believe, as Monika did, that the system was tottering and that a random bomb here and there was going to topple it, but he himself was no longer just an insignificant, replaceable cog in the whole lousy inhuman machine. His acts were being studied, important men were trying to figure out who he was and what he meant and where he might strike next. Colonel's pet, he was disdained by the men around him, had been dismissed as worthless by Monika. The disdain of his comrades-in-arms was now an ironic joke, made juicier by the fact that they had no notion of what he was really like. And Monika had had to admit that she had been wrong when she had said he was worthless. Finally, he thought, they would put a weapon in his hand and order him to kill. And he



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after anything.*
Brut® lotion by Fabergé.

would do it. He would read the papers the next day and would report meekly to work, filled with secret joy. He didn't believe that Monika and George and their shadowy accomplices would ever achieve their shadowy purposes. No matter. He himself was no longer adrift, at the mercy of the small daily accidents of the lowly hireling who had to say, "Yes, sir," "Of course, sir," to earn his daily bread. Now *he* was the accident, waiting to happen, the burning fuse that could not finally be ignored.

He counted the blocks as the bus trundled on. At the eighth block, he got off. He walked briskly through a light drizzle the three blocks that George had told him to cover, smiling gently at the passers-by. There was a taxi at the corner of the third block, standing there as though it had been ordered expressly for him. He settled back into it comfortably and enjoyed the ride to the Hotel Amigo.

He was just finishing his beer at the dark bar at the Amigo, the small room empty except for two blond men at a corner table who were talking to each other in what he took to be Hebrew, when Monika walked in.

She swung up onto a stool next to him. "I'll have a vodka on ice," she said to the barman.

"Did George order you to come?" Billy asked.

"I am having a social period," she said.

"Is it Monika or Heidi?" he whispered.

"Shut up."

"You said social," he said. "But it isn't. You were sent here to see if I followed instructions."

"Everybody understands English," she whispered. "Talk about the weather."

"The weather," he said. "It was rather warm this afternoon, wasn't it?"

"Rather," she said. She smiled at the barman as he put her drink in front of her.

He nursed the last bit of his beer at the bottom of the glass. "What would you do," he asked, "if I were sent back to America?"

Monika looked at him sharply. "Are you being shifted? Have you been keeping something from me?"

"No," he said. "But the colonel's been getting restless. He's been here a long time. Anyway, in the Army, you never can tell. . . ."

"Pull wires," she said. "Arrange for some place in Germany."

"It's not as easy as all that," he said.

"It can be done," she said crisply. "You know that as well as I do."

"Still," he said, "you haven't answered my question. What would you do?"

She shrugged. "That would depend," she said.

"On what?"

"On a lot of things. Where you were sent. What kind of job you got. Where

I was needed."

"On love, perhaps?"

"Never."

He laughed. "Ask a silly question," he said, "and you get a silly answer."

"Priorities, John," she said, accenting "John" ironically. "We must never forget priorities, must we?"

"Never," he said. He ordered another beer. "There's a chance I'll be going to Paris next week."

Again she looked at him sharply. "A chance?" she asked. "Or definitely?"

"Almost definitely. The colonel thinks he has to go and he'll put me on orders to accompany him if he does go."

"You must learn not to spring things like this suddenly on me," she said.

"I just heard about it this morning," he said defensively.

"As soon as you know for sure, you let me know. Is that clear?"

"Oh, Christ," he said, "stop sounding like a company commander."

She ignored that. "I'm not talking idly," she said. "There's a package that has to be delivered to Paris next week. How would you go? Civilian plane?"

"No. Army transport. There's an honor guard going for some sort of ceremony at Versailles."

"Oh, good," she said.

"What will be in the package?"

"You'll know when you have to know," she said.

He sighed and drank half the fresh beer. "I've always been partial to nice, uncomplicated, innocent girls."

"I'll see if I can find one for you," she said. "In five or six years."

"So," he said, "business hours are over."

"For the day." She laughed and kissed his cheek. She had decided to be Monika now, he saw, not Heidi.

"For the day," he said and finished his beer. "You know what I would like to do?"

"What?"

"I'd like to go home with you and fuck."

"Oh, dear," she said with mock gentility. "Soldier talk."

"The afternoon's activities have made me horny," he said.

She laughed. "Me, too," she whispered. "Pay the nice man and let's get out of here."

It was dark by the time they got to the street where they lived. They stopped on the corner to see if they were being followed. As far as they could tell, they were not being followed. They walked slowly on the opposite side of the street from his house. There was a man standing, smoking a cigarette, in front of the building. It was still drizzling and the man had his hat jammed down low over his forehead. There wasn't enough light for them to know whether they had ever

seen the man before.

"Keep walking," Monika said in a low voice.

They went past the house and turned a corner and went into a café. Billy would have liked another beer, but Monika ordered two coffees.

When they came back 15 minutes later, they saw, from the opposite side of the street, that the man was still there, still smoking.

"You keep walking," Monika said. "I'll go past him and upstairs. Come back in five minutes. If it looks all right, I'll turn on the light in the front room and you can come up."

Billy nodded, kissed her cheek as though they were saying goodbye and went on toward the corner. At the corner, he looked back. Hazard of the trade, he thought. Eternal suspicion. The man was still there, but Monika had disappeared. Billy turned the corner, went into the café and had the beer that Monika had vetoed. When he left the café, he walked quickly around the corner. He saw that the front-room light was on. He kept on walking, his head down, over to the side of the street where the man was waiting in front of the house and started up the steps, taking his keys out.

"Hello, Billy," the man said.

"Holy God! Dad!" Billy said. In his surprise, he dropped his keys and he and William Abbott almost bumped heads as they both bent over to pick them up. They laughed. His father handed Billy the keys and they embraced. Billy noticed that the smell of gin, which he had associated with his father since early childhood, was absent.

"Come on upstairs," Billy said, opening the door. "Uh—Dad—we won't be alone. There'll be a lady there," he said, as he led the way upstairs.

"I'll watch my language," Abbott said.

Billy unlocked the door and they both went into the little foyer and Billy helped his father off with his wet raincoat. When Abbott took off his hat, Billy saw that his father's hair was iron gray and his face puffy and yellowish. He remembered a photograph of his father taken in his captain's uniform that his mother had kept. He had been a handsome young man, dark, smiling at a private joke, with black hair and humorous eyes. He was no longer a handsome man. The body, too, which had been erect and slender, was now saggy under the worn suit, a little round paunch at the belt line. I will refuse to look like that when I am his age, Billy thought, as he led his father into the living room.

Monika was in the small, cluttered living room. Monika did not waste her time on housework. She was sitting in the one easy chair, reading, and stood up when they came into the room.

"Monika," Billy said, "this is my father."

Monika smiled, her eyes giving a wel-

coming glow to her face. She has 60 moods to the hour, Billy thought, as Monika shook hands with Abbott and said, "Welcome, sir."

"I saw you come in," Abbott said. "You gave me a most peculiar look."

"Monika always looks at men peculiarly," Billy said. "Sit down, sit down. Can I give you a drink?"

Abbott rubbed his hands together and shivered. "That would repair a great deal of damage," he said.

"I'll get the glasses and ice," Monika said. She went into the kitchen.

Abbott looked around him approvingly. "Cozy. You've found a home in the Army, haven't you, Billy?"

"You might say that."

"Transient or permanent?" Abbott gestured with his head toward the kitchen.

"Transiently permanent," Billy said.

Abbott laughed. His laugh was younger than his iron-gray hair and puffy face. "The history of the Abbotts," he said.

"What brings you to Brussels, Dad?"

Abbott looked at Billy reflectively. "An exploratory operation," he said. "We can talk about it later, I suppose."

"Of course."

"What does the young lady do?"

"She's a translator at NATO," Billy said. He did not feel called upon to tell his father that Monika also was plotting the destruction of the capitalistic system and had almost certainly contributed to the recent assassination of a judge in Hamburg.

Monika came back with three glasses, ice and a bottle of Scotch. Billy saw his father eyeing the bottle hungrily. "Just a small one for me, please," Abbott said. "What with the plane trip and all and walking around Brussels the whole, live-long day, I feel as though I've been awake for weeks."

Billy saw that his father's hand shook minutely as he took the glass from Monika. He felt a twinge of pity for the small man, reduced in size and assurance from the father he remembered.

Abbott raised his glass. "To fathers and sons," he said. He grinned crookedly. He made the ice twirl in his glass but didn't put it to his lips. "How many years is it since we've seen each other?"

"Six, seven. . . ." Billy said.

"So long, eh?" Abbott said. "I'll spare you both the cliché." He sipped at his drink, took a deep, grateful breath. "You've weathered well, Billy. You look in good shape."

"I play a lot of tennis."

"Excellent. Sad to relate, I have neglected my tennis recently." He drank again. "A mistake. One makes mistakes in six or seven years. Of varying degrees of horror." He peered, squinting like a man who has lost his glasses, at Billy. "You've changed. Naturally, matured, I suppose is the word. Lines of

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strength in the face and all that. Most attractive, wouldn't you say, Monika?"

"Moderately attractive," Monika said, laughing.

"He was a nice-looking child," Abbott said. "But unnaturally solemn. I should have brought along baby pictures. When we get to know each other better, I'll take you to one side and ask you what he says about his father. Out of curiosity. A man always worries that his son misjudges him. The sting of siredom, you might call it."

"Billy always speaks of you lovingly," Monika said.

"Loyal girl," said Abbott. "As I said, the opportunities for misjudgment are infinite." He sipped at his drink again. "I take it, Monika, that you are fond of my son."

"I would say so," Monika said, her voice cautious. Billy could see that she was unfavorably impressed by his father, put on the defensive, which was an unusual position for her in any company, by his rambling, subtly hostile air.

"He's told you, no doubt, that he intends to re-enlist," Abbott twirled his glass again.

"He has."

Ah, Billy thought, that's what brought him to Brussels.

"The American Army is a noble and necessary institution," Abbott said. "I served in it once, myself, if my memory

is correct. Do you approve of his joining up again in that necessary and noble institution?"

"That's his business," Monika said smoothly. "I'm sure he has his reasons."

"If I may be inquisitive, Monika," Abbott said, "I mean—using the prerogative of a father who is interested in his son's choice of companions—I hope you aren't offended. . . ."

"Of course not, Mr. Abbott," Monika said. "Billy knows all about me, don't you, Billy?"

"Too much," Billy said, laughing, uneasy at the tenor of the conversation.

"As I was saying," Abbott said, "if I may be inquisitive—I seem to detect the faintest of accents in your speech—could you tell me where you come from? I mean originally."

"Germany," she said. "Originally. Munich."

"Ah—Munich," Abbott nodded. "I was in a plane once that bombed Munich. I am happy to see that you are too young to have been in that fair city for the occasion. It was early in 1945."

"I was born in 1944," Monika said.

"My apologies," Abbott said.

"I remember nothing," Monika said shortly.

"What a marvelous thing to be able to say," Abbott said. "I remember nothing."

"Dad," Billy said. "The war's over."

"That's what everybody says," Abbott took another sip, slowly. "It must be true."

"Billy," Monika said, putting down her half-finished glass, "I hope you and your charming father will excuse me. I have to go out. There are some people I have to see. . . ."

Abbott rose gallantly, just a little stiffly, like a rheumatic old man getting out of bed in the morning. "I hope we will have the pleasure of your company at dinner, my dear."

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Abbott. I have a date for dinner."

"Another evening. . . .?"

"Of course," Monika said.

Billy went into the foyer with her and helped her into her raincoat. He watched as she wrapped a scarf around her tangled hair. "Will I see you later?" he whispered.

"Probably not," she said. "And don't let your father talk you out of anything. You know why he's here, I'm sure."

"I suppose so. Don't worry," he whispered. "And come back tonight. No matter what time. I promise still to be horny."

She chuckled, kissed his cheek and went out the door. He sighed, inaudibly, fixed a smile on his face and went back into the living room. His father was pouring himself another drink, not a small

It's easy to turn a heap into



one this time.

"Interesting girl," Abbott said. His hand was no longer shaking as he poured the soda into his glass. "Does she ever comb her hair?"

"She's not concerned with things like that," Billy said.

"So I gathered," Abbott said, as he sat down again in the easy chair. "I don't trust her."

"Oh, come on, now, Dad," Billy said. "After ten minutes? Why? Because she's German?"

"Not at all. I know many good Germans," Abbott said. "I say that, though it isn't true, because it is the expected thing to say. The truth is, I don't know any Germans and have no special feeling about them one way or another. Although I do have special feelings about ladies, a race I know better than I know Germans. As I said, she gave me a most peculiar look when she passed me coming into the house. It disturbed me."

"Well," Billy said, "she doesn't give me any peculiar looks."

"I suppose not," Abbott looked judgmentally at Billy. "You're small; too bad you took after me and not your mother in that respect—but with your pretty eyes and manner, I imagine you arouse a considerable amount of female affection."

"Most of the ladies manage to contain themselves in my presence," Billy said.

"I admire your modesty," Abbott laughed. "I was less modest when I was your age. Have you heard from your mother?"

"Yes," Billy said. "She wrote me after you told her I was going to re-enlist. I didn't know you kept in such close touch with her."

"You're her son," Abbott said, his face grave, "and you're my son. Neither of us forgets that, though we manage to forget many other things." He took a long gulp of his whisky.

"Don't get drunk tonight, please, Dad."

Abbott looked thoughtfully at the glass in his hand, then, with a sudden movement, threw it against the small brick fireplace. The glass shattered and the whisky made a dark stain on the hearth. The two men sat in silence for a moment. Billy heard his father's loud, uneven breathing.

"I'm sorry, Billy," Abbott said. "I'm not angry at what you said. On the contrary. Quite the contrary. You have spoken like a dutiful and proper son. I'm touched by your interest in my health. What I'm angry about is myself." His voice was bitter. "My son is on the verge of making what I consider a huge and perhaps irrecoverable mistake. I have borrowed the money for the voyage from Chicago to Brussels from the last man in the world who can occasionally be prevailed upon to lend me a

dollar. I came here to try to persuade you to . . . well . . . to reconsider. I've walked around this town all day in the rain, marshaling arguments to get you to change your mind. I managed not to order even one drink on the plane across the ocean, because I wanted to be at my best"—he smiled wryly—"which is not a very handsome best at best, for my meeting with you. I've antagonized you about your girl, whom I don't know, as you pointed out, because of a peculiar look on a doorstep, and who may be perfect for you, and I have begun the proceedings by pouring a double Scotch, which is bound to remind you of painful weekends with your father when your mother lent you to me for paternal Sabbath guidance. Willie Abbott rides again." He stood up abruptly. "Let us go to dinner. I promise not to touch another drop tonight until you deposit me at my hotel. After that, I promise to drink myself into oblivion. I will not be in glorious shape tomorrow, but I promise to be sober. Where's the john? I've been standing in the rain for hours and my bladder is bursting. For the sake of you and the United States Army, I didn't want to be caught pissing on the good burghers of Brussels."

His father said a lot of things over dinner, on a variety of subjects. He insisted upon Billy's ordering wine for

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himself but turned his own glass over when the waiter poured. He said the food was first-rate but just picked at it. By turns, he was expansive, apologetic, regretful, cynical, optimistic, aggressive, self-denigrating and boastful.

"I'm not through yet," was one of the things he said, "no matter what it looks like. I have a million ideas—I could eat up the field of public relations like a dish of whipped cream if I stayed off the booze. Ten of the top men in the field in Chicago have told me as much. I've been offered jobs in six figures if I joined Alcoholics Anonymous, but I can't see myself making public confessions to a group of professional breast beaters. If you'd forget this crazy idea of sticking with the Army—I can't get over that, I really can't, a smart young man like you, with your education, not even an officer—what the hell do you do all day, just check out cars like a girl in a radio-taxi office? Why, if you came out to Chicago with me, we could set up an agency—William Abbott and Son—I've read your letters—I keep them with me at all times—the first thing I pack when I move from one place to another is the box I keep them in—I've read them and I tell you you can write, you really can turn a phrase with the best of them—if I had had your talent, I tell you, I just wouldn't have a pile of unfinished plays in my desk drawer, no sir, not by a long shot—we could dazzle the folks, just dazzle them—I know the business from A to Z, you could leave that end of it to me, we'd have the advertisers knocking the door down to beg us to take their accounts. And don't think that Chicago is small time. Advertising *started* there, for God's sake.

"All right, I have a pretty good idea of what you think of the advertising business—the whore of the consumer society, all that crap. But, like it or not, it's the only society we have and the rule of the jungle is consume or be consumed. Trade a couple of years of your life and you can do whatever you damn well please after it. Write a book—write a play—when I get back to Chicago, I'll have your letters Xeroxed and send them to you, you'll be amazed at yourself reading them all at once like that. Listen, your mother made a living, a damn good living, writing for the magazines, and just the things you dash off to me in a few minutes have more—what's the word I'm looking for?—more *tone*, more spirit, more sense of what writing is about than she had in her best days. And she was highly thought of, let me tell you, by a lot of intelligent people—the editors were always after her for more—I don't know why she quit. Her writing was good enough for the editors, for the public—but not for her. She has some insane idea of perfectionism—be careful of that—it can finally lead to molecular immobil-

ity—there's a phrase, my boy—and she quit.

"That family—the Jordaches—the old man a suicide, her brother murdered and sainted Rudolph just about beaten to death in his own apartment. And the kid—Wesley—did I write you he came to Chicago and looked me up?—he wanted me to tell him what I knew about his father—he's haunted by his murdered father—the ramparts of Elsinore, for Christ's sake—I guess you can't blame him for that—but he looks like a zombie, his eyes are scary—God knows how *he's* going to end up. I never even met his father, but I tried to pretend that I'd heard he was a fine fellow and I laid it on thick and the kid just stood up in the middle of a sentence and said, 'Thank you, sir. I'm afraid we're wasting each other's time.'

"You're half Jordache—maybe more than half; if ever a lady had dominant genes, it was Gretchen Jordache—so you be careful, don't you ever trust to inherited luck, because you don't have it, on either side of the family tree. . . .

"I'll tell you what—you get through with the goddamn Army and you come out to Chicago to work with me and I'll swear never to touch a drop of liquor again in my whole life. I know you love me—we're grown men, we can use the proper words—and you're being offered a chance that very few sons get; you can save your father's life. You don't have to say anything now, but when I get back to Chicago, I want to see a letter from you waiting for me, telling me when you're arriving in town. I'll be there in a week or so. I have to leave for Strasbourg tomorrow. There's a man there I have to see. Delicate negotiations for an old account of mine. A chemical company. I have to sound out this Frenchman to see if he'll take a fee, an honorarium—not to mince words, a bribe—for swinging my client's business to his company.

"And now it's late and your girl is undoubtedly waiting for you and I'm dead-beat tired. If you give one little goddamn for the rest of your father's life, that letter will be waiting for me in Chicago when I get there. And that's blackmail and don't think I don't know it. One last thing. The dinner's on me."

When Billy got back home after putting his father in a taxi and walking slowly through the wet streets of Brussels, with little aureoles of foggy light around the lampposts, he sat down at his desk and stared at his typewriter.

Hopeless, hopeless, he thought. Poor, hopeless, seedy, fantasizing, beloved man.

Monika came home before he went to work in the morning. With the package he was to deliver to an address on the Rue du Gros-Caillou he had to memorize in the seventh *arrondissement* in Paris when he went to the capital of France

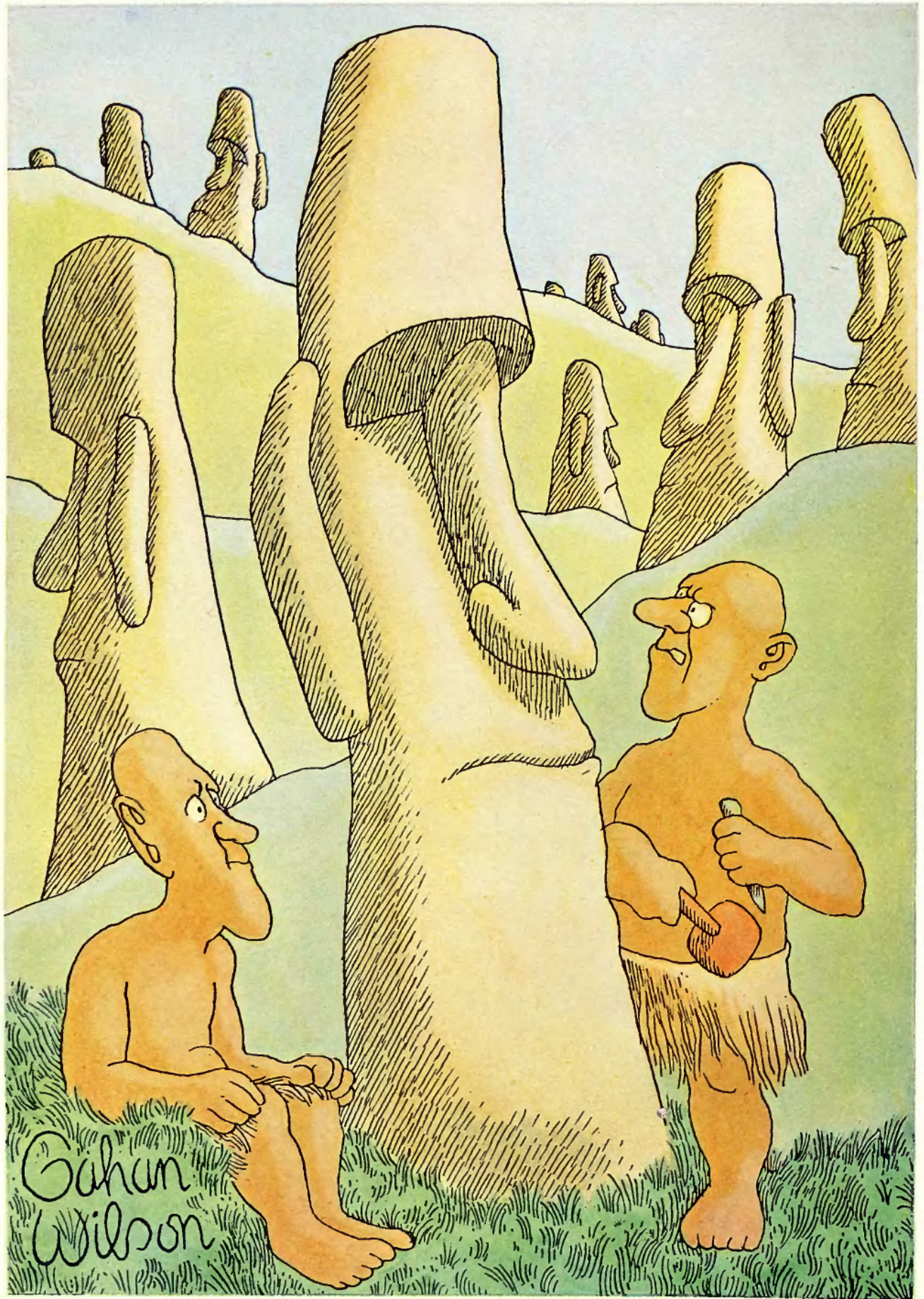
with his colonel. The package was comparatively harmless—just 10,000 French francs in old bills and an American Army .45-caliber automatic pistol, equipped with a silencer and two spare clips.

The .45 and the clips were in his tennis bag as he got out of the taxi at the corner of the Avenue Bosquet and the Rue St. Dominique at 20 minutes past three in the afternoon. He had looked at the map of Paris and seen that the Rue du Gros-Caillou was a short street that ran between the Rue Augereau and the Rue de Grenelle, not far from L'Ecole Militaire. The 10,000 francs were folded in an envelope in the inner pocket of his jacket.

He was early. Monika had told him he would be expected at 3:30. Under his breath he repeated the address she had made him memorize. He strolled, peering in at the shopwindows, looking, he hoped, like an idle American tourist. He was still about 30 yards from the arched gate that led into the street when a police car, its siren wailing, passed him, going in the wrong direction, up the Rue St. Dominique and stopped, blocking the Rue du Gros-Caillou. Five policemen jumped out, pistols in their hands, and ran into the Rue du Gros-Caillou. Billy quickened his pace, passed the opening of the street. He looked through the arch and saw the policemen running toward a building in front of which there were three other policemen who had come from the other end of the street. He heard shouting and saw the first three policemen plunge through the doorway. A moment later, there was the sound of shots.

He turned and went back, making himself walk slowly, toward the Avenue Bosquet. It was not a cold day, but he was shivering and sweating at the same time and his skin was tingling, as though small pins were being jabbed into him in a thousand places. He could feel his hand trembling.

There was a bank on the corner and he went into it. Anything to get off the street. There was a girl sitting at a desk at the entrance and he went up to her and said he wanted to rent a safe-deposit box. He had difficulty getting out the French words, "*Coffre-fort*." The girl stood up and led him to a counter, where a clerk asked him for his identification. He showed his passport and the clerk filled out some forms. When the clerk asked him for his address, he thought for a moment, then gave the name of the hotel he and Monika had stayed at when they were in Paris together. He was staying at another hotel this time. He signed two cards. His signature looked strange to him. He paid a year's fee in advance. Then the clerk led him down into the vault, where he gave the key to the box to the guardian at the desk there. The guardian



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led him to a row of boxes in the rear of the vault, opened one of the locks with Billy's key and the second lock with his own master key. The guardian went back to his desk, leaving Billy alone. Billy waited until the guardian was out of sight, then put the automatic, the spare clips and the envelope with the 10,000 francs in it into the box. He closed the door of the box, leaving his key in the lock, and called for the guardian. The guardian came back and turned the two keys and gave Billy his.

Billy took a deep breath, said, "Merci," and went out of the vault and upstairs. Nobody seemed to be paying any attention to him and he went out onto the avenue. He heard no more shots, saw no more police. His father, it had turned out, had been needlessly pessimistic when he had warned him not to trust in inherited luck. He had just had ten minutes of the greatest luck of his or anybody's life.

He hailed a cruising taxi and gave the driver the address of his hotel off the Champs Elysées.

When he got to the hotel, he asked if there were any messages for him. There were none, the concierge said. He went up to his room and picked up the phone and gave the girl at the switchboard the number of his apartment in Brussels. After a few minutes, his telephone rang and the girl at the switchboard said there was no answer.

The colonel had given him the afternoon and evening off and he stayed in his room, calling the number in Brussels every half hour until midnight, when the switchboard closed down. But the number never answered.

He tried to sleep, but every time he dozed off, he awoke with a start, sweating.

At six in the morning, he tried the number in Brussels again, but there still was no answer.

He went out and got the morning papers, *Le Figaro* and the *Herald Tribune*. Over coffee and a *croissant* at a café on the Champs Elysées, he read the stories. They were not prominently featured in either of the papers. A suspected trafficker in drugs had been shot and killed while resisting arrest in the seventh *arrondissement*. The police were still trying to establish his identity.

They are playing it cozy, Billy thought, as he read the stories—they're not giving away what they know.

When he went back to the hotel, he tried the apartment in Brussels again. There was no answer.

He got back to Brussels two days later. The apartment was empty and everything that had belonged to Monika was gone. There was no note anywhere.

When the colonel asked him some weeks later if he were going to re-enlist, he said, "No, sir, I've decided against it."

As Billy was packing his bags to leave Brussels, he looked at the piece of paper.

"Honorable Discharge," he read. He smiled wryly as he slipped the document into a stiff envelope. Don't believe everything you see in print.

The next piece of paper he put into the envelope was a letter from his father. His father was happy that he had decided wisely about the Army and unhappy that he had decided not to come to Chicago, though he understood the attractions of Europe for a young man. Chicago could wait for a year or two. There was news about his mother, too. She was directing a picture. His father believed he should write and congratulate her. Of all things, his father added, one of the leading actors in the movie was Billy's cousin Wesley. A sullen boy, Wesley, at least in William Abbott's opinion. The Jordaches took care of the Jordaches, his father wrote. A pity he, Billy, was not on better terms with his mother.

The next thing Billy put into his bag was a Spanish-English dictionary. A Belgian businessman with whom he had played tennis and who was involved in building a complex of bungalows and condominiums at a place called El Faro, near Marbella, in Spain, with six tennis courts, had offered him a contract for a year as a tennis pro. The idea of Spain was attractive after Brussels and it was no contest against Chicago, and, after all, the only thing he did well was play tennis and it was a clean and well-paid job, in the open air, so he had said yes. He could stand some sunshine. Beware the *señoritas*, his father had warned him.

The last piece of paper was undated and signed Heidi. It had been in an unstamped envelope that he had found in his mailbox the night before. "Had to depart suddenly because of the death of a friend. Understand you are not re-enlisting. Leave forwarding address, though I am sure I can find you. We have unfinished business to attend to."

He did not smile as he read the letter and tore it into small pieces and flushed it down the toilet. He did not leave a forwarding address.

He took the train to Paris. He had sold his car. Monika knew it too well—make, year, license number. Who knew how many people had its description and might be looking for it on the roads of Europe?

He could buy a new car in France. He could afford it. There was a modest but sufficient legacy waiting for him in the vault in the bank on the corner of the Avenue Bosquet in the seventh *arrondissement* in Paris.

The concluding installment of this excerpt from Irwin Shaw's forthcoming novel, "Beggarmen, Thief," will appear in our October issue.



Sleep On a Cloud

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BUSINESS



THE GAMESMAN

A lot has been written about how to play the corporate game, but—until Michael Maccoby came along—very little about the emotional costs of playing it. A psychoanalyst and director of the Harvard Project on Technology, Work and Character, Maccoby and his group of researchers interviewed 250 managers, ranging from chief executives down to lower-level professional employees, in 12 well-known corporations.

The survey's conclusion is not particularly surprising: The process of reaching the top can turn you into something of a heartless prick. What is surprising is that the new breed of corporate leader recognizes this fact.

"The managers we interviewed recognized that their work developed their heads but not their hearts," Maccoby says. "In answering questionnaires, they consistently identified intellectual qualities as more 'important for your work' than emotional qualities. They also indicated that their jobs 'stimulated or reinforced' qualities of the head more than those of the heart."

Maccoby calls the new breed of corporate leader *The Gamesman*, which, as it happens, is the name of his recent book on the subject. The Gamesman is, he says, easily distinguished from the other recognizable corporate types: The Craftsman, The Jungle Fighter or The Company Man.

"The Gamesman sees business life

THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

in general, and his career in particular, in terms of options and possibilities, as if he were playing a game," Maccoby says. "He likes to take calculated risks and is fascinated by techniques and new methods. The contest hypes him up and he communicates his enthusiasm, energizing his peers and subordinates like the quarterback on a football team. Unlike The Jungle Fighter, The Gamesman competes not to build an empire or build up riches but to gain fame, glory, the exhilaration of victory. His main goal is to be known as a winner, his deepest fear to be labeled a loser."

Maccoby, a 44-year-old disciple of Erich Fromm who spends a great deal of his time treating people in Washington who are not businessmen, brings to this study an outsider's perspective and his findings are all the more scary for it. The villain, as he sees it, is careerism, a process that begins almost from the time the child leaves the cradle.

"Careerism demands detachment," Maccoby says. "To succeed in school, the child needs to detach himself from a crippling fear of failure. To sell himself, he detaches himself from feelings of shame and humiliation. To compete and win, he detaches himself from compassion for the losers. To devote himself to success at work, he detaches himself from family."

"As a result, high-ranking corporate managers exercise and develop many positive intellectual characteristics, while their emotional qualities tend

to atrophy. They lack passion and compassion. They are cool or lukewarm. They are emotionally cautious and protected against intense experience. The process of bending one's will to corporate goals and moving up the hierarchy leads to meanness and emotional stinginess."

A searing indictment of the business world? Yes. So what has been the response of the corporate community?

"Well," Maccoby says, "I think a lot of people recognize themselves in our composite portrait and are disturbed by what they see. Others think it's simply not important to possess emotional capacities. One of the most interesting responses came from the New York Telephone Company. They wanted to know if I could come and help them develop their hearts."

I can almost hear the guys up at the phone company. "Developing the heart . . . make a hell of a seminar. Probably get some good yardage on the media front. Let's get that doctor up here and give him the ball and really blitz this thing."

Sounds like a really neat game, doesn't it?

—JERRY BOWLES

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

"Nobody has the right to tell me what therapies I have the right to die by," yelled a witness at a recent Food and Drug Administration hearing. The subject of the hearing was Laetrile, the controversial cancer treatment

MEDICINE



derived from apricot pits. About 100 people cheered the witness on when he told how the drug had kept him from dying of cancer and he urged that the Government's ban on Laetrile be lifted.

Until irrefutable evidence appears to show that Laetrile does or does not control cancer, the acrimonious debate probably will continue. The medical establishment—namely, the FDA, the American Medical Association, the American Cancer Society and the National Cancer Institute—contends that legal Laetrile might lure people away from more legitimate treatments that are known to be effective. It cites cases such as that of a woman who went to Mexico for Laetrile (where it is legal) when cancer of the cervix was diagnosed. When she returned six months later, the cancer had spread so severely that she had no chance for survival. The pro-Laetrile forces, growing rapidly in numbers and vocal support, have succeeded in getting it legalized in several states. For them, it has become a question of Government meddling in private affairs and messing with their human rights. "Where does the Government come off interfering with the doctor-patient relationship when we want a nontoxic therapy?" asks one supporter. This argument has been effective in winning over states such as Indiana, where a "legislative coup" was pulled off by fewer than 1000 supporters. *The New York Times* even quoted local politicians, calling it "the slickest grass-

roots lobbying campaign we've ever seen." But important distinctions between a cancer cure (which, medical authorities agree, Laetrile isn't) and a control (which backers contend it is) have been buried beneath "freedom of choice" rallies, John Birch Society pamphlets and pro-Laetrile bowling teams sponsored by health-food stores. Proponents have even taken to calling cancer victims after major operations and telling them they should have taken Laetrile instead.

The medical aspect of the Laetrile dispute, whether or not the drug actually works, has been around since Laetrile (whose chemical name is amygdalin) was patented in the early Fifties. In 1953, the California Medical Association conducted tests and pronounced Laetrile worthless. Critics attacked the testers' methods and results and the battle was on. The 1963 FDA ban on interstate distribution of the drug made it effectively illegal, since a state would have to produce it entirely within its borders, including growing the apricots and printing the labels (Indiana has proposed doing just that).

Although much research has been done recently, all of the results have gone the way of the original California test; they've met with fierce dispute. For example, the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research did a series of tests on Laetrile between 1972 and 1975. When one chemist showed that it slowed the spread of cancer in mice, three others could not duplicate the

results. Supporters of the drug charged it was a cover-up by the medical establishment. But most pro-Laetrile evidence is from testimonials, such as the one from a pianist in Moline, Illinois, who underwent 53 cobalt treatments before switching to Laetrile. "I would never again go through the agony and the aftereffects of cobalt treatments," said Harriet Haedrich. "I am now strong enough, thanks to Laetrile, to be back on the concert stage." Because many people who claim to have been cured by Laetrile have also undergone more conventional therapy, the drug's opponents often insist it was the conventional treatment that made the difference.

Since the FDA has far less authority over vitamins than over drugs, some Laetrile supporters have tried to label it vitamin B-17, though B-17 is unknown to nutritionists. Since apricot kernels contain traces of cyanide, treating them as if they were vitamins to be gobbled at will could, and in one case did, cause death. Proponents contend that the Government, which allocates some \$800,000,000 a year for cancer research, is standing firm on Laetrile because it poses a threat to the vast cancer-research establishment. If a simple, inexpensive substance were found to be more effective than all the treatments that have cost billions to develop so far, loss of public confidence in Government, to say nothing of the loss of jobs, could be enormous. A cure, says science writer David Rorvik, "will do in not only

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

LIFESTYLES



cancer . . . but the cancer establishment itself." As the debate goes on, the only thing both sides will agree on is that Laetrile is harmless; everything else is up for grabs. —TOM PASSAVANT

RISK TAKER

Lloyd M. Levin is married, has two kids and a nice house in the suburbs. He has no trouble getting insurance and getting it at fair rates. If you aren't like him, however—if you're gay or cohabit, if you're unmarried or a divorced mother—you may not be treated the same way when you go to get your piece of the rock. That's when you may need Levin and his Chicago-based All Together, Inc.

"Insurance companies try to tell people how to live their lives," says the 23-year veteran of the insurance business. All Together, the nonprofit corporation he founded and runs, aims to fight the economic discrimination that results. "For example, we'll soon be involved in a lawsuit with a guy whose auto insurance was canceled because he lives with his girlfriend. What does that have to do with his driving?"

In addition to this sort of free legal assistance, All Together (which costs ten dollars a year to join) offers members a hospital policy that covers sterilization and counseling for rape. On the drawing boards is life insurance covering any two people who live together, regardless of sex or

marital status. "We focus on 'ecomores,'" says Levin, "that is, pointing out to the insurance companies the economic incentive of dealing with these minority groups. But they are built on the proliferation of the standard family. What we say to them and to the banking and housing industries, where there is tremendous discrimination, is, 'Dummies! Look at the market you're missing.' Society is terrifically unsupportive of people who are different. We want to give them equality, and with that comes dignity."

INVESTING IN PRINTS

Voiceprints are images that identify patterns of speech much as handwriting analysis identifies the writer. Although speech spectrograms, as voiceprints are called, are not nearly as well known as fingerprints, they are also unique to every one of us and police are turning to them to solve crimes. If a voice has been recorded (such as in an extortion or kidnaping case), it can be compared with another tape made by a known suspect.

But, unlike the ease with fingerprints, identifying and comparing two voices on tape is a subjective business depending on the expertise of highly trained technicians. Not everyone agrees on how accurate that process is. "There are lots of variables involved with a taped phone call," says Anthony Pellicano, a private investiga-

tor who specializes in electronic security. "Telephone lines, for example, pass only those frequencies between 300 and 2600 cycles, only a portion of the voice spectrum, which ranges from 60 to 15,000 cycles. That leaves plenty of overtone and nuance out of the recorded sound."

Recently, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruled that voiceprinting was not "generally accepted" in the scientific community and granted a defendant a new trial (he has since been convicted), but that ruling was an exception. Voiceprinting, which was pioneered at Bell Labs in the early Sixties, within the past six years has been increasingly accepted as courtroom evidence.

One reason for this acceptance has been the International Association of Voice Identification, whose 16 voice-analysis experts have testified in cases involving Hebrew, French and Spanish tapes, to say nothing of muffled and deliberately disguised English. Trainees in the I.A.V.I. program generally have degrees in speech and hearing and undergo two years of on-the-job training. After they pass a rugged set of exams, they are much in demand to testify when taped evidence is available. "We once had a tape where you could hear a murder in progress," says Lonnie Smrkovski, a former president of I.A.V.I., "complete with screams and bodies hitting the floor. I've also helped the U. S. Air Force identify pilots' voices in tapes of air crashes. But by far the

TECHNOLOGY



number-one use of voice analysis is to clear suspects who were *not* the ones on the tapes."

NAZI CONVERSION

Can America's energy shortage be eased by the same technology that ran the German war machine in World War Two? When the Germans needed fuel to run their planes and tanks, they built 28 plants to convert brown coal (lignite) into synthetic oil and gas. Until then, this process, known as coal hydrogenation, had always been considered too costly; but Germany lacked any oil reserves of its own, so it was forced to use its coal. By the end of the war, virtually the entire nation was moving on synthetic gasoline.

Since this same coal abounds in the U. S., two Texas A & M University professors decided to look up the old plans that were captured by the Allies after the war and see if they could utilize them for modern needs. The task is proving formidable, but Dr. Richard E. Wainerdi, director of the university's Center for Energy and Mineral Resources, feels the goal is well worth it. "The German program began in 1936 and by 1939 it was producing oil successfully," he notes. "We have virtually all the documents, so we know it has worked. The argument is whether or not we should go ahead and do it."

Just finding many of the documents

"Voice-analysis experts have testified in cases involving Hebrew, French and Spanish tapes, to say nothing of muffled and deliberately disguised English."

was an adventure. Files turned up all over the world in dusty boxes and on brittle microfilm. Some were in Russia and couldn't be copied, but 85 percent eventually were tracked down. The coal-conversion plans were among hundreds taken when scientific teams followed hot on the heels of military units moving across Germany at the end of the war. Data was collected on everything from the harmonica industry and bread baking to plans to make sugar from sawdust. Notes Dr. Wainerdi, "It's the only time in history that a country's scientific and technical documents were made available to the victor as war booty. Usually, the winner takes jewels and valuables. This time the winner took information." Maybe it's a case of making history by not forgetting it.

TWO-UPMANSHIP

What do the Beatles have in common with Bach and Mozart? Purists insist the answer is "Nothing whatsoever," but Denys Parsons knows better. He has found that they, along with hundreds of other composers, had a tendency to begin their themes with three ascending notes.

Now, that is not to say that writing a successful melody is as simple as do-re-mi, but it is something to ponder the next time you find yourself humming a catchy tune you've heard on the radio. Think, for example, of Aaron Copland's *Fanfare for the Com-*

MUSIC



mon Man (which Emerson, Lake & Palmer appropriated for their new album), with its initial ascending brass flourish. Lots of early Beatle songs, such as *Can't Buy Me Love* and *She Loves You*, also use this pattern, and Parsons found hundreds of others. So, after looking at the first three notes of the themes of some 14,000 compositions, his conclusion, recorded in the British magazine *New Scientist*, was that "some kind of herd instinct drives all composers to adhere, to a quite remarkable degree, to a standard preference order for starting patterns." While he is quick to admit that his analysis is too crude to yield any insights into the musical content of any of the works, he does think that opening with rising notes creates an air of euphoria or happiness in a melody.

Musicologists weren't surprised to hear of Parsons' results, and they offered some explanation of why it occurs. "There is a tendency to write music in arch forms," says Professor Robert Marshall, head of the music department at the University of Chicago. "Even medieval chants do this. In the Baroque era, Bach characteristically reached a climax early in the melody and then took his time coming back down." This habit presumably gave rise to the old joke about Bach's having fathered 20 children because his organ had no stops.

At the very least, Parsons has provided firm guidelines for any aspiring composer who wants to begin on the up and up. 

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 158)

"Rutgers won all 11 games last season and with a little luck could do a repeat performance."

return to their accustomed form this season, because 35 of last year's top 44 players are back. If they get by three tough early season opponents—Houston, Maryland and Kentucky—they could go into the final vengeance game with Pittsburgh undefeated.

West Virginia will also be a much better team, largely because the Dan Kendra-to-Steve Lewis passing combination won't be the Mountaineers' only weapon. Three super high school runners were corralled during recruiting season (Robert Alexander's advance credentials are especially impressive) and the offensive line has grown in size and moxie. Look for several scoring sprees in Morgantown.

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Pittsburgh	9-2	Rutgers	10-1
Penn State	9-2	Villanova	7-4
West Virginia	7-4	Army	6-5
Boston College	6-5	Colgate	6-5
Navy	5-6	Holy Cross	6-5
Syracuse	4-7	Temple	4-7

IVY LEAGUE

Brown	8-1	Princeton	4-5
Yale	7-2	Columbia	4-5
Dartmouth	6-3	Cornell	3-6
Harvard	4-5	Pennsylvania	2-7

TOP PLAYERS: Holloway, Cavanaugh, Brzoza (Pittsburgh); Cefalo, Shuler, Petercusk, Hostetler (Penn State); Kendra, Lewis (West Virginia); Moore, Smerlas (Boston College); Leszczynski, Fritsch (Navy); Hurley, Jacobs, King (Syracuse); Hughes, Kehler (Rutgers); Thompson, Lodge (Villanova); Hall, Brundidge (Army); Curtis (Colgate); Doherty (Holy Cross); Anderson (Temple); Cole (Brown); Pagliaro (Yale); Robinson (Dartmouth); Baggott (Harvard); Funke (Princeton); Pulsinelli (Columbia); Lee (Cornell); Glasgow (Pennsylvania).

The best news at Boston College is the arrival of quarterback Jay Palazola, a sophomore transfer from Notre Dame. It could be a rough fall for the Eagles, though, because the schedule is the most difficult in memory—Texas, Tennessee, Army and Pittsburgh are the first four opponents.

Both Army and Navy will field much stronger squads. Both academies have excellent quarterbacks (Leamon Hall at Army and Bob Leszczynski at Navy), but Army has the better receivers. Army's sudden turnaround last year (the Cadets won five games) has inspired a heady optimism at West Point, but talent on hand—though laden with experience—still is not as good as that on the Navy squad.

The long rebuilding program at Syracuse is beginning to bear fruit, but the Orangemen still have a long way to go before they regain their onetime preeminence in Eastern football. The passing attack, featuring nifty option quarterback Bill Hurley, will be tremendously improved, and the offensive line is the best since coach Frank Maloney went to Syracuse four years ago. There is a good group of receivers in camp, too, so look for a dazzling air show in Syracuse this fall. Dave Jacobs will give the Orange one of the nation's better kicking games.

Rutgers—in case anyone still doubts it—is for real. It won all 11 games last season and with a little luck could do a repeat performance. Unfortunately, the schedule doesn't impress either bowl committees or sportswriters. Rutgers, having invented the game (with Princeton) 109 years ago, has decided its team should be a perennial Eastern power. If coach Frank Burns maintains his impressive recruiting record, the Scarlet Knights will rarely lose a game.

The Villanova team ended last season with such heady self-confidence it regretted not getting to play more major teams. Graduation barely dented the squad and gem-quality freshmen will reinforce the defensive line, last year's only noticeable weakness. Look for John Puleo to become one of the top running quarterbacks in the land.

Transfer quarterback Robert Crowley will add much potency to the Colgate attack, but the perimeter of the defense must be rebuilt in fall drills if the Red Raiders are to outscore many opponents.

Holy Cross, with 17 starters returning (most of them sophomores), should double its victory record of a year ago. If those youngsters mature rapidly, the Crusaders will be an impressive team by season's end.

Temple, with most of its offensive players having gone the diploma route, faces a rebuilding year. Fortunately, the defense will be the strongest in several seasons.

Brown won its first-ever Ivy League title last fall (sharing it with Yale) and the celebration is still going on in Providence. The Bruins could wind up on top of the brain chain again if they come down to earth before their first game (to be regionally televised) with Yale. Brown's is the more experienced squad, but it has no offensive weapons to match Yale's superb runner, John Pagliaro. The Yalies will also get much help from a good group of sophomores, best of whom are

runners Mike Austin and Mike Sullivan and linebacker Tim Tumppane.

Dartmouth may have the best running tandem in the Ivies (fullback Curt Oberg and tailback Sam Coffey), but their performance will be cramped unless an adequate offensive line can be structured in pre-season drill. Another key to the Big Green's success—or lack thereof—is how soon and how well new quarterback Buddy Teevens learns his job.

The Harvard defense will have to hold off disaster until a new quarterback, a good runner and some new offensive linemen can be found. Either of two prize sophs, Burke St. John and Brian Buckley, could fill the quarterback job, and another rookie, Ron Jellison, could be the needed halfback.

With a strong defensive crew and a better ground game (the passing will still be inept), Princeton should double its victory output of a year ago.

After more lean seasons than Columbia fans care to remember, the Lions will be the most improved team in the Ivies. It will be a very young squad and is probably a year away from challenging for the league title. If the Lions avoid excessive injuries, though, they could have their first winning season since 1971.

A new era begins at Cornell with the arrival of new coach Bob Blackman. It will take Blackman a couple of years to recruit the kind and quality of players he likes, but he will inevitably make Cornell a dominant league power as he once did for Dartmouth.

Pennsylvania is the poor sister of the Ivy League. Although the running attack, last season's major weakness, will be much better and the defense will again be sturdy, the Quakers don't have enough offensive talent to climb out of the league cellar.

It's the same old story in the Big Ten; Michigan and Ohio State will completely dominate the league. Michigan seems to have the best chance at the championship. The Wolverine running attack, best in the nation last year, will be as strong this time, largely because of an offensive line that is probably the best in the country. A pro scout told us, "You could take that offensive line and start a franchise."

Ohio State's offensive line, conversely, appears to be that team's only problem area. If quarterback Rod Gerald stays healthy (there is no one remotely close to him in reserve) and the defensive unit lives up to its great expectations, the Buckeyes will give Michigan a tough battle for the championship. We'll know how good they are on September 24th, when they play Oklahoma.

Wisconsin's rebuilding program is moving apace and this could be the most successful season the Badgers have enjoyed in years. Two new offensive guns, quarterback Anthony Dudley and

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can I do but
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fullback Tim Halleran (switched from linebacker), will help the Badgers score more than last year. Two incoming freshmen, defensive lineman Tony Elliott and kicker Mike Jirschele, seem destined for future greatness.

Michigan State's record-setting pass offense, led by quarterback Eddie Smith and receivers Kirk Gibson, Eugene Byrd and Mark Brammer, returns intact. The defensive line, last year's weakness, will be much stronger if its members don't suffer a recurrence of last year's injury blight. If the Spartans are to have a respectable running attack, it will have to be built around incoming freshman runners, best of whom are Andy Schramm, Eric Ross and Bruce Reeves.

There is much optimism at Indiana. Coach Lee Corso, in his fifth year in Bloomington, appears to have turned the corner in his rebuilding program. A strong nucleus returns from a squad that finished strong last year and the schedule is more favorable, with Illinois replacing Michigan. The Hoosier ground game will be tough, featuring Mike Harkrader, Ric Enis and two fine freshman runners, Al Darring and Jerry Bowers.

Iowa may be on the verge of breaking into the Big Ten's upper echelon. Coming off a 5-6 season, the Hawkeyes' best in seven years, this year's veteran squad will be both talented and deep. Sixteen starters return and coach Bob Comings tells us this was his best recruiting year since he arrived in Iowa City. If the Hawkeyes can reduce their turnovers and juice up the passing attack, they could pull off some stunning upsets this year.

Minnesota's offensive unit was severely gutted by graduation and the rebuilding job was only partly finished in spring practice. A replacement for graduated quarterback Tony Dungy still hasn't been

found as fall practice opens, though transfer runner Elmer Bailey will give the ground game some needed zip. Fortunately, the Gopher defensive unit will be tough and deep.

Both Illinois and Purdue begin rebuilding projects under new head coaches. At Purdue, Jim Young will emphasize the passing attack—a pleasant change for Boilermaker fans; the team didn't score a single touchdown through the air last year. A quarterback must be found in fall drills, but the running game is in good hands—John Skibinski may be the best fullback in the league.

Although new Illinois coach Gary Moeller is installing an option-oriented attack, he won't disdain the pass, because quarterback Kurt Steger looked better than ever in spring practice and wide receiver Eric Rouse is a sensational catcher. Moeller will have to do something about the pass defense; it was the worst in the conference last year. Moeller is an excellent recruiter, so look for the Illini to challenge Michigan and Ohio State in three or four years.

Seldom has a team been so decimated by graduation as Northwestern was. Virtually all the skilled positions were left empty, so it's going to be a lean year for point production. Fortunately, coach John Pont got some nuggets among his recruits last winter, best of whom are receiver Willie Sydnor and runner Michael Cammon. The entire offensive backfield could be freshmen by season's end.

With 16 starters coming back, Kent State seems in the best position to capture the Mid-American Conference title, though Western Michigan and Ball State look like close seconds. Western Michigan will again feature superrunner Jerome Persell and Ball State will have a

freshman phenom fullback, Vic Wilhelm. The star of Central Michigan's excellent defensive unit is a tackle inappropriately cleft Steve Smallbone. Bowling Green's weak defensive unit will keep the

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Michigan	11-0	Iowa	5-6
Ohio State	9-2	Minnesota	5-6
Wisconsin	7-4	Illinois	4-7
Michigan State	6-5	Purdue	4-7
Indiana	5-6	Northwestern	1-10

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Kent State	8-3	Bowling Green	6-5
Western Michigan	7-3	Miami	5-6
Ball State	7-4	Toledo	5-6
Ohio University	6-5	Eastern Michigan	4-7
Central Michigan	6-5	Northern Illinois	3-8

INDEPENDENTS

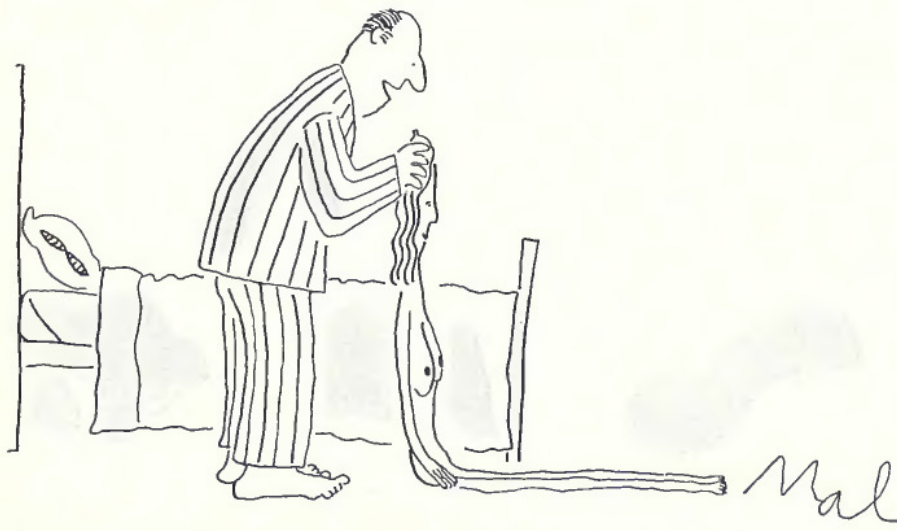
Notre Dame	10-1	Louisville	6-5
Cincinnati	10-1	Illinois State	5-6

TOP PLAYERS: Donahue, Downing, Anderson, Hicks, Kenn, Dufek (Michigan); Ward, Griffin, Cousineau, Brown (Ohio State); Moore, Matthews, Morgan (Wisconsin); Rowekamp, Pitts, Bethea (Michigan State); Harkrader, Smith (Indiana); Hilgenberg, Rusk (Iowa); Morrow, Merrill (Minnesota); Coleman, Rouse (Illinois); Skibinski (Purdue); Maly (Northwestern); Featsent, Zele (Kent State); Persell (Western Michigan); Harvey (Ball State); Welcher, Groves (Ohio University); Schwalbach (Central Michigan); Miller (Bowling Green); Fortner (Miami); Bivins (Toledo); Johnson (Eastern Michigan); Fisher (Northern Illinois); Browner, MacAfee, Hughes, Fry, Bradley, Hunter (Notre Dame); Bailey, Woods (Cincinnati); Wilson, Prince (Louisville); Pohlod (Illinois State).

Falcons from making a serious challenge for the title. The Miami team will try to pick up the pieces from last year's inexplicable collapse—it suffered its worst season in history. The Redskins will be stronger, but the schedule will be, too. New Toledo coach Chuck Stobart has installed a new multiple-option offense, à la Michigan, featuring freshman running back Scott Alexander.

With 20 starters returning and a very easy schedule, Notre Dame could easily go undefeated. The two threatening opponents are Pittsburgh and Southern California. Last year's only weakness, the quarterbacking, will be much improved, with Rusty Lisch or Joe Montana at the controls. The backfield could be the fastest in school history, with runners Al Hunter, Jerome Heavens and Vagas Ferguson. With all 11 defensive starters returning, opponents won't score many points. Playboy All-America defensive lineman Ross Browner could be the most exciting defensive player ever to wear an Irish uniform. If he were any better, he'd be listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

New Cincinnati coach Ralph Staub takes over a team that could easily finish among the top 20. The Bearcats believe



"I know you're anxious, Sally . . . but you'll just have to wait until I inflate you!"



When you want to mingle instead of mix!

Keep The Club® cold and you're cool. You've got the drinks ready— liquor and all—for a bash or an intimate rendezvous.

With 13 favorites in The Club cans, why make drinks when you can make friends?

Welcome to The Club.


THE CLUB® Cocktails all 25 proof ©1977 THE CLUB Distilling Co., Hartford, Ct., Menlo Pk., Ca.



Making a Milk-Made is almost as easy as sipping one. Here's how you do it: just shake two parts of your favorite Arrow flavor with one part milk, then pour it over ice—and voilà! Somewhere between milk and a martini something scrumptious happens.

Arrow[®]
Presents

The Milk-Mades.

Our strawberry, Chocclair[®], coffee, almond, banana or mint flavors frothed up with fresh, cold milk.



they are one of the nation's leading independents and only the absence of any biggies on the schedule will keep them from proving it. Look for the new multiple offense, featuring quarterback Art Bailey, to put a lot of points on the board.

Louisville coach Vince Gibson is trying to duplicate Cincinnati's power growth and seems well on the way to doing it. "The last couple of years, our team could only hope to survive," Gibson told us, "but this year we're going to learn how to win."

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Alabama	9-2	LSU	7-4
Mississippi State	9-2	Auburn	7-4
Florida	8-3	Mississippi	6-5
Georgia	8-3	Tennessee	5-6
Kentucky	8-3	Vanderbilt	4-7

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Maryland	9-2	Duke	5-6
North Carolina	7-4	Wake Forest	5-6
North Carolina State	7-4	Clemson	4-7
		Virginia	2-9

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Appalachian State	9-2	The Citadel	5-6
Chattanooga	8-3	Marshall	5-6
Virginia Military	6-5	Furman	5-6
		Western Carolina	5-5

INDEPENDENTS

Georgia Tech	7-4	Louisiana Tech	8-3
Memphis State	6-5	McNeese State	8-3
South Carolina	6-6	Southern	
Florida State	5-6	Mississippi	7-5
Virginia Tech	5-6	Arkansas State	5-6
Miami	4-7	Northeast	
Tulane	4-7	Louisiana	5-6
William & Mary	9-2	Richmond	4-7
East Carolina	9-2		

TOP PLAYERS: Newsome, Davis, Nathan, Krauss, Kramer (Alabama); Johnson, Gillard, Threadgill (Mississippi State); Chandler, Brantley, Hutchinson (Florida); Krug, McLee, Zambiasi (Georgia); Still, Ramsey (Kentucky); Alexander, Sibley (LSU); McCall, Smith (Auburn); Coleman (Mississippi); Finch (Tennessee); Harrison, Cox, Brown (Vanderbilt); Manges, Carr, Atkins (Maryland); Hardison, Sheets (North Carolina); Stringer, Brown, Green (North Carolina State); Dunn, McGee, Sandusky (Duke); Young, McDougald, Tearry (Wake Forest); Fuller, Butler (Clemson); Henderson (Virginia); Beck (Appalachian State); Pullara (Chattanooga); Jones (VMI); Crosby (The Citadel); Bailey (Marshall); Southard (Furman); Lipford (Western Carolina); Sanford, Ivery (Georgia Tech); Wright, Patterson (Memphis State); Logan, Bass (South Carolina); Key (Florida State); Coles, Razzano (Virginia Tech); Latimer, Anderson, O'Gara (Miami); Murray, Mitchell (Tulane); Rozantz, Kruis (William & Mary); Bolt, Randolph (East Carolina); White (Louisiana Tech); Jefferson (McNeese State); Garry, Smith (Southern Mississippi); Kelly, Williams (Arkansas State); Floyd (Northeast Louisiana); Nixon (Richmond).

The Southeastern Conference is beginning to challenge the Big Eight as the nation's strongest college-football circuit. Fattening their won-lost records on non-conference opponents, as many as six

S.E.C. teams could wind up among the nation's top 20 by season's end. Alabama, as usual, looks like the Southland's strongest. A souped-up offense featuring a herd of fine running backs and probably the best wishbone passing attack in the country will help the Tide survive its toughest schedule in history. Watch incoming freshman running back Major Ogilvie—he's a future great.

If Mississippi State coach Bob Tyler can fashion a respectable kicking game, this could be the strongest team in school history. Dennis Johnson and Terry Vitrano will give the Bulldogs a lethal one-two punch at the vital fullback slot and Bruce Threadgill is probably the best quarterback in the South. Two incoming freshmen, runner James Otis Doss and receiver Breck Tyler (the coach's son), could make big waves their first year. The Bulldogs enjoyed their best-ever recruiting season last winter, so expect State to be a football power for years to come.

Florida's defensive unit, Gator fans will be happy to learn, will still be young but will be vastly improved. Sophomore linebacker Scot Brantley is already the best at his position in school history. If a dependable starting quarterback emerges in pre-season drills (Terry LeCount is the leading candidate) to throw to Playboy All-America receiver Wes Chandler, the Gators will again be one of the country's highest-scoring teams.

Graduation gutted the Georgia offensive unit, so it will be difficult for the

Bulldogs to match last season's 10-1 record. The main areas of concern are the offensive line and the quarterback position. The likeliest candidate for the latter job is soph Steve Rogers, a transfer from the Naval Academy. The defenders, lovingly called the Junkyard Dogs by Georgia fans, are sparked by Playboy All-America defensive back Bill Krug. They'll have to hold the fort until the young attack corps gets its act together.

When we selected our first All-America team 20 years ago, our quarterback was Fran Curci of the University of Miami (Florida). This year, we have selected Curci again—this time as our Coach of the Year—in recognition of his success in rebuilding the football program at Kentucky. This will be Curci's finest team yet and probably the best Wildcat team since Bear Bryant left Lexington. The defensive unit, led by Playboy All-America lineman Art Still, will be awesome. Derrick Ramsey is an excellent big (6'5", 222 pounds) quarterback, but he will have to stay healthy for Kentucky to have a banner year—there are no adequate replacements.

Optimism abounds in Baton Rouge. LSU coach Charlie McClendon had a productive recruiting year and at least three of the incoming freshmen (defensive tackles Benjy Thibodeaux and George Atiyeh and linebacker Mark Ippolito) look good enough to be starters their first year. The Bengals will have one of the most exciting running duos in the land—tailback Charles Alexander and fullback LeRoid Jones. LeRoid's



"Have you had a vasectomy?"

identical twin, LeRoy, will be a defensive back.

The Auburn team, wiped out by injuries last year, will be much improved (unless such ill fortune repeats). Coach Doug Barfield installed a new multiple offense in spring drills, with senior John Krane and sophomore Charlie Trotman vying for the quarterback job. The Tigers will be a very young team, especially on defense, so look for them to improve rapidly as the season progresses.

Ole Miss, also decimated by injuries last year, will benefit from the experience thus gained by the younger players. They'll need it—the Rebs play Alabama and Notre Dame on consecutive weekends early in the season. There's a good crew of runners in camp, but the offensive line is void of proven depth and will be vulnerable to injuries.

Few coaching changes have been accompanied by as much hoopla as Johnny Majors' arrival at Tennessee last January. Fans hoping for an instant reversal of Vol football fortunes will be sorely disappointed, though, because Majors found a bare cupboard—virtually all of Tennessee's prime players graduated. Fortunately, Majors is a persuasive recruiter. Even so, it will probably take him three or four years to return the Vols to their accustomed place among the nation's top teams.

Vanderbilt will be one of the most im-

proved teams in the country, but, alas, most of the teams on its schedule will also be stronger. Last year's major weakness—the offensive line—will be much stronger, giving stellar runners Preston Brown and Frank Mordica a better chance to show their skills. If defensive end Dennis Harrison at last fulfills his considerable potential, the Commodores will be tough to score on.

Maryland's dominance of the Atlantic Coast Conference will continue this season, with only North Carolina and North Carolina State having even a distant chance of dethroning the Terps. Maryland's secret of perennial success is simple—a horde of good talent. Few teams have two quarterbacks of the caliber of Mark Manges and Larry Dick. Although almost the entire offensive line graduated, coach Jerry Claiborne has been stockpiling plenty of red-shirt replacements. As potent as the offense is, the defensive crew will be the Terps' main strength. Claiborne plays 45 or 50 people in the first half, no matter how close the score is, giving the Terps a continuing supply of seasoned players.

The defense was the main reason for North Carolina's 9-2 record last fall and, with eight starters back, that crew could be even stronger this year. Rod Broadway (if he's fully recovered from last year's pre-season injury) and Dee Hardison could give the Tar Heels the best defen-

sive line in the South. Incoming freshman runner Amos Lawrence should make Tar Heel followers forget about graduated Mike Voight. Soph fullback Billy Johnson, a 250-pounder, is also a future superstar.

North Carolina State also has a soph sensation—defensive tackle Bubba Green. He and Playboy All-America defensive back Ralph Stringer will anchor a much sturdier Wolfpack defense. Unfortunately, the offensive line, last season's main weakness, may not be much stronger this fall. If the young blockers do mature quickly, the running game, featuring Ted Brown and Billy Ray Vickers, will be superb.

Duke's major problem is, as always, a lack of depth. The Blue Devils will still be a dangerous team, though. Quarterback Mike Dunn looked better than ever in spring drills and talented soph fullback Ned Gonet is joined by incoming junior college running sensation Ben Evans.

The star of Wake Forest's show this fall will be soph runner James McDougald. He'll have the help of a veteran offensive line led by two of the league's best, center Larry Teary and tackle Jackie Robinson. With a little luck, this could be the Deacons' most successful season in many years.

Clemson begins a rebuilding program
(continued on page 211)

AKAI INTRODUCES THE PERFECT COUPLES.



Choosing a tuner and an integrated amplifier is a lot like choosing a mate. You look for things like compatibility, performance, appearance and, of course, fidelity.

AKAI just made the process of matching component separates foolproof with a new line of tuners and integrated amplifiers. Paired on the grounds of total compatibility. And priced to be affordable.

Take the AT-2600 tuner and the big AM-2800 amp, with a solid 80 watts RMS per channel, 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz at .08% Total Harmonic Distortion.

Or the AM-2600 amp at 60 watts RMS per channel, 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz at .1% Total Harmonic Distortion. And match it with the AT-2600 tuner.

Or maybe the AM-2400 amp at 40 watts RMS per channel, 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz at .15% Total Harmonic Distortion. And the AT-2400 tuner.

No matter which of the perfect AKAI couples you choose, you get specs and features not found on all-in-one receivers in the same price category. Improvements you can hear. With clean, clear power per channel.

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AKAI

For a 18" x 24" poster of this Charles Bragg etching, send \$2 to AKAI, Dept. PL, 2139 E. Del Amo Blvd., P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224. ATTN: Couples

THE MOST ASTOUNDING **Waistline Reducer** OF ALL TIME!

Astro-Trimmer™

IS PRODUCING FANTASTIC 'TRANSFORMATIONS' LIKE THIS
...IN JUST 3 DAYS...WITHOUT DIETING...IN JUST MINUTES A DAY!

**GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAISTLINE
2 TO 4 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS—OR LESS
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Fred Masters—"No matter what I tried—dieting, exercise—I was never able to get rid of the roll of excess inches around my mid-section. Then Astro-Trimmer came along and reduced my waistline 6 full inches—from 38½ to 32½ inches—in just 3 days without dieting. The inches have never come back! This has to be, without a doubt, the world's greatest inch reducer!"

HERE IS HOW IT WORKS:



Fred wraps the Astro-Belt completely around his waistline, before hooking the Astro-Bands to a convenient doorway. He is then ready to perform one of the pleasant, marvelously effective Astro-Trimmer movements—just about 10 minutes.



Now Fred simply relaxes a few moments with his Astro-Belt in place. His Astro-Trimmer movements have triggered the Astro-Belt's incredible inch-reducing effect which goes on working even as he relaxes.



After his brief period of relaxation, Fred removes his Astro-Belt. His waistline is already tighter and trimmer. Fred lost over 3 inches on his waistline the very first day—and 6 full inches from his waistline in just 3 brief ten minute sessions.

AFTER
Fred Masters
... 6" off
waistline in
just 3 days

Startling discovery—the Astro-Trimmer has got to be the most sensationally effective and the most fun to use slenderizer of all time. It is a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency—and a pure joy to use. The Astro-Trimmer's totally unique design consists of a double layered belt; a soft nonporous inner thermal liner which wraps completely around your mid-section producing a marvelous feeling of warmth and support—and a sturdy outer belt that attaches you to the super duo-stretch Astro-Bands which you hook to any convenient doorway. These duo-stretch bands enhance your slightest movements and transmit their effect—greatly magnified—directly to the inner thermal liner of the belt to produce an absolutely unequalled inch-reducing effect. In fact, for sheer inch loss, the Astro-Trimmer is supreme. Try it for yourself—at our risk—just slip on the belt, hook it up, stretch and perform one of the easy-to-do movements in the instruction booklet and watch the inches roll off. Men and women from 17 to 70 in all degrees of physical condition are achieving sensational results from this ultimate inch-reducer. Results like these:

G. Fuller—"Using the Astro-Trimmer just a few minutes a day, I lost over 4 inches from my waistline in the first 3 days. It's just incredible."

T. Greer—"My waist actually came down 5 full inches in 5 days—from 38 to 33. My entire physique looks so much better and I feel so much better that I can't praise this sensational trimmer enough."

J. Morgan—"Remarkable results from a remarkable product. With the Astro-Trimmer I actually reduced, firmed and tightened my waistline 5 inches—from 33½ to 28½—in just 3 days—without dieting. Not only has my appearance improved tremendously, but I feel so much better and seem to have so much more energy than before."

How many excess inches can I lose with the Astro-Trimmer? How many excess inches do you have? Many users lose 2 or more inches from their waists and 2 or more inches from their abdomens the very first day. Three, four, even more inches off the waist in three days is not uncommon. Not everyone will do this. The degree of inch loss will vary with individual body response. However, this matchless body shaper melts excess inches off the waist, abdomen, hips, thighs with such amazing speed that if your waistline isn't 2 to 4 inches trimmer after using your Astro-Trimmer for just 3 days—or less—and if you don't lose these inches without dieting and in only 5 to 10 minutes a day, you may simply return your Astro-Trimmer and your money will be refunded.

No risk—no obligation—money back guarantee. So-called "waist trimmers" and reducers are now being nationally advertised for from \$19.95 to \$49.95. Yet the sensational new Astro-Trimmer—which trims and slims excess inches far faster, far more effectively than anything we have ever seen—is being offered for only \$9.95 with a complete money back guarantee. If you are not satisfied that the Astro-Trimmer is the fastest, the most effective waist reducer you have ever used, it will not cost you a penny. So if you want a trimmer, more dynamic body—right now—send for your Astro-Trimmer today.



BEFORE

**ORDER NOW FOR A SLIMMER,
TRIMMER WAISTLINE THIS WEEK!**

PAT. PEND.
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Astro-Trimmer™

Please send me Astro-Trimmers along with complete easy-to-use instructions I understand that if I do not lose from 2 to 4 inches from my waistline in just 3 days I can return my Astro-Trimmer and receive my money back. I enclose \$9.95 for each Astro-Trimmer plus .90 each for postage and handling. **PLEASE CHARGE TO MY:**

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ No COD's accepted ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ BankAmericard

Charge Account No. _____ M/C Interbank No. (on card above name) _____

Man: waist size _____ Woman: waist size _____

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Exp. Date _____

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



COLLEGE HUMOR

It may be the most successful put-on since the Pet Rock—we're talking about Aspen State Teachers College, the nonexistent, no-credit fun college of the Rockies that two madcap Westerners, Al Pendorf and Marc Demmon, thunk up one beery night. To enroll in ASTC, send \$10 to the college at P. O. Box 4307, Aspen, Colorado 81611, and you'll get back a registration kit that includes T-shirt, pennant, I.D. card, student handbook, bumper sticker and parking-permit decal. Then head West and write to your folks about those groovy groves of academe.



ROAD SONGBOOK

That long, lonesome road will be a little less lonely if you send \$3.50 to And/Or Press (P. O. Box 2246, Berkeley, California 94702) for a copy of *Traveling? FM Radio Guide*, a handbook that lists over 2600 FM radio stations from coast to coast (including Alaska and Hawaii), plus info on each station's broadcasting strength and the type of music played. Want some cool sounds? Try KOOL in Phoenix. It's into "current hits and old favorites."

BULLY FOR YOU

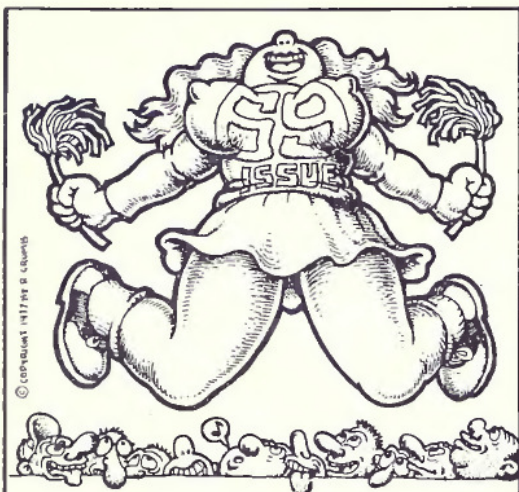
Want to add a little kick to your life? The Gold Nugget Cowboy College, P. O. Box 13598, Fort Worth, Texas 76118, is selling mechanical bucking bulls for only \$4995 each. And if that doesn't make you flip, it also has mechanical bucking broncos for just \$5300. Both machines stand about six feet high and operate via a remote-control console to provide a ride that varies from beginner to impossible. Hang in there, Hoppy!



ENERGY, BY GUM

Chewing tobacco isn't the only thing that professional athletes put in their mouths during a game. There's also Quench Gum, the lemony-tasting, dextrose-loaded product that the Mueller Chemical Company, P. O. Box 99, Prairie Du Sac, Wisconsin 53578, sells for \$5 for 100 pieces. The stuff, they say, fights fatigue, increases your salivation and provides quick energy for jocks, joggers, tennis players, backpackers—anybody who sweats a lot. We presume that includes bedroom athletes, too.





SNATCH, NATCH

Be warned: Prudes, juveniles and little old ladies from Peoria should not order *The Snatch Sampler*, a paperback collection of the best from four underground comics—*Snatch*, *Jiz*, *Felch* and *Pork*. The sampler (which contains 160 pages of black-and-white artwork) sells for \$3.50, postpaid (state your age), sent to Keith Green, P. O. Box 11101, San Francisco, California 94101. Why anyone would spend money on it is. . . *Wow!* Look at *that!*

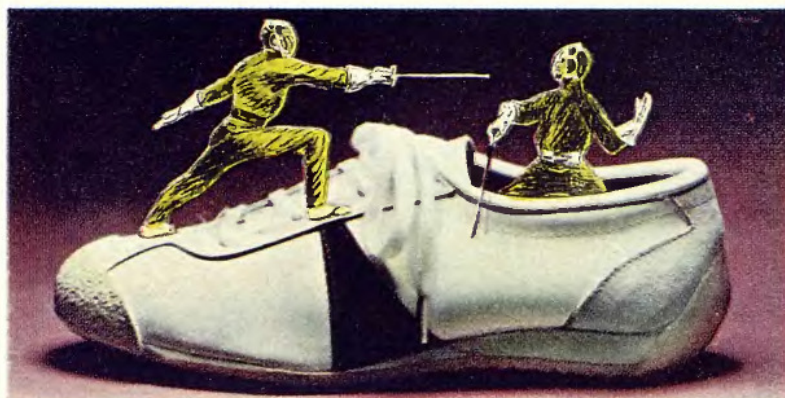


FAN FARE

Stiff necks are a common complaint of those who visit The Fly Fan Factory at 2099 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles 90025, because much of the store's unusual stock is on the ceiling. The F.F.F. primarily sells paddle-bladed ceiling fans—everything from a brand-new model with four 36" oak blades for \$169 to a solid-brass antique number circa 1900 with 65" blades for \$3000. Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre would have loved it.

TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIES, *TOUCHE!*

Canvas tennies! Leather tennies! Marching up and down those collegiate halls. Isn't there anything *new* in the way of sports footwear, you say? Try a pair of low-cut custom fencing shoes being sold by a former Olympic fencer, Ed Richards, who heads up Creative Sports, 125 Walnut Street, Watertown, Massachusetts 02172. They go for \$33.50 a pair, postpaid, and Richards will provide all the measurement info. *En garde!*



HAPPY RETURNS

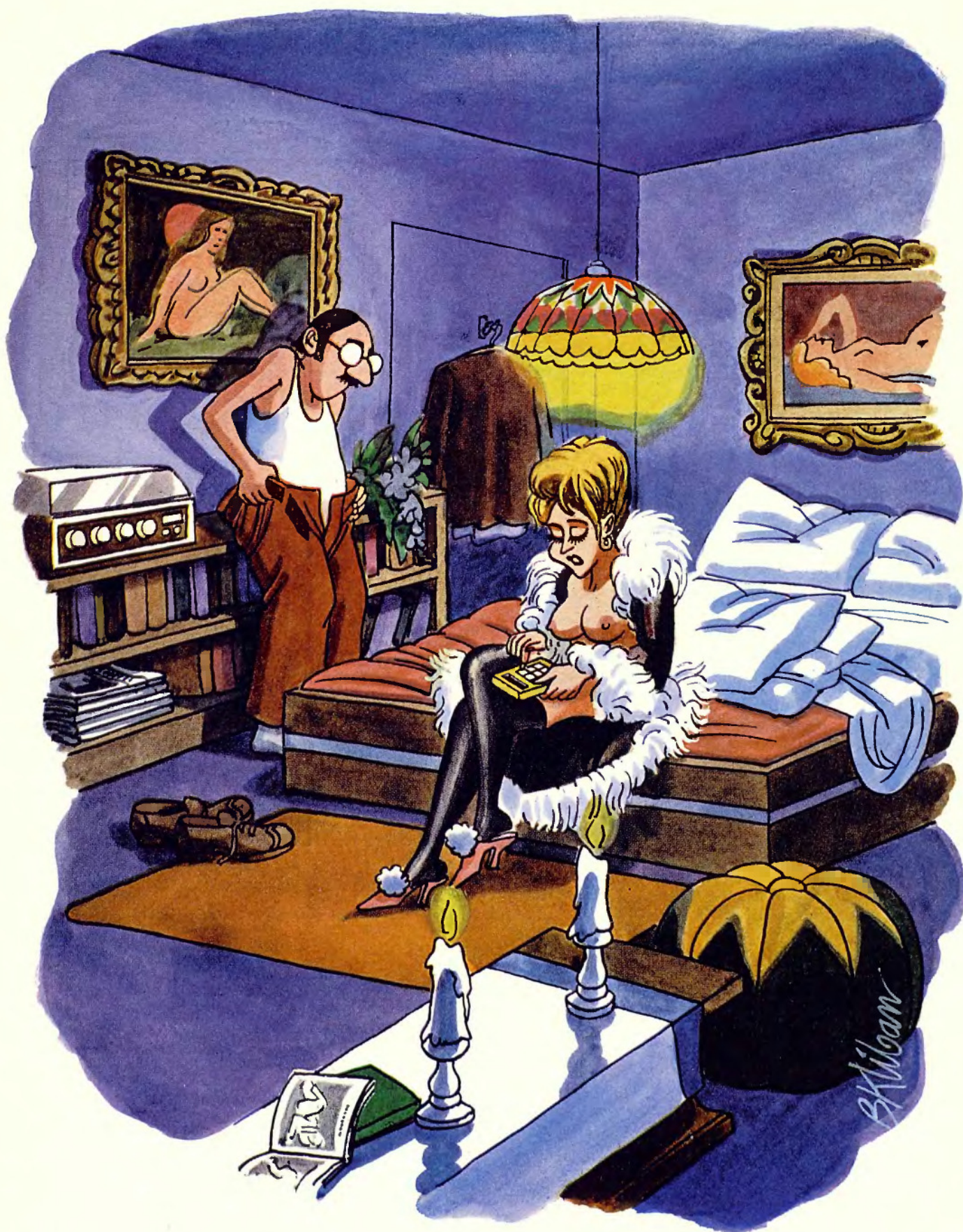
Some guys are into yoga. Some guys are into motorcycles. And, if we can read between the lines of a newsletter we just received called "News-O-Rangs," there's a guy named Richard Harrison, of 311 Park Avenue, Suite 4, Monroe, Louisiana 71201, who's really hooked on boomerangs (he even calls himself The Boomerang Man). A letter asking for Harrison's latest brochure—which lists a wide variety of boomerangs with prices ranging from \$3 for a beginners' model such as the Hawes SL to \$18 for Joe's Mulga Root—is guaranteed not to come back unanswered.



WHEEL JOB

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, a MassageMobile and her . . . and you'll never want to get out of bed. A MassageMobile is a crazy little square-wheeled wooden car that a company called Intercontinental Underwater Development, P. O. Box 1015, Provincetown, Massachusetts 02657, sells for \$10.95, postpaid, including a humorous owner's manual. Motor one all over somebody special's bod and you'll both be driven to distraction.





*"Let's see . . . it all comes to \$50.012563, including perversions.
What the hell, let's call it 50 bucks even."*

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 206)

"Colorado's Bill Mallory is basically a bread-and-butter coach who likes his teams to slug it out."

under new coach Charley Pell and, with 17 of last year's starters returning, it could be a sleeper team. The Tigers' new I-formation attack will feature Steve Fuller, one of the South's better quarterbacks, throwing to wide receiver Jerry Butler, who is destined to become one of the nation's top catchers.

The gridiron prospects are still bleak at Virginia. The running attack, at least, will be much improved with the arrival of Paul Izlar, a transfer from Vanderbilt, and the move of Vince Mattox from defensive end to fullback. The high academic standards make recruiting a difficult job at Virginia and the Cavaliers are always short of depth. Still, coach Dick Bestwick gleaned a bumper crop of recruits this year, so there is hope for the future.

The Southern Conference has three new members, Western Carolina, Marshall and Chattanooga. Appalachian State is the favorite to take the league championship, but VMI, after last season's strong finish, could be a threat. Western Carolina should make offensive waves its first year in the conference with runner Darrell Lipford (who coach Bob Waters swears is the best in the country) and fabulous freshman passer Mike Pusey. The Citadel, with quarterback Marty Crosby and a bunch of good receivers, will fill the air with footballs.

Now that Georgia Tech has a dependable quarterback—Gary Lanier—to run its wishbone attack, the Yellow Jackets should make amends for last fall's disappointing record. Playboy All America Lucius Sanford and cohort Mackel Harris are probably the best pair of linebackers in the South.

Quarterback Ron Bass returns to direct South Carolina's triple-option offense. He'll have a strong array of running backs and a good set of receivers. If the offensive line can be beefed up, the Gamecocks will be a high-scoring team.

Florida State is showing new strength after a series of lean years. The Seminoles will fill the air with passes this fall, with quarterback Jimmy Jordan throwing to an array of talented receivers, best of whom is soph Kurt Unlaub. Larry Key, already the leading rusher in school history, will make the ground attack dangerous. If the defensive crew can be strengthened (last year, it was dreadful), Florida State could bushwhack some unsuspecting opponents this fall.

A leaky pass defense was the major cause of Miami's poor showing last season, but it seemed much improved in

spring practice. New coach Lou Saban's pro-set offense and the elusive running of Otis Anderson will make the Hurricanes an entertaining team. The squad depth, however, is still a problem.

Tulane, with two excellent sophomore quarterbacks (Roch Hontas and Tommy Hightower), a flashy new runner (transfer Marvin Christian) and a premier tight end (Zack Mitchell), will have a much improved offense. With 16 returning starters, the Green Wave could be one of the most improved teams in the South. The offensive line, long a disaster area, at last seems respectable.

William & Mary has one of the most exciting football success stories in recent years. Although the Indians were one of the youngest teams in the country last fall (11 sophomores were starters), they won seven games, their best record in 25 years. Only six of last season's top 44 players graduated, so this should be an even more successful year.

East Carolina partisans insist their team is the best in North Carolina and stronger than half the teams that went to bowl games last year. The Pirates, bent on becoming a major southern independent, will field an even stronger team than last year's 9-2 squad. The key to coach Pat Dye's success is his recruiting of good local players overlooked by the more prestigious schools.

This will be an excellent Oklahoma team, perhaps the best ever, but the schedule—including the usual Big Eight opponents, plus Ohio State—will probably preclude an unbeaten season. Nineteen starters return and every player in the backfield is a breakaway player. The defensive crew, vicious as ever, will be built around superb middle guard Reggie Kinlaw and Playboy All-America defensive back Zac Henderson. The Okies probably won't bother to throw the ball, but if they do, transfer receiver Bobby Kimball will give opposing defenses fits.

Colorado will be Oklahoma's main challenger for the Big Eight title. Its defense will be the best in a decade, the offensive line is solid and huge, averaging 263 pounds per man, and quarterback Jeff Knappe is a proven star. Add to this a pair of new junior college transfer running backs, fleet Eddie Walker and tough Mike Kozlowski, and the Buffs should be awesome. Linebacker Tom Perry, say the pro scouts, has more potential than any man at his position in the country, and defensive tackle Ruben Vaughan looks like a certain future

All-America. Fans don't like the conservative Buffalo offense, but Bill Mallory is basically a bread-and-butter coach who likes his teams to slug it out and to pass just enough to keep opponents in doubt.

Nebraska coach Tom Osborne must find an adequate starting quarterback and some new receivers to go along with a good set of runners, best of whom are Rick Berns and Isaiah Hipp. The defense will be aggressive and colorful, because new defensive coordinator Lance Van Zandt teaches a stunting and aggressive style. The key to Nebraska's season is the Alabama game on September 17th—if

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma	10-1	Oklahoma State	6-5
Colorado	9-2	Kansas	5-6
Nebraska	8-3	Missouri	4-7
Iowa State	8-3	Kansas State	3-8

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas Tech	10-1	Southern	
Texas A & M	9-2	Methodist	6-5
Houston	8-3	Baylor	4-7
Arkansas	8-3	Texas Christian	3-8
Texas	7-4	Rice	1-10

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

New Mexico St.	6-5	Tulsa	3-7
West Texas St.	6-5	Wichita State	3-7
Southern Illinois	5-6	Drake	3-7
		Indiana State	3-7

INDEPENDENTS

North Texas St.	7-4	Utah State	6-5
Texas—Arlington	7-4	Air Force	4-7
		Lamar	4-7

TOP PLAYERS: Henderson, Kinlaw, King, Peacock, Hunt, Roberts (Oklahoma); Vaughan, White, Knappe, Perry (Colorado); Davis, Lindquist (Nebraska); Randall, Stensrud, Green (Iowa State); Miller, Robinson (Oklahoma State); Dinkel (Kansas); Taylor, Stewart, Woods (Missouri); Spani, Thompson (Kansas State); Irons, Allison (Texas Tech); Myers, Franklin, Woodard, Walker, Dickey (Texas A & M); Davis, Blackwell, Francis, Hodge (Houston); Little, Sampson, Cowins (Arkansas); Campbell, Erxleben, Shearer (Texas); Whittington (Southern Methodist); Johnson, Burns (Baylor); Mike Renfro (Texas Christian); Cunningham (Rice); Hull, Anderson (New Mexico State); Mayberry, Robinson (West Texas State); Linton (Southern Illinois); Webster, Hatley (Tulsa); Jankowski (Wichita State); Byers (Drake); Vandercook (Indiana State); Chapman, Smith (North Texas State); Jensen (Texas-Arlington); Hollmer (Utah State); Scott, Williams (Air Force); Bergeron (Lamar).

the Huskers can sneak past the Bear in that one, it could be another great year in Lincoln.

"We're gonna have the damndest defensive line in the country," a member of the Iowa State coaching staff told us, referring to tackles Tom Randall and Mike Stensrud and middle guard Ron McFarland. The big question in Ames, however, is whether or not any of three quarterback candidates (Greg Lempke, Mike Tryon and Terry Rubley) can give the Cyclones a passing threat to go with

the excellent running of Dexter Green.

This looks like an off year for Oklahoma State, because only eight starters return. Both lines will be thin, but massive sophomore defensive tackle Mike Robinson has mouth-watering potential. The offense will be exciting. Playboy All-America runner Terry Miller is the best in the country and sophomore quarterback Harold Bailey should be one of the more pleasant surprises of the season. Soph linebacker John Corker also looks like a future great.

Despite its graduation losses, Kansas still has a wealth of running-back talent and the best crew of blockers in many years. Quarterbacking remains a problem, though, but junior college transfer Brian Bethke could turn that position into a strength. The Jayhawks' Achilles' heel is an inexperienced secondary, so look for opponents to score a lot of touchdowns via the air lanes.

Missouri was the most inscrutable of all football teams last fall, clobbering such biggies as Southern California, Ohio

State, North Carolina, Nebraska and Colorado but playing like the Keystone Cops against much weaker teams. This year, for a change, the Tigers will have to beat the patsies on their schedule, because they're too inexperienced to repeat their David and Goliath act. The air attack, with stellar passer Pete Woods and blazing receiver Joe Stewart, will still be exciting. Unfortunately, the offensive line, except for Playboy All-America tackle James Taylor, will be small and green. Fortunately, coach Al Onofrio had his best recruiting year ever, landing several hulking offensive-line types. They'll have to learn their trade quickly and well if the Tigers are to have a respectable season.

Kansas State is still struggling to get out of the Big Eight cellar. It will make some progress this year but not much. The Wildcats' main strength will be their offensive unit, where all 11 starters return, including mighty-mite passer Wendell Henrikson (162 pounds). Two giants, newcomer Malo Ereuni (255 pounds)

and sophomore Clinton Davenport (265 pounds), will break into the offensive line and another newcomer, tailback Mack Green, will juice up a previously inept running game.

Steve Sloan, Texas Tech's young head coach, has become widely known as the new Bear Bryant. His gridiron productions, both at Vanderbilt and in Lubbock, have been little short of miraculous. Sloan's teams are famed for their offensive fireworks, and this one should be no different. Sloan insists that Rodney Allison is the premier quarterback in the country. He will work behind a skilled line led by Playboy All-America Dan Irons. The only threat to the Red Raiders' success is the fact that it is a senior-dominated team and such groups are often prone to ennui. But one of Sloan's prime talents is maintaining the enthusiasm and dedication of his squad. If he can do it this time, the Raiders should wind up in the Cotton Bowl.

Texas A & M's defensive platoon was stripped by graduation, but there is a stockpile of replacement talent on hand. If they learn their jobs quickly, the Aggies will be as strong as ever, because the offense looks nearly unstoppable. Fullback George Woodard, a trim 265-pounder, steamrollers opposing tacklers, and fleet halfback Curtis Dickey leaves them dazzled in his wake. The kicking game has to be seen to be believed. Punter David Appleby averaged nearly 40 yards last year as a freshman and Playboy All-America Tony Franklin may be the best field-goal kicker in the country, college or pro.

The Houston team's major problem will be its inability to waylay unsuspecting opponents as it did last season. The schedule is also tougher and there isn't as much experienced depth on hand. The offense, led by quarterback Danny Davis and runner Alois Blackwell, will be the usual Houston explosive. The attackers will have to control the ball in early games, though, while the questionable defense gains experience. The Cougars must play UCLA on a Monday night and Penn State the next Saturday afternoon. If they get through that ordeal unscathed, they'll be shooting for a national championship.

From the day he arrived in Fayetteville, new Arkansas coach Lou Holtz has worked at fashioning a plausible passing attack, something that was nonexistent last year. Quarterback Ron Calcagni impressed Holtz in spring practice. The biggest problem is finding adequate receivers, but incoming freshman Bobby Duckworth is said to be one of the best wide receivers ever to come out of Arkansas high school ranks. The defense, featuring an abundance of big fast linemen and a stellar secondary, will be as good as last year's. The kicking game provided by Steve Little should be as good as Texas A & M's. If the passing



"Take it! Read it! It'll save your ass!"

game develops, Arkansas will be explosive, though it is probably a year away from challenging for the conference title.

Texas also has a new coach, Fred Akers. He takes over a young squad with questionable depth. The Longhorns will field a stellar backfield featuring Playboy All-America runner Earl Campbell, half-back Johnny "Ham" Jones and flanker Johnny "Lam" Jones. Sophomore Mark McBath is the likeliest quarterback to direct Akers' veer and I offense. If the Longhorns can avoid last year's injury plague, they'll be a much better team than last year's edition.

SMU, under cagey coach Ron Meyer, is well on its way back to football respectability. Except for a few unfortunate bounces of the ball last season, the Mustangs could have won seven games, which would have been the gridiron miracle of the decade. The SMU squad is still woefully thin (only 50 players took part in spring training), so as many as 16 incoming freshmen could see starting duty. Best of the recruits is quarterback Mike Ford, who could make Mustang fans forget about departed Ricky Wesson.

Baylor's graduation losses were severe, so this will be a rebuilding season. The biggest problem is finding a quarterback, with soph Sammy Bickham being a prime candidate.

New Texas Christian coach F. A. Dry brought in the best group of recruits seen at Fort Worth in nearly a decade. Three of them, runners David Caldwell, Robert Hoot and Chester Strickland, will give the ground game a massive injection of speed. Three quality quarterbacks are on hand to throw to multitented receiver Mike Renfro, who would be a consensus All-American if he played on a stronger team. His little brother Mark had a great spring practice, so the Frogs could have Renfro and Renfro as their wide receivers.

Rice will be a fascinating team to watch this fall, if for no other reason than to see how it survives the tough Southwest Conference competition without the fabulous passing of departed Tommy Kramer. But the Owls could be a sleeper, because they have two super receivers in Doug Cunningham and David Houser and several promising replacement passers are available. The defense is certain to be improved (it was atrocious last fall) and Earl Cooper shows signs of becoming an exceptional runner. The schedule, as usual, is fierce.

The future looks bright at New Mexico State. The enthusiasm generated by the final OK on the \$4,000,000 stadium has given a stimulus to the entire football program. With the addition of 13 junior college transfers in the spring (and a lesser tendency to incur innumerable game penalties), the Aggies have a good chance to win the Missouri Valley Conference championship.

West Texas State has a new coach (Bill Yung), a new offense and a new enthu-

siasm that will help the team overcome its predilection to lose close games. Robert Mayberry and Bo Robinson are the best runners in Canyon since Mercury Morris and Duane Thomas. If a good new quarterback can be found (Tracy Qualls is the best possibility), the Buffaloes will be a vastly improved team.

Southern Illinois is well set in the skilled positions, but both lines are woefully inept. It's a young team (between 25 and 30 of the top 44 players will be first- or second-year men) so the future looks bright.

The new Tulsa coaching staff, led by John Cooper, must rebuild a graduation-depleted defense that was the conference's best last year, but the aerial attack will still be potent.

Coach Jim Wright is doing a commendable job of building the Wichita State team. Each year his squad is stronger, but this year he'll have to depend heavily on rookies in skilled positions.

New Drake coach Chuck Shelton will try to erase the memory of a 1-10 season with a new offensive look, the Power I.

Coach Hayden Fry is methodically building a major football power at North Texas State. The Mean Green will have its best running attack in five years and quarterback Ken Washington was sensational in spring practice. The defense, as usual, will be stout. Fry says there is no better middle guard in college football than Walter Chapman.

The Texas-Arlington offense will again showcase fullback Derrick Jensen, a 230-pounder, who rushed for 1271 yards last season and will probably do even better this year.

Utah State suffered through a 3-8 record last year, the worst since 1950. The major culprits were both lines and the running attack. All these weaknesses have apparently been fixed by a flood of promising transfers. Best of the newcomers are runner Kurt Hollmer (Ricky Bell's backup at Southern California last year) and Dennis McCollins, a nose guard from UCLA.

Air Force finished strong in 1976 because of the sudden maturity of two gem-quality freshmen, quarterback Dave Ziebart and fullback David Thomas. They looked better than ever in spring practice. The defensive unit, though, is always small by major-college standards (it's hard to fit a 270-pound tackle into a fighter cockpit) and will still have a tough time containing power-oriented offenses.

Southern California's offense, spectacular last fall, could be even more so this year. Rob Hertel will be the quarterback and he'll have a slew of top receivers. Tight end William Gay looks, blocks and catches like former USC All-America Charles Young. Charles White, says coach John Robinson, is the best breakaway runner he's ever coached and Mosi
(continued on page 224)

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SUPERSONIC THOUGHTS

3000-MILE LUNCH

Flying the Concorde across the Atlantic is like stepping into a fine restaurant in Washington for a leisurely, luxurious lunch and walking out in another country. I recently rode the British Airways Concorde from Washington to London: The trip seemed even faster than the three and a half hours it took; the service I experienced was not only superb but also properly paced, so that I was entertained throughout the flight; and since we left shortly after noon, lunch filled the flight.

I boarded the Concorde expecting the worst. Even a short man has to duck to get through the door of the bullet-shaped fuselage. The double seats flanking the narrow center aisle are as wide as first-class seats on a Boeing 747 but look narrower because the armrests are like those in normal coach cabins. Although it is 57 feet longer than a conventional Boeing 707, the Concorde's sleek profile gives it the look of an executive jet—small and cramped. Leg room is sufficient, though there is not the usual foot cushion found in first-class cabins on subsonic aircraft. There is no underseat space for stowing carry-on bags but there is an ample on-board closet for them. Headroom is tight when getting out of the window seats or using the lavatory. But somehow, in the short time it took us to jump the great water, I didn't notice any of that.

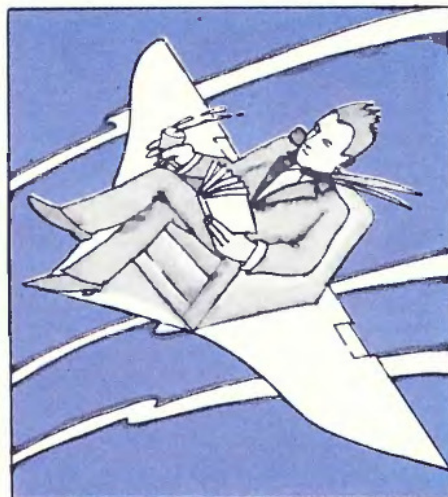
0:00:00: I hit my stop watch at brake release and we skitter down the runway on the Concorde's storklike legs. A rare thrill: The flight crew leaves the cockpit door open, so those of us in the front cabin with aisle seats have the unique experience of looking out through the windshield straight down the runway. Take-off is a rather bumpy, noisy business reminiscent of riding in a small executive jet. Also, like private jets, this plane is deft of handling and more sensitive to wind and downdrafts, so we jerk and bounce a bit for the first minute.

NOSE LIFT

0:03:15: The digital "Machmeter" on the forward bulkhead shows we are already traveling at M 0.55, or 55 percent of the speed of sound, which is 370 miles per hour. It is a crazy sensation to watch through the cockpit windshield as the nose cowlings, having been tipped down

for take-off, comes rising up with an extra pair of tinted windows to reduce the glare at our cruising altitude, which will be 57,000 feet—well above the earth's protective cloud layer.

0:18:45: At 33,000 feet and M 0.95 (640 miles per hour), we are well beyond the American coast line. The captain: "I'll just turn on the reheats [afterburners] for our transonic thrust." We are about to pass the speed of sound, which will cause a sonic boom along every inch of water that we cross from now on. We feel a pleasant little forward jolt, like a push in the back or taking a step



forward on a fast-moving escalator. We pass M 1.00, but the only sound is an increase in the wind noise, again similar to (but not as bad as) being in a private jet.

The fast-moving British crew serves cocktails on silver trays. There are more stewards than stewardesses, a great hold-over from the days of the Empire. Cigarettes are served in a silver box, Macanudos passed out for cigar lovers.

At M 1.48 (999 miles per hour) and 23 minutes out of Washington, I am munching gray caviar and smoked salmon. My seatmate is a 6'4" English insurance executive who says his name is Tiny (natch). He left Dallas, Texas, early this morning and will be home in London before midnight. He is ecstatic: It is the first time in 20 years of travel to the U.S. that he has ever been able to reach home the same day he left his last business stop. Now the captain announces we're covering more than a mile every three seconds.

We reach M 2.00 (1350 miles per hour)

in the midst of a splendid, languorous three-course lunch I never thought the British capable of: Maine lobster claws, medallions of veal in cream sauce and a Caesar salad. Stewardess Liz Rockman pours my second glass of Dom Perignon, 1969. Tiny, after a trip to the head, reports: "The only thing I have against the plane is, it's bloody difficult for a tall man to pee."

2:15:00: We're moving from America's day to Europe's night with dramatic swiftness. At 57,000 feet, the sky has been deep inky blue; now I see black in front of us (Europe) and sunset behind us (America)—that's what the extra 25,000 feet of altitude does for your view of the world. Then, within minutes, black all around us.

SPORTS-CAR HANDLING

2:49:00: I am invited to the flight deck—a special joy for the gadget-minded. A dazzling assemblage of lights and dials. Getting there, stooped over, is like entering an ever-narrowing tunnel in a crouch. But the three-man crew appears comfortable enough. "Oh, it's rather like being in a sports car instead of a saloon [sedan]," says flight engineer John Lidiard. "Everything's to hand."

3:24:00: Trays cleared, hot towels passed out, cigars aflame. Captain announces London only 40 miles away. It seems hardly longer than flying from New York to Chicago. The nose canopy tilts down and we have the usual bumpy descent. The captain announces plans "to let the autopilot do a landing for me tonight."

3:37:05: We touch ground in the softest, smoothest landing I have experienced in 15 years of flying. "Superlative," shouts Tiny. "A very good landing, indeed," pronounces the captain. I am at my destination well before midnight, suffering only a twinge of fatigue. Two drinks and I am in bed by two A.M. The next day, I notice hardly any jet lag—and that is the marvel of it all.

One man's opinion: Flying supersonic across oceans is to subsonic travel what the jet age was to propeller flying. We can't go back now. At \$843 one way (\$145 more than the normal first-class fare), the greatest problem faced by supersonic travel—besides noise—is developing larger and more economical aircraft for the mass market.

—PETER ROSS RANGE

The New Mazda RX-3SP.

(Rest assured, SP does not stand for slowpoke.)

Perish the thought. How could it?

The remarkable, improved rotary engine is beneath the hood.

RX-3SP also has things like a slick 5-speed stick shift, semi-monocoque construction, and the breeding of over one hundred racing victories in international competition.

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Mazda warrants that the basic engine block and its internal parts will be free of defects with normal use and prescribed maintenance for five years or 75,000 miles, whichever comes first, or Mazda will fix it free. This transferable, limited warranty is free on all

new rotary-engine Mazdas sold and serviced in the United States and Canada.

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*Based on California and Texas POE prices including dealer prep. Slightly higher for other Ports of Entry. Freight, taxes, license and optional equipment are extra. Automatic transmission not available in EPA high altitude counties.

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HOW TO CHOOSE A LAWYER

FIND A SPECIALIST

In today's complex society, sooner or later you will need an attorney.

What's your problem—business, contract, criminal, probate, personal injury, landlord-tenant, taxes? The general practitioner is good for uncomplicated wills, traffic tickets, landlord-tenant problems, threatening letters and the simple colds and sprains of law. But if you want to know the implications of that fixer-upper motel you want to buy or how to get a variance to run a massage parlor in your house, you need a specialist.

Unless the only way you can win is by wearing down your opponent with tons of legal paperwork, stay away from the 100-man law firms, because they, like all bureaucracies, inspire mediocrity. On the other hand, the sole practitioner is usually overloaded and overworked. Small law firms are the best. Five to ten partners are better than that number of associates. Associates share only expenses, while partners share the legal burdens. Probably the best setup is the attorney who employs junior attorneys and several law clerks, all of whom function for his sole benefit.

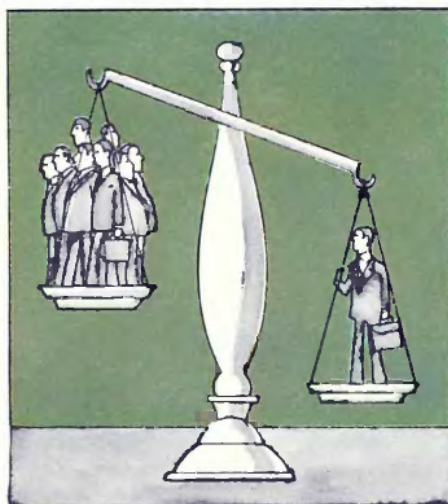
If, like most people, you try to find your counselor by asking friends, ask these questions: Has their recommended lawyer personally represented them? Was their problem in the same legal area as yours? If so, keep talking. What was involved? Were the papers filed on time? Were your friends satisfied with the results of their case? Did they like the lawyer? If they were satisfied with the results but not absolutely happy with the person, that may be OK. Attorneys are busy. If your friends called him ten times a day, they couldn't expect to shoot the breeze every time. But if they called two weeks in a row before getting an answer, the lawyer is probably too busy to give individual care. The final question is, Would you go back to that attorney if you had the same kind of problem?

It's a general rule that people in a certain business know others in their own or related businesses. Get a cross section of opinion. For instance, if you're charged with a crime, ask several bail bondsmen who's the most active or best of the criminal attorneys.

Two friends of ours have unique approaches that have given sensational results in finding the right counselors.

One makes a point of going to local law-school professors. From them he gets the names of brilliant graduates, starting three years back ("They need a little experience," he explains), these are the ones to look up, interview and choose from. He says, "Listen, they're eager as hell. They're inventive, out to win. They work hard and they're up on the latest law."

The other man goes to the law and motion judges at his local civil courthouse. These jurists must be abreast of the law. They decide all the law applica-



ble to what both sides' attorneys are doing between the time they file the lawsuit and when they take the case to trial. They know the practitioners who are right on with the law. If you telephone, some of these judges will talk to you and some won't. But if you go to the courthouse, the odds improve that you'll get some recommendations from them, their clerks or their bailiffs.

THE INTERVIEW

Let's presume that you've found the few lawyers you might want to employ. Before you make your decision, you must interview them. Never pay anything for the first interview. The attorney should be deciding whether or not he wants your case and you must be deciding whether or not you want him to represent you. Always have the interview after 4:30 p.m. The business day should generally be over by then and he should have uninterrupted time for you. Even so, don't expect to spend hours, unless the case is

complicated and worth a lot of money. About half an hour is usual. Don't waste time on small talk during that first free interview.

Expect a good lawyer to take notes, copy any papers you take in, ask you pertinent questions and have you explain fully your particular concern. Don't be surprised if he doesn't give much weight to the things that you consider vital, because what's legally important is often not what you think. And don't expect more than bare general thoughts on your subject; every case is different. Ask what percentage of the solicitor's practice involves cases similar to yours. Don't be satisfied with anything less than 45 percent.

Take mental notes in every attorney's office. You can tell a lot about the person by the caliber of the help around. Much of an attorney's work is done by the secretary. If she's dumb, he's cheap or not much smarter. Either way, you lose.

NEATNESS DOESN'T COUNT

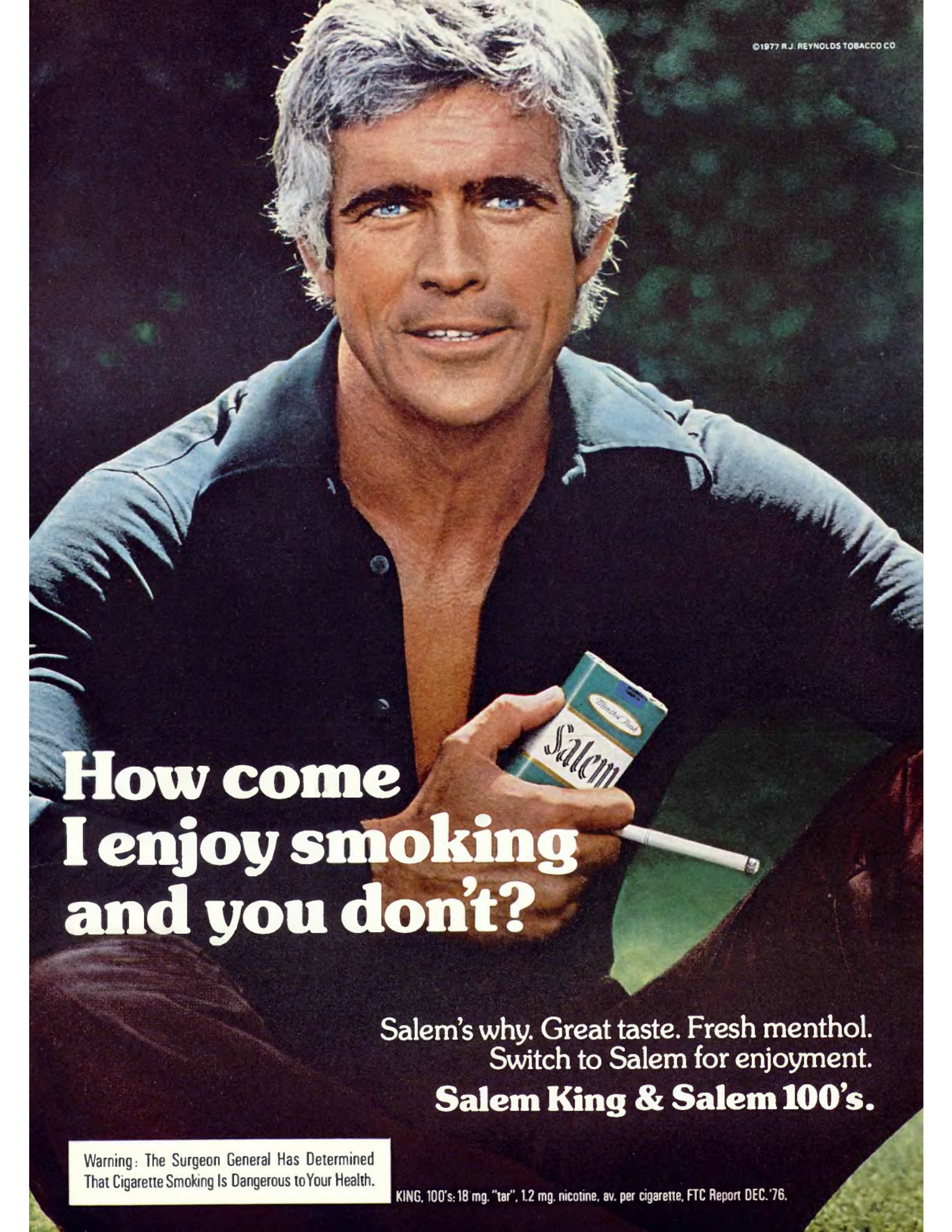
Does the lawyer have a completely neat work area? He's probably a front man. Most attorneys need their reference works constantly. One who doesn't is just a promoter. If there are no casebooks and folders lying around and you feel as if you just walked into the setting for an MGM cocktail party, have a drink and leave. Conversely, if there are 10,000,000 cases stacked up, the counselor can't have the time to work on any one of them adequately.

Any lawyer should have an extensive library or access to one. What are the authoritative reference works? Ask to see them and check out the pocket part of the back of each volume to see if that's the current version. Walk away if he won't show you his lawbooks.

If you constantly see a counselor's name in the newspaper, he's too busy getting his name published to be any good to you. Similarly, don't employ an attorney who charges \$200 and up an hour unless you need his influence rather than his legal expertise.

When your time for an attorney comes, remember that there are thousands around who'll want your case. But most are flawed in their education, attitude, work load, ego or specialty. Choose carefully. A bad attorney will hurt your case—and maybe your life.

—EMMA STEVENS AND STEPHEN HOLMES



**How come
I enjoy smoking
and you don't?**

Salem's why. Great taste. Fresh menthol.
Switch to Salem for enjoyment.

Salem King & Salem 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

MOVING UP THOSE MPG

GAL WATCHING

During the Fifties and Sixties, Mobil Oil spent millions promoting its beloved Mobil Economy Run but finally gave up in the face of widespread ennui and outright cynicism. (The latter rose out of the notion that the professional-driver contestants were achieving ludicrously high miles-per-gallon figures with ultratuned automobiles and absurd driving tactics that included coasting down hills, running with the heater on at all times to dissipate efficiency-robbing engine heat and employing radio-equipped observers to guide them through stop lights and road obstacles without having to stop.) Severe economic downturns—the recession of the late Fifties and that of 1973–1975, specifically—have prompted brief romances with economy cars and driving, but the slightest upturn in the economic indicators has sent the public rushing back to its beloved air-conditioned, stereo-equipped, four-barrel extravagances.

Nevertheless, the movement toward smaller, more fuel-efficient automobiles is clear-cut and seemingly irreversible, unless a dirt-cheap source of power comes in from left field. The billion-dollar downsizing program by General Motors that has pared many inches and pounds off its entire line-up of cars is the one grand gesture that symbolizes the new reality of fuel conservation. Certainly, this trend toward lighter, higher-mileage cars will affect us all sooner or later, but until the day comes when we purchase our new Detroit-made or imported masterpieces with the prodigious mpg ratings, some of us will have to make do with our old gas hogs while gasoline supplies go down and prices creep toward one dollar per gallon.

Therefore, it might be worth while to spend a few moments in contemplation of several simple and realistic ways to conserve gasoline.

We recommend the following do's and don'ts in behalf of better mileage. But remember, certain limitations in terms of engine efficiency, car weight, frontal area (the bulk being pushed through the air), transmission design (manuals are intrinsically more fuel-efficient than automatics because of the slippage factor), etc., will hold mileage within certain boundaries, regardless of how the car is driven or how

it is tuned, so don't expect miracles. But you can expect those extra miles per gallon.

DO'S

- Drive steadily at all times. Constant acceleration and deceleration gobble gasoline at shocking rates. And on freeways keep up with the flow of traffic, even if it's beyond the much-maligned, seldom-observed 55-mph speed limit. The optimum speed for economy is probably closer to 45–50 mph—which would be utterly insane to maintain on a high-speed freeway—and the mileage penalties



at 60–65 (perhaps 10–15 percent) will be more than offset by your contribution to the over-all safety environment.

- Keep the weight down. As with your own body, extra bulk kills performance in your car. All that junk in the trunk is doing nothing except consuming gasoline. And if you are really serious, you might consider that gasoline itself weighs about six pounds a gallon. If you are one of those who insist on keeping their tank full at all times, remember that you are hauling around an extra 70–100 pounds.

- Air drag can play havoc with mileage, so try to keep the external surfaces of your car as clean as possible. When not in use, stow your luggage and ski racks in the garage, because they are only causing wind resistance (and adding weight). For the seriously motivated, a small chin spoiler mounted beneath the front bumper will produce significant results. This unit—sometimes called an air dam—breaks up the flow of air underneath the

car, where the drag is awesome, and increases efficiency.

- Keep your engine in tune. Obviously, a power plant with bad ignition components, poor cooling and dirty oil is operating below par and is using extra gasoline to produce acceptable performance.

- Keep your tires at their recommended pressures and your front wheels in alignment. Deficiencies here merely increase the rolling resistance and extract more power from the engine to maintain a given speed.

- Plan your trips. Common sense dictates the optimum times and routes—in terms of traffic density, road conditions—for even a short hop to the drugstore. Night driving, thanks to more open highways and the cooler, denser air being ingested by your engine, should produce benefits in mileage.

- So much has been said about lead-foot acceleration that it hardly has to be repeated here, other than to note that easy starts conserve fuel.

DON'TS

- Any time an engine is running, it is consuming gasoline, so keep idling at a minimum. Diesel engines are very efficient at idle and require significant amounts of fuel to start (which is why truckers tend to leave their motors running during extended stops), but that is not the case with gasoline versions. If you plan to be stopped more than 20–30 seconds, turn your engine off.

- Your air-conditioning system is murder on mileage, so don't use it any more than necessary. In hot climates at highway speeds, mileage can drop as much as 20 percent simply by replacing a few opened windows with a hard-running air-conditioning system.

- If you own a 1974 or later car, don't tweak your engine for better mileage. Removing the catalytic muffler, tearing off the emission-control plumbing, etc., will probably produce adverse results.

- While engine braking via downshifting when approaching hills and corners is an accepted high-performance-driving technique, don't try it if you're seeking to save gas. Most modern cars are equipped with brakes that are sufficiently powerful for most conditions and they require no fuel to operate, whereas the added rpms involved in downshifting use extra gas.

—BROCK YATES

A black and white photograph of Joe Namath, a man with dark hair and a wide smile, wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. He is holding a white bottle of Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer in his right hand. The bottle has a black cap and a label that reads "NEW", "BRUT 33", "Skin Moisturizer", "FOR MEN", "FOR FACE, HANDS & BODY", and "4 FL. OZ.". The background is a plain, light color.

I'm not entering any beauty contests. So why do I use a skin moisturizer?

— Joe Namath

Because shaving, wind, weather and old man sunshine can make a man's skin feel dry, chapped and uncomfortable.

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And like all physical fitness programs, skin care works best when you stick with it. Just rub a little Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer into your face, hands and body every

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Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer

Physical fitness for a man's skin.

EYEGLASSES AND YOUR EYES

WHAT TO WEAR

You may not have noticed it, but big-name designers are making passes at guys who wear glasses. Yet, because many of us are so dependent on corrective lenses, eyewear should be seen in the perspective of over-all grooming, not in the narrower confines of fashion accessories. After all, for the man who wears glasses nearly all of the time (except during his most intimate moments), eyewear becomes a veritable extension of his face. At the simplest level, badly fitted glasses can cause squinting—never appealing, and wrinkle producing in the process—and may make eyes feel irritated and “sandy.” Obviously, step number one is to obtain the correct prescription. Although it’s a fallacy that wearing poorly prescribed eyewear can ruin your vision, doing so can’t do you any good. The choice of contact lenses (hard or soft) or glasses (whatever the frame-up) is entirely a personal matter. Neither contact lenses nor glasses physically alter the eyes in any way—they merely help in focusing light rays on the retina.

Nonetheless, the wrong eyewear can affect the eyes’ appearance. Persistently reddened eyes suggest that some type of remedy in eyewear or lifestyle is called for. Resorting to eyedrops to “clear up” the problem is not the answer. True, those drops do their job and occasionally using them isn’t dangerous. However, with repeated use, eyedrops produce a rebound effect. When the redness returns, it comes back with a vengeance. Over a period of time, more frequent and increased dosages are needed.

WEEPING CLEAN

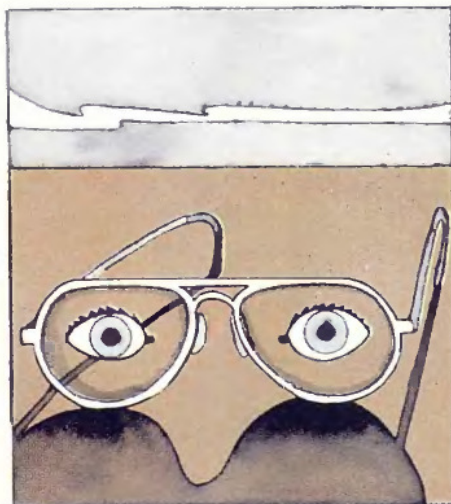
Normal eyes are best left to their own defenses—that is, pure and simple tears. Ever-present tears, though not always gushing, lubricate the eyes and flush away impurities, keeping the eyes cleansed and soothed. But when tears aren’t equal to the job, eyewashes help. Again, be forewarned: Now and then is fine; constant use is a no-no. Repeated usage may blind the unsuspecting to chronic eye problems.

If morning-after eyes are the consequence of too little sleep and not the result of badly fitted glasses and concomitant eye strain, then nature’s own

course will probably right the condition after a good night’s sleep.

On one of those tired-eyes mornings, simply place one or two drops of distilled water onto the lower lids with a clean eyedropper, close the eyes and let natural tearing wash away some of the discomfort. This may be as effective as any eyewash bought at a pharmacy. Cold compresses on the lids also help.

When eyelids feel—and, unfortunately, look—sandy, the worst thing to do is to rub them. The small particles can scratch and irritate the tender skin. Although



themselves surprisingly hardy, eyes are highly susceptible to infection. If you must rub, gently use a clean tissue. And remember that persistently smarting, burning, itching and inflamed eyes usually indicate an infection or an allergic reaction. Skip the eyewash and see an ophthalmologist. (Ophthalmologists—or oculists—are physicians specializing in the diagnosis and treatment of defects and diseases of the eye; optometrists specialize in the examination, diagnosis and treatment of conditions or impairments of vision; and opticians dispense ophthalmic products—eyeglasses, contact lenses and other vision aids.)

SHELTERING SHADES

Even fellows not requiring corrective lenses should be equipped with a good pair of sunglasses, not only to reduce visible brightness and glare but also to

eliminate some of the invisible ultraviolet and infrared rays from the sun that are potentially dangerous to the eyes. If unprotected eyes are exposed to these rays for long periods of time, night vision will be sharply reduced. The reverse—wearing sunglasses when they’re not needed—courts another problem, since eyes will become unnaturally light sensitive and will be under too much persistent strain.

The man who must wear glasses should make certain that they fit properly, which means comfortably yet securely. Plastic lenses are lighter in weight, though more prone to scratching. Nose pads will almost inevitably cause red indentations on either side of the nose. Applying a small amount of moisturizer may alleviate that condition a little, but not much. If you have to wear glasses constantly, you might consider selecting frames with “saddle bridges”—where the weight of the frames is distributed evenly across the top of the bridge of the nose without the assistance of nose pads.

FITTING YOUR FACE

Although the choice of frames is influenced by the vagaries of fashion, a few guidelines exist.

Square Faces: Contrast the shape with frames that have soft, curving lines, thereby diminishing the harder angles of the facial structure. Aviator and stylized classic frames are two examples of appropriate shapes.

Long Faces: Wider frames that cover a good portion of the face will make it appear shorter. Goggle types, if not too overpowering, and modified rectangles should work.

Round Faces: The opposite approach as used for the square face. Now add frames that are deep and angular, or geometrically shaped, to add definition where none exists. Severe or modified squares do the job.

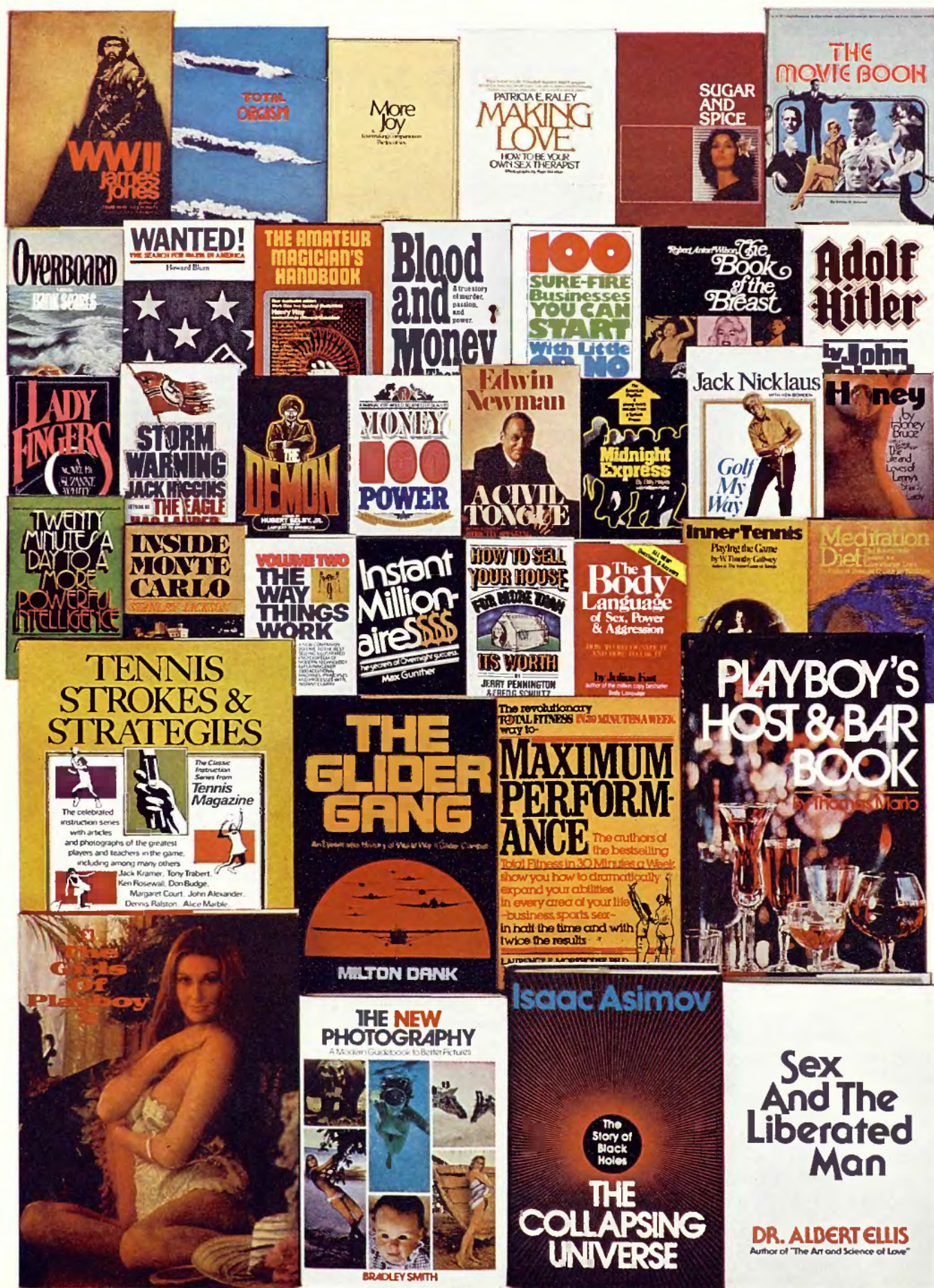
Heart-shaped Faces: Short, narrow, rectangular frames will keep the focus near the eyes, not on the minimal chin.

Oval Faces: Since this is supposedly the ideal facial shape, any type of frame should prove acceptable. On the other hand, Elton John frames are best worn only by Elton John.

—CHARLES HIX



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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 213)

"Stanford's defenders will be thin and young, so look for some high-scoring games this fall."

Tatupu returns to lead the blocking. The defense, with only four starters returning, will take a while to jell, but when it does, it will be excellent. The unit is anchored by two Playboy All-Americans, tackle Walt Underwood and safety Dennis Thurman.

UCLA begins the season with an almost totally new offensive line. If it can do the job, Theotis Brown and James Owens will give the Bruins a brilliant running attack. The quarterback will also be new, with Steve Bukich and Rick Bashore the likeliest candidates. The Bruins' major hopes for success, however, lie in the veteran defensive unit. Playboy All-America linebacker, Jerry Robinson, only a junior, is already the best of his kind in the country.

California's major strength also is its defense. The line, already impressive, will be joined by two of the country's most prized freshmen, Pat Graham and Dupre Marshall. Four top-quality quarterback prospects (Eric Anderson, Charles Young, Rick Campbell and Art West) will help Cal maintain its reputation as the nation's best training camp for pro passers.

New Stanford coach Bill Walsh, one of the country's best offensive tutors, has installed a new offense featuring a highly sophisticated passing attack. That is a wise move, indeed, because Playboy All-America quarterback Guy Benjamin has a wonderfully talented arm. Benjamin, a cool and brainy type, will have a wealth of good receivers and will be protected by the biggest offensive line in school history. Unfortunately, the defenders will be thin and young, so look for some high-scoring games this fall.

Washington, after seemingly endless lean years, is well on its way back to respectability. The architect of this revival is skillful coach Don James, a persuasive recruiter. Among his gleanings this year is runner Toussaint Tyler, who will join with sophomore Joe Steele and senior Ron Rowland to give the Huskies a dazzling running game. The best prospects, though, are on the other side of the scrimmage line. "We're ass-deep in defensive talent," one of James's assistants told us. That being the case, you can expect the Huskies to have their best fall in many years.

Washington State is also gaining muscle. Last season, the Cougars were a wonderfully exciting team to watch but won only three games. This year, all but three starters return, so prospects are brighter. With superaccurate Samoan passer Jack Thompson, the passing attack could be the nation's best. Two soph runners,

Mike Washington and Tali Ena, will give the offense better balance. Were it not for a horrendous nonconference schedule, the Cougars could well have a winning season.

Both Oregon State and Oregon are in the beginning stages of a rebuilding program and it will likely be another two years before either is competitive with

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

Southern California	10-1	Washington	6-5
UCLA	8-3	Washington State	4-7
California	7-4	Oregon State	3-8
Stanford	6-5	Oregon	3-8

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Arizona State	10-1	New Mexico	6-5
Colorado State	8-3	Arizona	3-8
Brigham Young	7-4	Utah	3-8
Wyoming	6-5	Texas-El Paso	2-9

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

San Jose State	8-3	Long Beach	
Fresno State	8-3	State	4-6
Fullerton State	7-4	Pacific	4-7

INDEPENDENTS

San Diego State	10-1	Idaho	9-2
		Hawaii	2-9

TOP PLAYERS: Thurman, Underwood, Matthews, Simmin (Southern California); Robinson, Brown, Tuasosopo (UCLA); Breech, Freitas (California); Benjamin, Ceresino (Stanford); Bush, Toews (Washington); Thompson, Levenseller, Hedrick (Washington State); Walker (Oregon State); Quillan (Oregon); Jefferson, Chambers (Arizona State); Bell, Deutsch (Colorado State); Nielsen, Jeremiah (Brigham Young); Baker, Howard (Wyoming); Dennard, Williams (New Mexico); Pistor (Arizona); Steptoe (Utah); Elliott (Texas-El Paso); Small, Rakhshani (San Jose State); C. Shearn, S. Shearn (Fresno State); Fralick (Fullerton State); Bunz (Long Beach State); Vassar, Cosgrove (Pacific); Turner, Pearson (San Diego State); Tuttle (Idaho); Tuinel (Hawaii).

stronger conference foes. Oregon State can be much stronger this fall just by avoiding last season's incredible rash of injuries. The Beavers had a good recruiting year, so look for several newcomers to take over starting positions.

New Oregon coach Rich Brooks inherits a thin squad and is staking his hopes for his first season on establishing a running game, something that was virtually nonexistent last season. The offensive line is being groomed to give quarterback Jack Henderson (who took a lot of punishment last fall) better protection. The defense will be much strengthened by the arrival of linebacker Willie Blasher, a junior college transfer,

who was spectacular in spring drills.

This is the last year in the Western Athletic Conference for both Arizona and Arizona State. Next year, they join the Pacific Eight, which will then—presumably—be called the Pacific Ten.

Arizona State's seemingly inexplicable collapse last season was actually caused by the squad's excessive self-esteem—it believed all those promotion brochures announcing a national championship before the season had begun. Then, after being clobbered by UCLA in the first game, it never regained its poise. Look for the Sun Devils to rebound this year. They looked better than ever in spring practice. There are so many quality quarterbacks on hand you have to have a program to tell them apart. The ground attack, with the help from stellar junior college transfer Jeff McIntyre, will be much stronger. Receiver John Jefferson habitually makes seemingly impossible catches. If the defense (good but thin) stays reasonably healthy, the Sun Devils will be back among the top teams in the country.

If Arizona State falters, Colorado State is the team most likely to take the conference championship. The Ram defense was the best in the conference last season, and with all but two starters returning, it will be even better. Coach Sark Arslanian has switched from the veer to the multiple T, so the offense (with ten starters returning) should also be improved. The kicking game, featuring punter Mike Deutsch, is spectacular. In short, Colorado State, not having enjoyed a really good season since 1955, is about to make it big.

Brigham Young still has superb passer Gifford Nielsen, but diploma attrition has produced severe depth problems in both lines. Fortunately, the schedule is soft, with nonconference games that will help fatten the record. This is a good year for the Cougars to rebuild; even if they should again win the conference championship, they couldn't go to the Fiesta Bowl. This year, it will be played on Sunday, December 25th, and the Cougars—being good Mormons—don't play ball on Sunday.

After six straight losing seasons, Wyoming pulled off a miracle last season by winning eight games. This season, the Cowboys have a new coach (Bill Lewis), a new offense (split-back veer), a new defense (five-two) and even new uniforms. The attack calls for more passing, so much of this year's success depends on how well last year's hero quarterback, Marc Cousins, adapts to the new system. A good recruiting season brought lots of new talent to the skilled positions (watch new runners Myron Hardeman and Reggie Fowler), so if the Pokes can keep their newly acquired winning attitude, they could again challenge for the championship.

The New Mexico offense, with the ad-

dition of sophomore scatback Greg West, will again be explosive. The Noel Mazzone-to-Preston Dennard passing act is astounding. The defense, however, is questionable and the schedule is a killer. Look for safety Max Hudspeth (son of Detroit Lions' coach Tommy) to become a superstar before he graduates.

When new Arizona coach Tony Mason arrived in Tucson last winter, he was appalled to find that virtually all the quality players had completed their eligibility. The last two recruiting seasons, it seems, have been dismal failures. Mason's shock is tempered slightly by the presence of two good quarterbacks, Jim Krohn and Marc Lunsford, but, alas, there are no quality catchers to serve as their targets. Not the least of Mason's abilities is his persuasive recruiting style (he built Cincinnati into a major power in three years), so the Wildcats will have to hang on and make do until the talent larder is replenished.

New Utah coach Wayne Howard takes over a team that has won only five games in three years. Fortunately, the Utes will be strengthened by the best crop of newcomers in years, best of whom is massive (270 pounds) freshman defensive lineman Derek Smith.

Texas-El Paso's hope for improvement is the new squad enthusiasm instilled by coach Bill Michael. In spring practice, it looked like a different team than last year's group of sad sacks. The leaky defense has been strengthened, but, unfortunately, the squad suffers from a severe depth problem at almost every position.

San Jose State will be favored to win the Pacific Coast Conference title if coach Lynn Stiles, in his first full year on the job, can find a skilled passer to fit into his pro-style attack. Freshman Paul Cantanese, who played pro baseball last year with the Minnesota Twins, is a likely candidate for the job. The running, with newcomers J. J. Johnson and Kevin Cole and veteran James Tucker, should be excellent.

If the Fresno State team can at last master the intricacies of coach Jim Sweeney's veer offense, it will have a winning season, fattening its record on soft non-conference opponents. Sweeney says that his quarterback, Dean Jones, is the best veer-option quarterback in the country.

Fullerton State coach Jim Colletto, on the other hand, tells us that he has recruited the best junior college option quarterback on the West Coast, Dale Bunn from Citrus J.C. Other good news is that premier defensive end Lance Fralick has recovered from his injury and will again intimidate opposing offenses.

New Long Beach State coach Dave Currey inherits a team with only six returning starters. He will install a pro passing attack, featuring junior college transfer quarterback Jim Freitas, brother

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of former San Diego Charger quarterback Jesse. The running attack will feature tailback Tim Cunningham, said to be the best open-field runner in Long Beach since Terry Metcalf.

Pacific's '76 season was scuttled by injuries to key players, but a group of good transfers has beefed up the squad. Best of the newcomers appears to be line-backer Brad Vassar, who started as a freshman for UCLA in the '76 Rose Bowl. Bruce Gibson may be the best fullback on the West Coast.

This will probably be the best San Diego State team in the history of the school. It could be one of the top 20 teams in the land but probably won't be recognized as such because of its relatively weak schedule. Last winter's recruiting campaign was a tremendous success, bringing in fabulous freshman quarterback Mark Halda and transfer (from Washington State) receiver Dennis Pearson. David "Deacon" Turner is the best runner on the West Coast. He will team with Binky Benton, who, at 5'5½", 180 pounds, is probably the smallest fullback in the country. Both lines are laden with size and numbers.

Idaho's rebuilding program has reached fruition. Last season's 7-4 record was one of its best, and this season it should do even better, with 19 starters returning.

Hawaii has suffered from David and Goliath syndrome the past few years, taking on an assortment of mainland biggies who would look better on the Notre Dame schedule. The slate isn't quite so suicidal this fall, a fortunate situation, because the Rainbows were nearly wiped out by graduation. Coach Larry Price has changed to the veer offense (they'll still call it the Hula T) and is juicing up the passing attack. Unless some beefy linemen arrive before pre-season drills, it will be another lean year in paradise.

Finally, while we are pondering possible future unpleasanties, let us consider the consequences of a recent Internal Revenue Service decision. The IRS office in Dallas this summer proposed that Southern Methodist and Texas Christian universities pay taxes (at an estimated rate of 45 percent of the net take) on all future television revenues, their not-for-profit-educational-institution status notwithstanding. We called a few college athletic directors around the country and asked the effect of such a ruling, which—if it is upheld—will be applied nationwide. There were two reactions: One, the small schools couldn't care less and, two, the spokesmen for the major football powers assured us it would mean the collapse of their athletic programs.

Who knows?—in the near future, beefy young men may be going to college primarily to get an education and playing football for the fun of it. The price of season tickets might even be lowered.



BIG TEN GIRLS

(continued from page 138)

burn.) The next day, Chan met 200 women. Two were protestors, the rest were candidates for *Girls of the Big Ten*.

The pattern was repeated on several campuses. Self-appointed spokespersons wrote letters to school papers, urging "Keep your skirts on, girls." A sample of the rhetoric: "PLAYBOY's approach is . . . subtle, but no less degrading and insulting. The planned Big Ten Special with its ironic juxtaposition of cheesecake photos against a university background is a coy denial of women's intellectuality." (The writer obviously was caught in the old trap of the Cartesian mind-body duality; i.e., a woman is one or the other, but never both. It's nothing that Philosophy 201 wouldn't cure.) Another concerned soul said, "Photographing women for the titillation of men helps perpetuate cultural myths and imposes an undesirable stereotype for women to live up to." The girls who turned out for the interviews with Chan (and they turned out in droves) did not fit any one stereotype. They were musicians, gymnasts, equestriennes, law and premed students, would-be television broadcasters and even a producer of an X-rated movie. And, as you can see for yourself, they are far from undesirable.

To find out what kind of girl wanted to pose for PLAYBOY, many of the school newspapers sent women reporters to cover the story. Some of these ladies lost their objectivity and became models themselves. Iowan Mary Schnack looked on when classmate Sue Johnson interviewed with Chan and, later, when she shot with photographer Nicholas DeSciore. Johnson explained why she was doing it: "It's a goal you set for yourself and accomplish. Just to say that I was in PLAYBOY would be enough for me." Schnack's article began with the following paragraph: "It's an ego trip. It's publicity. It's answering a dare. . . . It's posing for a PLAYBOY photographer." The reporter was impressed by what she saw; we responded in kind. Schnack became a model (her picture is on page 144). She is as engaging as her prose.

Chan did note one trend among the ladies he interviewed and later photographed. Most were upperclasspersons. Freshmen who had just left home evidently had a problem in facing both our camera and their parents. Older girls were free to act on their own. For many, posing was a declaration of independence. Said one girl: "My parents would be outraged, but it's my life and my decision. I can hear my mother now. 'You'll never see your grandmother's silver.'" So why do it? "It's something to show my own grandchildren. 'Look, kids, see what your granny did.'"

We rest our case.



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CAMPING OUT

(continued from page 162)

"My wife was only moderately pleased with the tree bark that I brought back for dinner."

Airstream were sitting at a card table, playing bridge.

"Hi," I said to nobody in particular.

The man from Michigan nodded. One of his sons came forward to shake my hand. His fingers were ravaged with poison ivy.

"Want to see a ball?" he asked me.

"The Cincinnati Reds signed it."

I nodded.

"Want to see a bat?"

I nodded.

"This one is dead. Something ate one of its eyeballs out."

I reeled backward toward the Airstream, momentarily shaken. But my aunt says bats have received an unfair amount of bad publicity and that unless you are real unlucky, chances are one will never fly into your hair.

"Later," I told the kid from Michigan.

"Want to see a scorpion?"

My wife had now begun drinking wine directly from the bottle. I told her that I had found a camping spot with a beautiful view of a club slam and we pulled in between Michigan and Illinois. My wife got out and stretched and looked around and said, "Thank God we forgot the camera."

While she was getting our gear out of the trunk, I scouted around and found

a lovely old pine tree where we could sleep. The tree was a good 50 yards from the nearest campsite, probably because it was on a piece of land that sloped downward at about a 20-degree angle. I decided that the sleeping bags should be placed horizontally or else blood would rush to our heads or feet and we would be paralyzed by morning.

"What do we do now?" my wife asked after I had arranged our sleeping bags.

"Relax and enjoy yourself."

We sat against the tree and listened for water.

"And the temperature in Chicago is sixty-five," a radio announcer said. Beers were opened, one after another. Dogs barked. I asked my wife if she wanted to build a fire.

"No, somebody might recognize us."

I decided to find out where the lake was. I guessed that it was somewhere below us, at the bottom of the incline. I asked the kid from Michigan. He was violently shaking a shoe box and a sinister grin was on his face.

"Want to see six frogs?"

I patted his head and then checked my hand for infection. The boy said that the lake was only about three blocks away. I got my fishing pole from the trunk and

told my wife that I was off to catch our dinner. She wondered where a person went to the bathroom—in the lake?

"A small price to pay for freedom," I said.

She took a book from her purse and shortly thereafter closed it and used it as a primary line of defense against a few hundred mosquitoes, one of which, she said, had a beer belly.

I found the lake and walked onto a peninsula, where 17 people were lined up, fishing. Somebody called somebody a son of a bitch for casting in his spot. I asked a man who was holding two rods and reels if he was doing any good.

He bent forward and pulled a stringer from the water.

"Nice turtle," I said.

I decided to find a more private spot, so I felt my way along the bank for about 100 yards, finally stopping just this side of another tent. I put a purple worm on my line and threw it into the water. I reeled the plastic worm in slowly and repeated the process.

A little girl, maybe seven, came from the tent and asked what I was doing.

"Fishing."

"Daddy, there is a guy fishing," she shouted.

He threatened to wash her mouth out with soap for lying again. I squinted and looked at her. Her face was covered with welts.

I made a couple of more casts.

Then the little girl made a mad dash for the water. She ran about 25 strides into the lake, raising her dress. The water came to her knees.

"No fish in here, 'cause there's no water," she shouted to me.

"Elizabeth, get the hell out of that mud!"

My wife was only moderately pleased with the tree bark I brought back for dinner. She had opened a can of Spam and placed it on the ground as a sacrifice to the creatures of the night, one of which had affixed itself to her left elbow.

I got the flashlight and had a look. It was a tick.

If more people took the time to learn about ticks, they would not fear them so. My aunt told me that once a tick reaches maturity, it climbs out onto a leaf and waits there for the rest of its little life, legs extended. If nothing comes along for the tick to climb onto, well, it just cashes in its chips. As I explained this intriguing story, my wife nodded. "How interesting," she said. "Now, get this goddamn thing off me before I faint."

You, of course, hold a match to the tick, unless it has affixed itself to your skull, in which case, my aunt said, it is every man for himself.

I singed the tick and then we stretched



M. Kell

"You're waiting for me? I'm waiting for you!"

out in our sleeping bags to catch a few winks. A mosquito landed on my head. When I brushed it away, it pulled some of my hair out by the roots.

"How big are bats?" I asked my wife. She was holding her breath, trying to pass out.

"How the hell would I know?"

She asked me to slug her in the jaw to end her misery.

As I was about to doze off, the kid from Michigan began screaming, "Snake!" This spread terror through our section of the camp and I heard several men remove weapons from the windows of their pickup trucks. I zipped my wife inside her sleeping bag. I heard a woodpecker or a machine gun. Somebody had a real bad cough. Two spades. Three clubs. Double. The time in Chicago was two A.M.

Mosquitoes swamped me and continued to drain my life juices.

Something howled.

After the snake scare, I could not sleep. I imagined snakes falling out of the pine tree onto my face. I used to play baseball with a guy named Art, and he told me about an unusual adventure that happened while he was in the Army. His unit was on maneuvers. One night, while Art was sleeping in the woods, a small rattlesnake crawled up onto his chest. Art had a big heart and therefore a warm chest. Needless to say, nobody tried to knock the

rattler off; its head was by Art's jugular. So four guys, none of them officers, held Art's arms and legs securely to the ground and woke him cautiously, with the instructions to be still until the snake went away. The snake crawled off and was stomped, and Art is fine, except that when he told me this story, his eyes crossed and saliva dripped from the corners of his mouth.

As I kept an eye out for things in the pine tree, I remembered the cockroach on our ceiling. I longed to be back home. The good thing about a cockroach is its inability to sting.

My wife, buried in her sleeping bag, tried to turn over and she began rolling down the hill. I grabbed her.

"Is it morning?"

"It is two ten in Chicago."

I unzipped her bag. She got up and dusted herself off. She rolled her gear into a knot and put it into the trunk. She said that she had been thinking the whole thing over inside the sleeping bag with the lice. "These people are insane. It is hot and filthy. There are bugs."

"And bats."

She said, "Your face has puffed up like a kernel of popcorn."

"Mosquitoes."

We decided to run for our lives. As we were backing out of our space, a monstrous van stopped and the driver leaned

out and asked if we were leaving. His wife was in the other seat, staring blankly at a road map.

"It's all yours," I said.

"Beautiful night," the driver said. "And this is the life," he added as an afterthought.

"Takes all kinds," I agreed.

He opened the driver's door and I looked inside. Everything was neatly in its place. I nodded and pointed, "There is a fairly steep incline right over there where we were camped. If I were you, I'd roll it off and go for the insurance."

We fled around the fork to the motel, pausing for one last look. Campfires still flickered. You could see reclined bodies. It looked like the burning of Atlanta.

There was only one vacancy, for \$12. The front of our room was all glass and it was only several hundred yards to the water's edge.

There was a small spider in the sink and there were a few ants on the window sill. I opened the door and they headed for the campground.

I slept like a rock and didn't even dream about what might crawl out from under one. We left the water running in the sink, pretending it was a river, and when nature called, it was a genuine pleasure to answer it with a flush.



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Who are these folks?

Name	Correct Identification	Other Incidental I.D.s
Joe Namath	Football Player (88%)	Baseball Player (2.5%) Does TV Commercials (0.3%)
Nelson Rockefeller	Former Vice-President (82%)	Millionaire (2.3%)
Neil Armstrong	First Man on Moon (75%)	Musician (1.8%) Athlete (1.8%)
Carroll O'Connor	Actor/Archie Bunker (69%)	Actress (1.3%)
Hugh Hefner	Publisher (59%)	Movie Star (8.2%) Las Vegas Millionaire (0.4%) Mobster (0.1%)
Henry Ford II	Head of Ford Motors (59%)	Son of Gerald Ford (1.8%) Head of General Motors (0.1%)
Indira Gandhi	Former Premier of India (56%)	Former Premier of Israel (0.8%) Actress (0.2%) Starved himself (0.1%)
Leonard Bernstein	Composer/Conductor (61%)	Playwright (0.5%) Genius (0.1%) Jewish Man (0.1%)
George Gallup	Public-Opinion Pollster (55%)	Actor/Singer (0.3%) Galloping Gourmet (0.1%)
Jonas Salk	M.D./Polio-Vaccine Discoverer (54%)	Athlete (0.1%) Smallpox-Vaccine Discoverer (0.2%)
Jack Anderson	Columnist/Reporter (44%)	Politician (0.5%) Man in <i>Bionic Woman</i> (0.1%)
Leonid Brezhnev	Russian Premier (48%)	Russian Czar (0.1%) Khrushchev's Daughter (0.1%) Football Coach (0.1%)
Bob Dylan	Singer/Songwriter (44%)	Sheriff/Gunfighter (0.4%) Gangster/Gang Leader (0.6%)
Bella Abzug	Former Congresswoman (35%)	Israeli Woman (0.4%) U. S. Senator (1.3%) Dancer (0.1%)
Charles Schulz	Cartoonist/ <i>Peanuts</i> Creator (30%)	Cabinet Member (4.1%) Economist (0.5%)
Norman Lear	TV Producer (26%)	Aircraft Builder (5.4%) Industrialist (1.6%) Consumer (0.1%)
Giscard d'Estaing	President of France (18%)	Canadian Politician (0.3%) Arab Leader (0.3%) Actor (0.2%) Boxer (0.1%)
Carl Bernstein	Investigative Reporter (12%)	Composer/Conductor (2.3%) Related to Leonard Bernstein (0.5%)

LOVE, SEX AND CHAUVINISM

Do you personally feel that a man should feel freer to commit adultery than a woman?

By marital status:	YES, I AGREE
Married	22%
Single	30%

By sex:	
Males	28%
Females	22%

By age:	
Under 35	24%
35-54	21%
55 or over	30%

We kind of expected the guys to be piggier than the ladies, but we were a little surprised to find that the under-35s were actually more conservative than the 35-to-55 age group. In any case, you won't be surprised to know that when we asked another related question: "Do you think it's more acceptable in American society today for men to commit adultery than women?", there was widespread agreement—over 60 percent—at all levels, male and female. The double standard still lives.

At what age should a boy lose his virginity?

	Male Respondents	Female Respondents
Under 12	1.4%	1.2%
12	3.2%	0.2%
(Total of 15 or under)	18.6%	7.8%
16	13.0%	8%
18	22.6%	25.1%
21 or older	8.0%	16%

Hmmmm. There appear to be some swinging daddies around. Nearly one out of five men think it's fine for a boy to lose his virginity at the age of 15 or under.

Why?

He'll be mature enough	37%
That's the age I lost mine	8.4% of men; 1% of women
Should be married by then	13.6%
If he waits longer, may become homosexual	0.3%

At what age should a girl lose her virginity?

	Male Respondents	Female Respondents
Under 12	0.6%	0.8%
12	1.6%	0.4%
(Total of 15 or under)	10.4%	4.6%
16	11.6%	3.6%
18	28.0%	23%
21 or older	9.4%	18%

You can look at this in one of two ways: One man out of ten thinks it's OK for a girl to be deflowered by the age of 15; and one woman out of five thinks they should be virgins at 21.

If you could make your mate more attractive or more intelligent, which would it be?

	Male Respondents (unmarried)	Female Respondents (unmarried)
More attractive	22%	13%
More intelligent	75%	79%



"Gadzooks, Lord Sandwich, so this is your new invention George III was raving about!"

	Male Respondents (married)	Female Respondents (married)
More attractive	26%	17%
More intelligent	63%	72%

Or, as Raquel Welch once put it, a person's most erogenous zone is his or her mind.

If divorce weren't so complicated and you could easily work out the problems of finances and children, would you split up with your spouse?

No	91%
Yes	8%

There was absolutely no difference in the responses to this question between men and women; all respondents to this question were, of course, married.

What do you consider the sexiest part of your body?

	Male Respondents	Female Respondents
Eyes	16.6%	19.6%
Face	11%	7.4%
Chest/Bust	2%	17%
Hair	1.8%	4.4%
Penis/Vagina	7%	0.2%

PREFERENCES, PREFERENCES

If you could pick a period of history you would prefer to live in, what would it be?

The present	37%
The future	4%
The past	53%

Preferences for living in the past correspond to the period of childhood in each age group. For instance, the 55-and-over group shows a 15 percent preference for the period of 1930-1949, as against smaller percentages for the younger groups. But insofar as totals are concerned, the public as a whole expressed its greatest preference for the following period:

The Fifties	10%
-------------------	-----

Would you prefer the national anthem to be a song other than the "Star Spangled Banner"?

No	61%
Yes	34%

Of the 34 percent who preferred something else, 85 percent mentioned *America the Beautiful*.

Given a completely free choice, which country would you prefer to live in?

U.S.A.	83%
-------------	-----

Europe had a cumulative total of 7 percent, with no single country getting more than a 2 percent preference (Switzerland, 2 percent; Germany, England and the Scandinavian nations, 1 percent. Australia pulled 2.4 percent among male respondents. Incidentally, this contrasts with recent polls in Europe, where little more than 50 percent of the respondents said they would prefer to live in the country they actually resided in.)

OPTIMISM, PESSIMISM

How likely do you think it is that World War Three will occur in the next 25 years?

Definitely will occur	15%
Probably will occur	37%
Probably will not occur	34%
Definitely will not occur	12%

So cheer up. Nearly one out of two Americans doesn't think the world is going to go boom in the next 25 years. Of course, one out of two *does*.

WHOM DO YOU TRUST, WHOM DO YOU FEAR?

The public-opinion sample was given a list of groups, organizations and countries and asked to rate them (on a 1-10 scale) in terms of how threatened they felt by each.

	Percent of All Respondents Who Feel:			Average Rating of the Extent to Which Respondent Feels Threatened
	Not at All Threatened	Threatened Slightly	Threatened Significantly	
	%	%	%	
<i>By This Country, Group or Organization</i>				
Soviet Union	21	34	45	5.5
Red China	23	33	44	5.3
Mafia	35	32	34	4.4
Arabs	34	39	27	3.9
Internal Revenue Service	43	38	19	3.2
Lawyers in general	47	38	15	2.9
CIA	50	36	14	2.8
Doctors in general	59	33	8	2.4
FBI	58	31	11	2.3

Well, the Russkies are still the bad guys in most Americans' opinion. But note, if you will, that 57 percent of us feel somewhat or very threatened by Uncle Sam's tax collectors and that lawyers and the CIA don't make us feel very secure, either.

WE ARE NOT CROOKS

What percentage of politicians do you think are honest in virtually all their actions?

None at all	16%
Between 1 and 20%	31%
Between 51 and 100%	18%
(Median percentage of honest politicians	21%)

What percentage of people in general do you think are honest in virtually all their actions?

None at all	5%
Between 1 and 20%	18%
Between 51 and 100%	33%
(Median percentage of honest people	44%)

We assume you noticed that nearly a third of the country believes four out of five politicians are crooks.

OPINIONS, OPINIONS

How much do you believe the results of opinion polls?

I definitely believe them	16%
I somewhat believe them	62%
I somewhat disbelieve them	12%
I definitely do not believe them	9%





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JUG TIME

(continued from page 159)

"In the past decade, acreage in California planted with classic wine grapes has tripled."

which covered a multitude of vinicultural sins. If you drank a bottle at all, it was with pasta—a red-and-white-checked napkin tucked under your chin. But the jugs, they are a changing, and they've never been better.

In the past decade, acreage in California planted with classic wine grapes has tripled and new strains and hybrids have been developed, making better grapes available in all categories. Many have found their way into jugs, replacing common grapes and concentrate. The California jug band now comprises such mid-varietals as Zinfandel, Ruby Cabernet, Chenin Blanc and French Colombard—and even a sprinkling of those noble varietals Cabernet Sauvignon, Chardonnay, Pinot Noir and Riesling. (Varietals are wines made with at least 51 percent of the grape variety for which they are named.) Furthermore, small premium wineries have moved into the burgeoning large-size category, retaining their tra-

ditional approach and multiplying the diversity of styles available to jug buyers.

Although vintners still wince at the word jug, the term is here to stay. But it has outgrown its original connotation and now refers simply to wine in larger-size bottles. Two bold marketing strokes were instrumental in spurring the new look. In 1974, Gallo fielded a line of mid-varietal jugs to accommodate the increasingly discriminating tastes of American wine drinkers. They weren't the first. CK, Inglenook and M. LaMont had varietal jugs—but when Ernest and Julio showed their cards, everyone knew the name of the game. Several million gallons later, August Sebastiani scooped the industry with his jug Chardonnay, Pinot Noir and Cabernet Sauvignon. At first it was considered a *gaffe*. But Sebastiani is a wily old hand. With ample fine grapes around, he saw "an opportunity to give people what they want." His altruism was rewarded, as sales merely doubled. Sebastiani jugs carry a "mountain" designation

to differentiate them from his regular line—and Sebastiani readily points out that the contents of his jugs and fifths are not equivalent. The jugs are lighter, less complex, fresh and mature early.

Not everyone is enthralled with the idea of jug varietals. Esteemed wine makers, including Robert Mondavi and Christian Brothers' Brother Timothy, see the future of jug wines in generics (blended wines whose names are based on European geographical names—i.e., Burgundy or Chablis). Not the old, flabby, faceless mellow style but good, sound wines often made from the same grapes that go into varietal bottlings. Mondavi's Red Table Wine, for example, is a combination of Zinfandel, Cabernet Sauvignon, Gamay, Carignane, Mondeuse and Pinot Noir. Brother Timothy uses Zinfandel and Pinot Noir for aroma, early Burgundy for body and Petite Sirah for color in the Brothers' Burgundy.

Rather than being exceptions, these examples reflect the new direction in jug oenology. Gallo's Hearty Burgundy is a blend of Barbera, Ruby Cabernet, Petite Sirah and Zinfandel. Paul Masson's Chablis takes Chenin Blanc, French Colombard, Palomino and Ugni Blanc, among others. Almadén's popular Mountain Chablis contains a large percentage of Chenin Blanc.

In addition to varietal and generic, there is a third category, proprietary, which refers to wines blended to a secret formula and whose names are protected by copyright. As an example, Tavola—marketed by Guild Wineries—may not be produced by any other winery.

Generic, varietal or proprietary, the point of a jug is to get a wine you can enjoy on a regular basis, at a good price. As a rule of thumb, you can save roughly 20 percent over the price of a fifth on the half gallon and 30 percent on the gallon; in the current market, reds are apt to be better values than whites.

At a minimum, jug wines should be clean, reasonably dry and balanced. You also want enough acid to make them interesting to the palate. It's important to maintain a degree of proportion. Some buffs approach a jug with the standards and intensity that they would lavish on the last remaining bottle of Mouton-Rothschild '29. Jugs are good-time wines, simple, enjoyable, free from the dreary ritual and jawboning that can turn a pleasant interlude into a pain. Finally, the wine should be ready to drink *now*. That's the essence of a jug. No wine is a bargain when part of it turns or declines. Experienced jugniks make a practice of saving emptied smaller-size wine or soda bottles—anything with a tight closure. Decant immediately into the sterilized smaller bottles, filling to the top to reduce contact with air. Label to identify type and date. Some zealots even have



"All right, then, you'll have to give up wine, men and song for a while."



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hand corks and quite a few are into blending their own. If a jug wine is generally pleasing but shy on acid, say, you can combine it with an excessively tart jug, which, after all, is what the vintner does.

The chart below only begins to suggest the vast choice of jug wines available. With a little pleasant experimentation, jug buffs will uncover equally fine wines and attractive values. California prices are given, but these vary across

the country. Most brands are nationally available.

Let's hear it, now. Three cheers for the red, white and pink!



PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO CALIFORNIA JUG WINES

GENERIC: A blended wine that has "borrowed" European nomenclature; i.e., Chablis, Burgundy, etc. California Chablis, for example, may bear only a vague resemblance to French Chablis.

TYPE	DESCRIPTION	BRAND	PRICE*	SIZE
BURGUNDY	Full-bodied dark red, fairly dry, with some fruit. Straightforward taste ranges from gruff to soft.	Christian Bros.	\$3.65	1½ lit.
		Foppiano	2.30	magnum
		Gallo Hearty Burgundy	2.60	1½ lit.
		Kenwood	3.00	1½ lit.
		Paul Masson	3.05	1½ lit.
		Parducci	3.20	1½ lit.
		San Martin	4.50	½ gal.
		Sebastiani	3.30	½ gal.
CHABLIS	Driest of the jug whites, with a crisp, light, refreshing fruit-acid balance. In some, the Chenin Blanc grape is predominant; in some, it's the French Colombard; and in a diminishing group, it's still the Thompson Seedless.	Almadén	3.40	½ gal.
		Franzia Chablis Blanc	2.00	1½ lit.
		Gallo Chablis Blanc	2.60	1½ lit.
		Los Hermanos	3.00	magnum
		Paul Masson	3.05	1½ lit.
		Parducci	3.20	1½ lit.
		San Martin	4.50	½ gal.
CLARET	Lighter, drier, more tart than burgundy in California. Generally undistinguished, but there are exceptions.	Christian Bros. Setrakian	3.65 2.80	1½ lit. ½ gal.
RHINE	Softer, fuller, more fragrant than Chablis, generally with a slight sweet edge.	Almadén Christian Bros.	3.40 3.65	½ gal. 1½ lit.
ROSE	A jungle of nomenclature that all adds up to pink wine. Light, fragrant, with a sweet edge.	Christian Bros. Vin Rosé Gallo Pink Chablis	3.65 2.40	1½ lit. 1½ lit.
REGIONALS AND AMERICAN BLENDS	A recent trend in labeling and style; not generic, strictly speaking. Dry, balanced, some fruit and often a touch of pleasant astringency. Wine drinkers' wines.	Fetzer Mendocino Premium Red	4.50	magnum
		Louis M. Martini Mountain Red	3.20	1½ lit.
		R. Mondavi Red Table Wine	4.90	magnum
		J. Pedroncelli Sonoma Red	3.40	½ gal.

VARIETAL: A wine made with at least 51 percent of the grape variety for which it is named and deriving its character from that grape.

BARBERA	Fruity, medium-bodied red wine; generally on the tart side and occasionally a bit tannic.	Almadén Gallo	3.80 2.90	½ gal. magnum
CABERNET SAUVIGNON	The greatest American red wine, but it needs time to develop. The young wines in jugs do have character, vigor and body, though shy on varietal traits.	Ambassador Italian Swiss Colony Sebastiani	3.20 3.00 5.00	½ gal. magnum ½ gal.
CHARDONNAY	At its best, an earthy, fruity white wine of depth and complexity. The jugs are fair value.	Los Hermanos Winemasters	3.40 4.00	magnum 1½ lit.
CHENIN BLANC	Lightly sweet and perfumy—an unmistakable bouquet. Benefits from chilling.	Los Hermanos Sebastiani	3.20 4.00	magnum ½ gal.
FRENCH COLOMBARD	Can be crisp and dry or fruity and lightly sweet. It usually has a pleasant balance of fruit acid. An uncomplicated wine.	Cresta Blanca Franzia Paul Masson Sonoma	3.00 2.40 3.70 4.00	magnum 1½ lit. magnum 1½ lit.
GAMAY & GAMAY BEAUJOLAIS	Produced mainly from two grapes—Gamay Noir and Gamay Beaujolais. Among the better jug varietals—sprightly, fruity and light.	Los Hermanos Gamay Beaujolais Summit Napa Gamay	 3.40 4.00	 magnum ½ gal.
RIESLING	Light, flowery-spicy, with a sweet edge. Vaguely in the "German style."	Paul Masson Summit White Riesling	3.70 4.50	magnum ½ gal.
ROSE	Drier and livelier than generic rosés. As a rule, though, many have a touch of sweetness.	Paul Masson Gamay Rosé Inglenook Cabernet Rosé Sonoma Grenache Rosé	3.70 4.00 5.00	magnum magnum 1½ lit.
RUBY CABERNET	Hybrid grape developed by U. C. Davis, mating the gutsy Cabernet Sauvignon and the productive Carignane. The wine has muted Cabernet Sauvignon characteristics, in a softer, lighter, faster-maturing style.	Almadén Gallo Inglenook Navale M. LaMont	3.80 2.90 3.20 3.20	½ gal. magnum magnum 1½ lit.
ZINFANDEL	Most popular and rewarding red jug variety. Medium body with a woody, berrylike fragrance when at its best. Some have a jammy, "raisiny" aroma.	CK Franzia Los Hermanos Papagni Sebastiani	3.35 2.40 3.20 5.00 4.00	½ gal. 1½ lit. magnum magnum ½ gal.

PROPRIETARY: Proprietaries are made to a secret formula and the brand names are protected. Nevertheless, they are much like generic blends.

REDS	On the mellow side—which means some residual sugar. Soft, round, serviceable wines but generally unexciting.	CK Fortissimo Cribari Vino Rosso	3.35 2.30	½ gal. 1½ lit.
WHITES	Mellow, medium-bodied, fruity-grapy flavor and aroma. Often have a slight spritz.	Cribari Vino Bianco Tavola White	2.30 2.20	1½ lit. ½ gal.

Other worthy jug wines: Almadén Chianti, Christian Brothers Sauterne, CK Barberone, Gallo Red Rosé, M. LaMont Semillon, Papagni Alicante Bouschet, Sonoma Zinfandel, Sebastiani Pinot Noir, Sterling Red, Weibel Green Hungarian; and a trio of sweet, fragrant whites—Italian Swiss Colony Rhineskeller Moselle, Gallo Rhine Garten and Paul Masson Rhine Castle.

Note: The above chart is a representative sampling of some California jug wines currently on the market; it does not list all jug wines available nor attempt to be comprehensive.

*Approximate retail price in California.



"Just wait'll I tell everybody that you ain't a good ole boy!"

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

SHELVING IDEAS



Remember when your mom used to say there's a place for everything and everything in its place? Here's one of those places—the set of polystyrene modular storage cubes, shown above, which come in the following units that can easily be adapted to a variety of uses: open cube, \$20; with a door, \$30; with one divider, \$23; with two dividers, \$24; with five dividers, \$26; with three drawers, \$45; and with four drawers, \$47; all from Workbench. Very neat!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ZUK



Castelli, the manufacturer of the free-standing storage unit, above, calls it the Dodona, but we've nicknamed it the Great Divide, as it's perfect as a room separator. Pictured are vertical supports, \$48 each; desk, \$100; cabinets, \$154 each; bookends, \$9 each; shelving, \$20 each; clamp-on light, \$62; and The Box Chair, \$46.

Storage in the round is yours when you pick up a Stacking Storage Unit, the round gizmo, at left, below, that's \$20 per double unit. At center, you get storage on wheels in the Multi Cabinet (it has a door) plus one storage box atop it for \$60. The other two storage boxes shown are \$30 a pair, all from Workbench.—ROBERT L. GREEN



FASHION

FRED SEGAL'S FASHION EMPIRE



Top left: L.A.'s Melrose Avenue entrance to the unique fashion world of Fred Segal. Center left: Nice-looking interior, eh? And the store's carpeting is changed about every nine months. Lower left: That's Fred Segal, pausing on his way to the tailored-clothing department, wearing his own brand of jeans, \$40. Above: A sneak preview of Segal's new satin line: slacks, \$40; Western shirt, \$40; cap, \$10; belt, \$7; and bag, \$20. Get it on!

First the good news: Chances are there will be some Fred Segal coming your way. Now the bad news: Unless you're in Southern California, it won't be the store. What's a Fred Segal, you ask? For starters, it's a his-and-hers fashion store in Los Angeles (with a branch in the Malibu Country Mart). But as fans across the country have known for years, the Fred Segal operation is unique in retailing. What makes it special is that Fred Segal is actually a group of nearly a dozen separate units (in such areas as jeans, jewelry, cosmetics, shoes, suits and even lingerie) owned by former and present employees who, you could say, have graduated from a course in Fred Segal

Retailing, with Fred himself as the extremely energetic guiding light. Segal's is an intensely personal operation, yet it has an individualized incentive system. Somehow, the image of an efficient summer camp comes to mind, with Fred as camp director. Now, at last, Segal has launched his own line of wholesale clothes. Typically, he is starting small, with a carefully thought-out package of understated-but-right-on jeans and disco-oriented satins—but there'll be more goodies to come. As Fred modestly puts it: "Actually, we are pretty much a mom-and-pop operation." Some pop. Some operation. And since the store won't be exported, keep an eye out for the label.

—DAVID PLATT

GADGETS

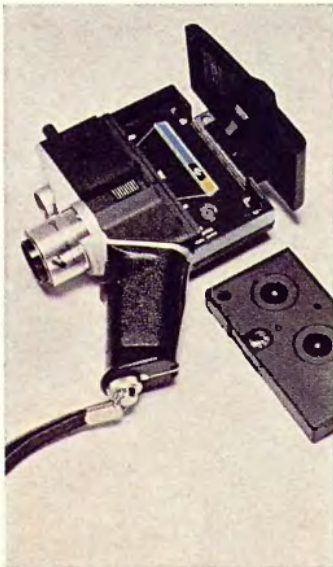
QUICK FLICKS

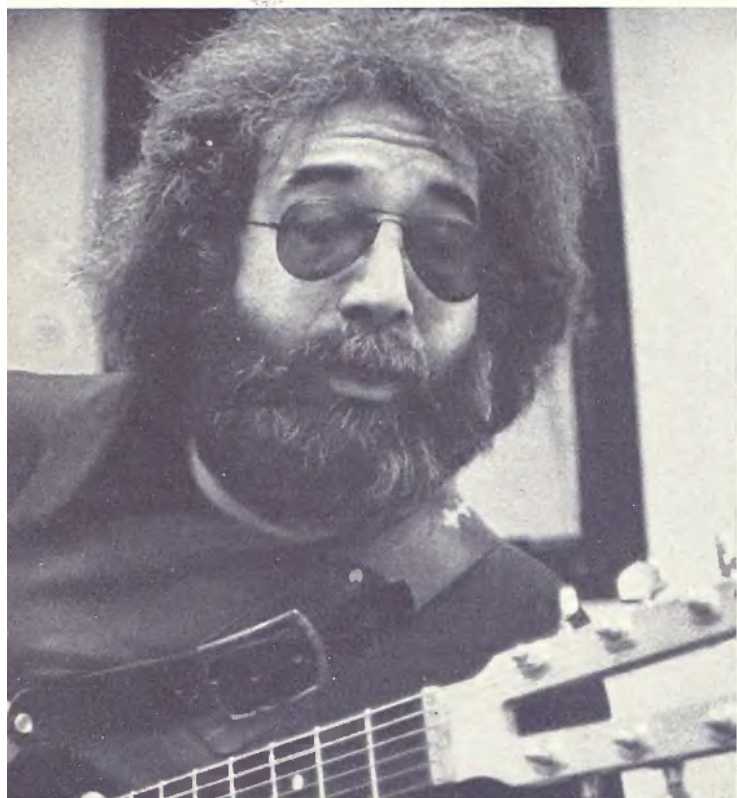
In case you haven't heard, the folks at Polaroid have done it—*really* done it—again. Their newest development is called Polavision and it's the closest thing to magic we've ever seen. Polavision is a revolutionary new photographic system that's comprised of a compact hand-held movie camera, a cassette holding two minutes and 40 seconds of a special color film and a self-contained portable player on which the movie is viewed. You

shoot whatever you like, then pop the cassette into the top of the player. In approximately 90 seconds, the movie—having been processed within the cassette—appears on the screen. And you can play it again and again, Sam, just like you would any audio cassette. The price for everything—camera, cassette and player—is about \$600, and additional cassettes cost about \$7 each. Say, baby, with a bod like that, you ought to be in our movies.



The new Polavision photographic system pictured here is literally child's play to operate (although you might want to capture some adult goings on with it). The camera is ready to shoot once you complete the three simple steps shown below. They include opening the camera, dropping in the cassette and closing the camera. (We told you they were simple.) Then, after you've shot up a storm, the cassette is inserted into the slot atop the movie player below, far right. Dr. Land's chemicals do their thing inside and in 90 seconds it's show time.





PETER SACHS

Ready When You Are, J.G.

The Grateful Dead are alive and touring again—with a new album, "Terrapin Blues," on a new label, and their very first movie, called, cleverly enough, "The Grateful Dead Movie." When they were in town last, we asked JERRY GARCIA about the movie, which he directed.

"It's a film of a pop concert that we did at Winterland," he told us. "It's not really a concert film. It has continuity. It has nothing of a story to it; it's not linear."

Does it have a beginning, a middle and an end?

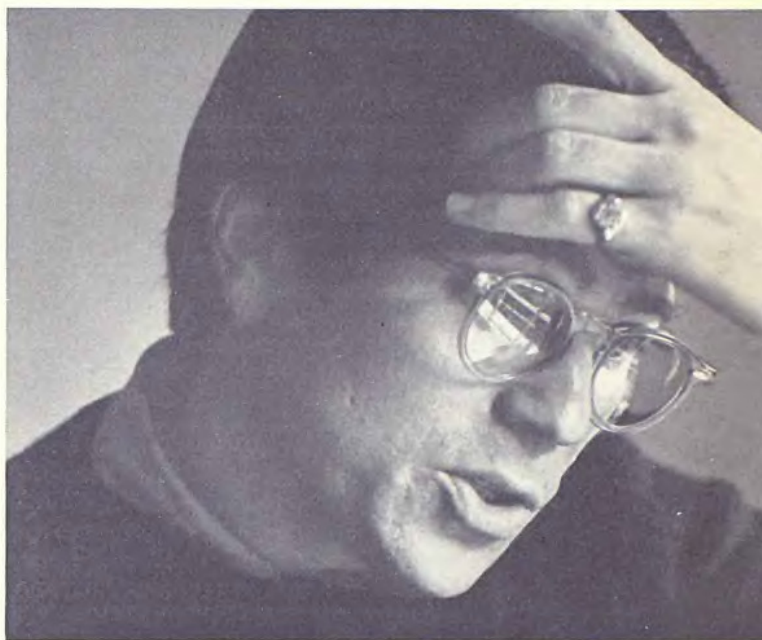
"Even an intermission. It's not a story movie, it's an experience movie. It has minimal character development, if any. But it has form and shape and substance and contour, like music."

Oh. Did you enjoy doing it?

"I worked on it for two and a half years and I still get off on it. A pretty heavy task from my point of view. Whether or not anybody else will dig it remains to be seen. At this point, it has to get up and walk on its own two feet. I'm not going to sit here and bullshit about it."

Busy Baton

Last season, charismatic conductor JAMES LEVINE took charge at the Metropolitan Opera and critics cheered as performance standards rose, star singers rejoined the roster and new works entered a decidedly shopworn repertory. Says Levine, "I'm making it a point to develop young American singers, who will then regard the company, throughout their careers, as home base." His Met success has solidified Levine's status as this country's one-man classical-music conglomerate. Currently, he presides over the Cincinnati May and the Ravinia (Illinois) festivals, guest-conducts everywhere, records extensively for RCA and modestly speculates, "Maybe I've disproved the notion that the major music jobs in America go only to foreigners."

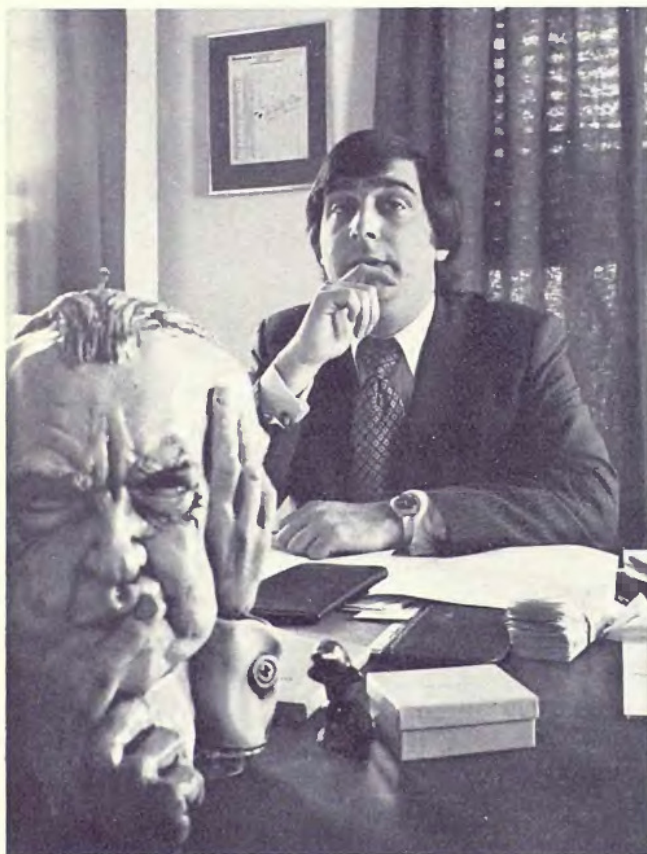


VERSCELL L. SMITH



Chairman of the Boards

"Do you mind if I eat a Swiss-cheese sandwich while we talk?" was the way DAVID MAMET kicked off his end of a recent conversation. The 29-year-old Wunderkind of Broadway had just learned that the New York Drama Critics had named his "American Buffalo" the Best American Play of the Year. (Unfortunately, the play, which starred Robert Duvall, was destined to close three weeks later.) "So what's going on with you?" we asked. "I'm finishing the screenplay for 'Sexual Perversity in Chicago,' which will be shot in Chicago next summer. Two plays will open in New York this fall, 'A Life in the Theater' and 'The Woods.' I still enjoy the same two things—beating up postmen and, uh, something else. And I'm having an affair with a famous but unnamed ballerina in the New York City Ballet company." Any advice for the young people of our great country, David? "Yes. Be kind to one another, and clean up when you're done."



Poll Vaulter

PAT CADDELL, the pollster who had a lot to do with electing Jimmy Carter as President, received a surprise present at his 27th birthday party last spring—a printed T-shirt reading, NO SUBSTANCE HERE. It was a reference to his famous memorandum to President Carter warning the Chief Executive not to substitute substance for style in the first months of his new Administration.

"The memo was mischaracterized in the press," retorts Caddell. "It wasn't all about symbolism. I just told Carter that, for good or bad, he had to restore the office. I told him the first period was very critical, but if he handled it right, he could make it work for him later on."

Later on, of course, is 1980, when Carter will presumably be running for his second term—with Caddell running his opinion polls.

What is Caddell doing between elections? Advising Hollywood, of course—where else do you go after winning the White House? Among Caddell's projects: telling Warner Bros. to release "A Star Is Born" as a love story, not a rock movie, and telling Francis Ford Coppola, who is making "Apocalypse Now" on the Vietnam war, that Americans don't want to see or hear anything more about Vietnam.



Miner Achievement

"It was an incredible honor receiving the Academy Award from Lillian Hellman," says BARBARA KOPPLE, shown here on location for her "Harlan County, USA," which won this year's prize for Best Documentary, an impressive coup for the young New Yorker's first film. So far, the award's major benefit has been the opportunity "to meet people from all over the country who are thinking and feeling and working to make things better." Kopple senses that there is enormous energy still churning for social change, but that it's taken a more disciplined form than the in-the-street surges of the Sixties. She's currently scripting her next film, an account of the 1911 Triangle Shirtwaist Fire. "It will be fiction, but I intend to base characters on real people, so in that way it's documentary." Just in case you had any doubt, the lady's deeply committed to film as a vehicle for reform.

THREE'S NO CROWD

There's a particular, not-so-rare sexual fantasy that scares the hell out of most guys who've had it. In fact, even though they're excited by it, they are so put off by what they think it might mean that they never mention it to anyone. This is it: You picture what it would be like if your best friend were making it with your girlfriend and you were there, too, watching happily; not jealous but turned on. The big fright is obviously one about latent homosexuality. But Dr. James Mathis, professor of psychiatry at the East Carolina University School of Medicine, feels differently. "A surprising number of men get off on the erotic image you describe. Many men feel very strongly drawn to their best male friends and can feel that much closer to them if they're sharing the same woman in a fantasy. This usually indicates an element of homosexuality, but I'm using the word to mean attraction to the same sex strictly from an emotional, rather than a sexual, impulse."

Whew! Well, then, what is the main reason men have this share-their-girlfriend fantasy? "It's linked to what I call the Madonna/Prostitute Syndrome," says Dr. Mathis. "In spite of all the current sexual freedom, American morality still programs most men to feel that a 'good' woman is sexually untouchable, while a 'bad' woman puts out. Men will develop this fantasy as a way of coping with the resultant confusion. For example, a guy may subconsciously see his lover as a Madonna and not feel entitled to physically enjoy her. But since they're already sexually involved, he fantasizes that another man—in this case, his best friend—is also having intercourse with her, with his consent or while he's looking on, which turns her into a prostitute. She therefore becomes 'available.' Then he doesn't have to feel guilty about screwing her himself."

THE BIG M

Feminist literature would have us believe that women are masturbation marvels and, once they've learned how to do it properly, they'll bring themselves off any time, anyplace. We suspected that the reality is not quite that clear-cut, especially when a woman is heavily involved with a man. Dr. Donald Sloan, sex therapist and director of the Division of Human Sexuality at New York Medical College, agreed: "There's no doubt about it. Self-masturbation falls precipitously when women are into a steady sexual relationship. In my experience, I've found that they most often will masturbate when they're not involved with a partner. They describe those periods as acts of desperation in a moment of frustration, when they tell me how bad things have become on their own."

We were told that the reason women shy away from masturbating when they have a steady lover is based on the fact that most females still do not see autoeroticism as a legitimate sexual activity. "It's considered an even greater taboo than homosexuality for a surprising number of women. As a result, very few are comfortable with the idea; they don't believe that the sexual pleasure they

feel from self-stimulation is real. In fact, many women have told me that, though they've brought themselves to orgasm, they 'want the real kind that you have only with a man.' Sexuality isn't something a woman feels entitled to, on her own, as yet."

HIGHBALL

Fellatio on the rocks—have you given it a try? Your woman takes an ice cube in her hot little mouth and does a number on your penis that leaves you anything but cold.

Many guys not only find this ultrasexy but also discover that they can last longer before coming. According to Dr. Robert Kessler, assistant professor of urology at Stanford University School of Medicine, "Ice usually causes the blood vessels to contract and tends to slow a man down, since its application tends to delay ejaculation. It acts sort of like an anesthetic on the penis. But it's not the ice alone that provides the special pleasure a man might feel. I'd imagine that the unusual quality of this technique is what makes it so exciting, as you have a contrast between the freezing ice and the warmth of her mouth."

However, if you haven't tried this because you're worried that in the heat of the moment your lover may swallow it whole (the cube, not your cock), don't worry. As Dr. Kessler puts it, "Ice

melts very quickly in the body and it's cold only in the mouth and at the back of the throat. When it slides below that, she won't feel a thing."

DECORATIVE BOXES

It's not yet a fad, but the number of women who want a tattoo on or near their cunts certainly is increasing. Spider Webb, well-known tattoo artist and author of *Heavily Tattooed Men and Women*, observes that, "usually, it's a sexual game between the woman and her husband or lover. There are frequently S/M overtones to the reasoning—more often than not, the man wants it done and she'll act very submissive and have her cunt designed. Most of the women who get themselves tattooed have it done under this circumstance."

We heard a different story from Dr. Charles Paulus, specialist in medical and cosmetic tattooing in Riverside, Illinois. "Every woman I've done has come to me of her own accord, but it's hard to generalize the motivations for getting genital tattoos, as in this culture, we do it solely by choice, not by ritual. However, I've frequently found that if a woman goes in for this, it's a very simple way of getting off the fantasy hook. She thinks, 'I've done it, I don't have to be afraid of sexual dreams anymore.' It's also a way of asserting individuality, starting with the groin. Women want designs that are totally their own. Then there are women who might do it for exhibitionistic reasons or as a self-turn-on. I have found that most women who get these tattoos become very proud of them and tend to be more carefree with themselves in private."

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST



It seems there's this museum in Lima, Peru, that specializes in certain pre-Inca pornographic sculpture called huacos, like the example below. You can't buy the originals, but there are a number of shops that sell replicas.



A COMPACT STEREO WITH THE GUTS TO DO THIS:

	Centrex by Pioneer KH-7766 System	Marantz 2216 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck	Sansui 221 Receiver Bose 301 Speaker BSR 2320W Record Changer Akai CS-702D Tape Deck	Kenwood KR2600 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck
Minimum RMS Power Output Per Channel	12 watts (8 ohms)	16 watts (8 ohms)	8 watts (8 ohms)	15 watts (8 ohms)
Power Band Width	40-30,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz	40-20,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz
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FM Stereo Separation (larger is better)	40 dB	38 dB	35 dB	33 dB
FM Capture Ratio (smaller is better)	1.0 dB	3.0 dB	1.5 dB	2.5 dB
FM Selectivity (larger is better)	60 dB	50 dB	60 dB	50 dB
Cassette Tape Deck Tape Frequency Range	Front-loading non-Dolby* CrO ₂ : 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-12,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ : 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ : 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-13,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ Tape: 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz
Speakers	10" 3-way Frequency Range: 45-20,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: N/A	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz
Record Changer	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor
Suggested Total Retail Price (Source: 1977 Stereo Review's Stereo Directory & Buying Guide, Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price)	\$429.95	\$719.95	\$651.95	\$669.80
Centrex Stereo Systems by Pioneer compare favorably with these typical audio store component packages. Pioneer products include a two-year limited warranty. Ask for details. Pricing published as of April 1, 1977. *Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.				

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WORKING GIRL



NUREYEV'S VALENTINO

"BEGGARMAN, THIEF"—THE CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT OF WHAT *RICH MAN, POOR MAN'S* CREATOR SAYS HAPPENED TO THE JORDACHES (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH WHAT YOU SAW ON TELEVISION)—BY **IRWIN SHAW**

"LADIES OF JOY"—A LOOK AT THE MODERN PRACTITIONERS OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST PROFESSION—BY **JOHN BOWERS**, PLUS AN EYE-OPENING TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL

"THE PLAYBOY ENEMIES LIST"—NIXON'S WHITE HOUSE HAD ONE AND SO DO WE. THE DIFFERENCE? OURS MAKES SENSE

"IT'S SO EASY, IT'S A CRIME"—CHECK THAT \$20 BILL IN YOUR POCKET. THE WAY THE COUNTERFEITING RACKET IS BOOMING, IT MAY BE A FAKE—BY **HANK WHITEMORE**

"MASKED BALL"—YOU CAN SEE EVERYTHING BUT THESE LADIES' FACES. IT'S UP TO YOU TO GUESS WHO'S BEHIND THE MASKS IN THIS FUN-AND-GAMES HALLOWEEN FEATURE

"THE PLAYBOY ENERGY PROPOSALS"—THE PROBLEM WITH JIMMY CARTER'S PLANS FOR ENERGY CONSERVATION IS THAT THEY DON'T GO FAR ENOUGH

"I WAS A USED-CAR SALESMAN—DON'T TELL MY MOTHER"—THE AUTHOR, IN A CURLY WIG, GOES UNDERCOVER AS A CALIFORNIA WHEELER-DEALER—BY **WILLIAM NEELY**

"ROOM-TAILORED SOUND"—SO YOU HAVE AN L-SHAPED ROOM? A LOFT? RELAX—WE'VE FOUND THE HI-FI GEAR TO FIT IT

"NUREYEV'S VALENTINO"—BEHIND THE SCENES OF KEN RUSSELL'S LATEST MOVIE BIO-EXTRAVAGANZA, STARRING **RUDOLF NUREYEV** AND **MICHELLE PHILLIPS**

"PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST"—TIME TO THINK ABOUT SUITING UP IN STYLE—BY **DAVID PLATT**

"WHERE THERE'S SMOKE"—SUCCULENT STUFF DONE ON A SELF-BASTING BARBECUE—BY **EMANUEL GREENBERG**

*"Reaching breezes,
Captain and three-man crew,
and we made it through the Bermuda Triangle.
What more could you ask for?"*

"Old Grand-Dad."



Head
of the
Bourbon
Family.

Old Grand-Dad.
**When you ask
a lot more from life.**

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof. Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

A man wearing a light-colored cowboy hat, a white button-down shirt, and a brown leather vest is shown from the chest up. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a rustic wooden wall. In the lower-left foreground, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are displayed: a red pack labeled 'Marlboro FILTER CIGARETTES' and a gold pack labeled 'Marlboro 100's'.

**Come to where
the flavor is.**

18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.